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TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE AND THE EAST:

A YEAR IN

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, WALES, FRANCE, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, GERMANY, AUSTRIA, ITALY, GREECE, TURKEY, SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND EGYPT.

BY SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

With Engravings.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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DEDICATION.

On the side of Mount Lebanon, as I sat in the cottage of my college friend Calhoun, he inquired, "Are your parents yet living?" I said "Yes," and then I turned to the window, looked out over the blue sea to the far West, and wept, as I thought how rich the treasure of parental love, surviving the peevishness of infancy, the waywardness of youth, the ingratitude of manhood; and now, when the children have gray hairs, going out after them as fresh and sweet as the breast of a young mother yearning over her first-born. God of my fathers! spare me to kiss the wrinkles of my parents yet again. The prayer was answered; and

TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER,

WITH FILIAL REVERENCE AND LOVE,

I DEDICATE THESE VOLUMES.

2032316

PREFACE.

If one of my readers should innocently suppose I had attempted to crowd Europe and the East into two such volumes as these, he will be happily disappointed. I have seized upon many of the most striking points of observation, characteristic of the lands I visited, given my impressions with frankness, freshness, and perfect freedom, taking the reader with me in my journey to share its excitements and pleasures, with none of its perils or pains. A thousand things have been left unsaid that were not by any means unseen.

To tell the whole truth, to show my readers things as they are in the worlds of art and nature, public and social life, never violating the sacredness of the domestic circle, but faithfully portraying the manners and customs of the people in every land I saw, this was my aim by the way, this has been my aim in preparing these volumes.

My year abroad was one of almost unmingled enjoyment. Leaving home a wretched invalid, with but a faint prospect of returning to a grave, I gathered health and strength with every month of travel. In every land, new friends or old ones gave me a glad greeting. Young and ardent companions hung on my steps, ministered to my wants with filial kindness, strengthened me in weakness, sheltered me in hours of danger, and endeared themselves to me by devotion never to be forgotten nor repaid. One of my travelling companions, J. J. Rankin, died in Florence, and I buried him there. Two of them, Chester N. Righter and George E. Hill, went abroad with me, and came back with me, sharing all my experiences, and, as I verily believe, under all circumstances preferring my safety and comfort to their own. It is but a poor return I make them, to record their names on this introductory page, and to ask the reader to think of them as part and parcel of all the scenes through which he is led in these volumes. But not to them only, though chiefly, do I feel the sweet constraint of gratitude when I recall the memories of the year. To those kind friends, in every land, whose hospitality I enjoyed, as free as undeserved, I send with these sheets my thanks, and earnest hopes of meeting them at the end of another pilgrimage. Here I could write their names and make

this a brilliant page, but they are written on another tablet.

If my friends at home and abroad shall find in reading these pages but a small part of the pleasure that I have had in gathering the materials and arranging them for their use, I shall be tempted to give them more from the same notes, which are far from being exhausted.

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EUROPE AND THE EAST.

CHAPTER I.

THE OUTWARD VOYAGE.

Leaving Home—On the Sea—The Voyage—A Storm—A Wreck—A Man Overboard—Land.

It was a sad hour, that last and parting one. For years my heart had yearned for this foreign tour, till at times I felt as if I must go or die. To see the world, to see the Old World, England and Italy, Egypt and the Holy Land, had grown to be a passion, and when it was at last determined that I *should* go, I lay awake all night for joy to think of it. But thinking of going was one thing, and going was another. Now that it was a *real* event in the very present, not a future joy, the romance of the thing faded, and the journey became an exile. To go as an invalid, banished by the doctors, who had no more pills or powders to bestow, to leave those dearer than life to find life afar, to look sickness and perhaps death in the face, among strangers in strange lands and seas, to embark on a voyage without the power to make ready for it, trusting to the kindness of others to prepare the way, while I lay passive waiting for the hour of

separation, if all these were enough to excuse a man for sadness in his departure, they were mine. And when I left my bed at home for one on the good ship Devonshire, Captain Hovey, on the morning of April 7, I had a load of lead in my bosom that weighed heavily there. It was strange to me, as we gathered at the pier, to see that the rest of the passengers and their friends, who had assembled to the number of two or three hundred, were in as fine a flow of spirits as if they were going out for a yachting excursion in the bay. Health and gladness were in every face that met mine, and I would not say that I did not feel worse for seeing that others felt so much better.

Yet it was a glad day: a fair, bland spring morning, and love could not have asked a brighter smile of heaven for one who was going away. A host of friends gave me their last looks and words at the wharf, others went down the bay, and saw me safely in the narrow house, called by courtesy a state-room; and there they left me, alone at sea.

I went on deck and waved them one more adieu; fancied I could catch their wafted prayers as they were borne back to the city, and then, for the first time, felt that the wide waters were between me and home. It was strange and trying.

And now I began to look about among the passengers, and gradually to learn who was who. We had about thirty in the cabin, five of them clergymen, eight or ten ladies, and all disposed to make themselves agreeable. A reasonable admixture of the grave and gay, the young and old, the witty and wise, made

up as pleasant a party as will often be shut up in the same room for twenty days. We looked at each other, and we looked westward toward the shores we were leaving; the sun went down as we gazed, and the land and the light left us together.

I went below, SEA-SICK.

No, you were not sea-sick the first day?

Yes, I was sea-sick, and why should I not be? I was ordered off for that very purpose, assured that it would do me good; the best thing in the world for me, sure to cure me, and the worse the better; why then, pray, should I not take the prescription as soon as I could get it? I did. And, as in other cases, when taken to be well shaken, I received it in the regular way, and submitted to it with the cheerfulness of a man who has his leg cut off to save his life. Hastily turning into my berth, I fell asleep, and the first night in my life at sea, slept soundly and sweetly till sunrise. What a blessedness was that night's sleep to a wearied invalid! Refreshed, I rose and looked out of my port-hole window. The sun was just coming up from the sea in his chariot of gold, shedding such radiant glory from his glowing wheels as we never see on land. Afar on the waves his beams were dancing and flashing, spreading a heavenly lustre on its heaving bosom. And then away in the verge of vision, just where the blue heavens come down to kiss the sea, a ship was coming in, her canvas full spread, and white as the foam, now brilliant in the morning sun, she looked to me like a wide-winged messenger from the spirit world. It was beautiful exceedingly!

Light and hope were in its wings as it moved on the face of the waters, and I thought of Him who trod the waves in a storm, and said to his fearful disciples, "It is I, be not afraid."

The next day I lay around on the deck generally, wrapped up in coats and blankets, kindly tended by old friends and new, looking out on the ocean, which a fine breeze tossed about in the sunshine, the white crests curling gayly, the waves now and then breaking over the ship, and giving us some idea of what they could do if let loose in their wrath and power. For the want of something to do, I studied the crew and the ropes, and learned some things that day, sick as I was.

Captain Hovey, of the Devonshire, is a capital officer. Quiet as a lamb, but brave as a lion, and never sleeping with more than one eye shut at a time; always attentive to his guests, whom he calls his family, but never forgetful of his ship for an instant, he secures order, discipline, cheerfulness, and a feeling of safety. He had his match in a crew this time. The most of our sailors were shipped the morning we sailed, and we were not out of port before it was found that eighteen of the twenty-six had never been to sea before—and the most of them were drunk besides. It was a short business to search through their chests for the rum, and to throw it overboard, making an ocean of grog. One night sobered the whole of them, and another day improved their acquaintance with the the lingo of the sea.

The third day out we met the *Kalamazoo*, from

Liverpool to New York, and exchanged signals with her—the mode of conversation adopted at sea, and which will be perhaps as new to some of my readers as it was to me. Among ship-masters a system of flags has been agreed upon, representing the nine digits; and a book has been prepared and printed, and every ship carries it, in which a host of questions and answers are set down opposite to various numbers. When one, two, three, or more flags are hoisted, one above the other, a distant vessel seeing them, the captain instantly recognizes the signs of the numbers, and turning them up in his book, reads the question that is asked, and then hoists the flags that will give the numbers referring to the proper answer. A few years ago our Captain Hovey, with this same good ship Devonshire, bound from London to New York, descried a vessel in the distance with signals flying. He examined them with his glass, and read them as representing the figures 1836. He turned to his book, and found the number to mean, "*I am in great distress, and want immediate assistance.*" He bore down upon her without delay, but the weather was so rough that he could not with safety bring his vessel alongside of her. She proved to be a steamer from England, which had sprung a leak; the engine was at work pumping, but the water was gaining, and the vessel sinking. Signals were exchanged, and the captain of the steamer abandoning all hope of being able to save his vessel and cargo, preparations were made to transfer his passengers and crew to the Devonshire. This was to be done by means of small boats, which could not be

allowed to come near to the sides of either vessel, or they would be drawn under and swamped. Such was the fate of one of the Devonshire's boats; and four gallant seamen, and five of the steamer's passengers were lost. Into the boats the men and women were lowered by ropes around their waists, and hoisted in the same way like bales of cotton; and some of the ladies were not unlike cotton bales, for being hindered from taking any thing with them but what might be on, they arrayed themselves in a dozen dresses—the ruling passion strong in death. Twelve hours the captain and his crew toiled through a stormy, wintry day; and when the darkness of the night set in, and the last boat reached the ship with the steamer's captain, they had the noble consciousness of knowing that they had saved *one hundred and eighty-five* of their fellow-beings from perishing in the waves. Captain Hovey deserves a monument for his heroism and perseverance on this occasion; and the few testimonials he received from England and his own country were but faint expressions of the sense which all right minds entertain of such noble deeds.

The fourth day out was the Sabbath. But it was a stormy day, and few of the passengers were able to leave their berths. The ship rolled tremendously, and we began to have a taste of the sea. I heard a roar on deck as if the ship was boarded by pirates. The tramping of an army overhead, the shout of battle, and the clash of arms could not have been more fearful. As I like to see what is going on, I crept out, and with the help of a friend scaled the steps and reached

the deck. They were taking in sail, preparing for a storm.

"Clew up the to'gallant sails—man the reef-tackles—haul in the weather brace—lower away the yard," were the orders given in tones of harsh thunder, ringing above the rattling of the wind among the cordage, and answered by a prompt "Ay, ay, sir," between each order. Down comes the sail to the cap. "Haul out the reef-tackles," shouts the mate; "haul the buntlines up" (to spill the sail). "Lay aloft—put two reefs in the topsail. Furl the top-gallant-sail before the men come down." Now the sail is reefed. "Man the halyards." The whole crew seize the rope and hoist the top-sail yards up again. "Belay. Haul taut the lee braces—lay the ropes up." These orders are given and executed with wonderful rapidity, and repeated at each of the three masts; and in ten minutes from the time they commenced the operation, the ship was in complete trim for a storm. And through the whole of that long, dismal Sunday, we had the rain, and hail, and wind, with such pitching, rolling, and roaring, as made us wish with Paul and his company for the land.

Sic omnes. Scarcely a passenger was able to be about this whole day. But the longest day has a night, and the greatest blow blows out the soonest. Night came, and with it rest. This was strange to me. I had thought of the dangers of the deep, and had supposed that the trial of them would disturb the repose of the night, making it a time of terror, not of sleep. But the sense of fear never came. It was a

joy, even in sea-sickness, to look out on the deep as well when lashed into fury as lying like a sleeping giant in the sun; to be borne up on the waves, and then gently let down into the valleys of the sea; and when the hour of rest came, it was even sweet to lie down and be rocked to sleep and to pleasant dreams. Some years ago, a stranger came into my office in New York, and said that he had come to tell me an incident in his life that might interest me. "More than forty years ago," said he, "I was sailing in a packet, when a storm overtook us, and in its violence we were giving up all for lost. At the height of our danger and distress, a young and beautiful woman stepped out of her state-room, and said to us—'In God's hands we are as safe on the sea as on the land.' The remark was so gently and confidingly made, that we received it as if from heaven, and were calmed. That lady became your mother, sir, and I have blessed her for her words a thousand times, though I have never seen her since."

From this time onward we had delightful weather; the health of all on board was restored, and their steady progress in the voyage was the daily report. One day was very much as another; every evening had its pleasures in the cabin, and every day its amusements on deck. Like one great family, each contributed his share to the common fund of entertainment, and another week went by lazily, very lazily indeed, but still so kindly and pleasantly that none complained.

The second *Sabbath at sea* was a

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the *sea* and sky."

The Rev. Mr. Crane, of Attleboro, Massachusetts, preached a sermon on deck. The grouping was picturesque and striking, as the company gathered around the speaker, the ladies sitting near him; here and there a stout seaman leaning; the steerage passengers in the background, the sails flapping above, the blue sea rolling beneath us, and the bluer sky bending over us. In the evening we gathered again in the cabin, and I spoke to them. After the service was over we sang old familiar hymns, making the timbers of the Devonshire ring with the chorus to such great words as "The voice of free grace"—

"Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan."

I have never heard a hymn given with better effect, nor under more fitting circumstances, than the "Star of Bethlehem," as it was sung—

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem."

One of the charms of this Sabbath's services was found in the delightful union of Christians of all names in the sacred pleasures of the day. Here we had members of the Church of England, and the American Episcopal Church, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians,

Congregationalists, and those who bore no distinctive name, but every cabin passenger joined heartily in the worship, and the expression of satisfaction and joy was earnest and universal. The effect was happy in assimilating the company, and ever afterward there was decidedly more of the family feeling pervading the ship than had been perceived before. I am sure that day will be not soon forgotten, and that all united in the wish with which the day closed, that we might all meet again on the other side of Jordan.

Thus cheerily and rapidly the ship and the time sped on. Day followed day with so little variety of incident as to afford small matter for record, but constantly bringing new feelings of health and strength to the invalid, and new joy to the soul as it looked out on the ever-changing, never-resting bosom of the deep blue sea. I had some visions of it when I was sure that Niagara was not its equal in beauty, majesty and power: when it reflected more of the glory and greatness of its Maker than any other of His works; when the sense of the dreadfulness of an angry God, and the love of Him who rocks his children to sleep in a storm, came over me as it never did on solid ground.

Onward we were rushing through the water, thirteen days from New York, with fair skies and winds, when suddenly the barometer began to sink, and so rapidly as to leave no doubt that a gale was coming on. At sea there is nothing which gives a landsman a finer idea of the power there is in knowledge, than such a prediction against all the evidences of sense.

He sees and hears nothing around him that indicates a change of weather; he feels nothing; but there the mercury in the tube is falling, and the skillful seaman knows that there is danger in the wind. He has time to prepare for it. Leisurely but steadily and firmly he takes in sail, clews up closely all that it is not safe to carry, and having every man at his post, he calmly waits the coming storm.

It did come. The clear sky was soon overcast: the fair wind increased to a breeze, and then a gale: the rain poured: the ship was driven on her way with the speed of a racer; for as if we were not to be hindered, all our blows came from the west to bear us onward to our destined port. A vessel that we had seen tossing and pitching in the distance bore down upon us, displaying signals, which we read by the book as asking us for the longitude. She was a Norwegian brig, and had been at sea for three months; as she was now coming on the coast, the captain wished to compare his longitude with ours, and it was a pleasing evidence of the correctness of nautical science that the variation was not more than five miles. This conversation by signals at the distance of half a mile having been concluded, she bore on, and we had a grand opportunity of seeing a ship in a storm, as we could in our own only imagine how we must appear to another. The waves were running, as the poets say, mountain high: a bold figure. Captain Hovey says they are never more than thirty-two feet above the level of the sea, but the valley between may be as much below, so that the mountain is only about sixty feet high. Yet it is

a sight that blends the sublime and the beautiful, when a proud ship is borne high in air on the crest of one of these liquid hills, and quivering there for a moment, as if afraid to plunge, then gently but majestically glides away into the vale. Often we could see only the top of her masts, and in a few seconds of time she would rise as if she were leaving the sea and about to fly in mid air; only to sink again to be lost to view. The wind now changed so as to throw us over on our quarter, and it was impossible to keep footing for a moment on the deck. Every thing not lashed would be thrown to the bulwarks. Yet even in such a time, it was pleasant to take refuge in the quarter-boat, hanging off the ship's side and swinging evenly, and there to watch the raging ocean, lashed into fury, and revealing in every rolling wave such views of the grandeur of the sea as I had never enjoyed. Had this wind been in our teeth, not a rag of sail would have been left on the poles. But it is now the sailor's delight, and ours. I sat up till midnight, fascinated by the scene, and then went below and fell asleep. At four o'clock a wave broke on the deck with such tremendous power, that it seemed to me the sky must have fallen. It was like a mass of molten lead precipitated suddenly upon the roof. The gale was now at its height. We could carry but little sail, yet with this we were flying on, ten, twelve, perhaps fourteen miles an hour. Few of the passengers slept this night. Some of them were sea-sick again. But the good ship rode on so gladly and steadily, as rejoicing in the stout breeze that filled her sails and bore her so triumphantly,

it was a joy to see her, and to feel her as she sprung from wave to wave, anxious to ride over them and show her speed and power.

The whole day was one of great excitement. At twelve o'clock the captain put up a bulletin announcing that at half past six, if this wind continued, we should see land! The breeze grew stronger and the excitement greater. At six o'clock I was standing by his side at the bows, and looking off to our left, I saw the white spray rising, and instantly knew that the breakers were there. He gave me the glass, and it brought the land to my eyes: the Scilly Isles were in sight, and we were soon under their lee. By ten o'clock we saw the Lizard light off Land's End, and before twelve we were under the coast of England. This was on Friday: less than fifteen days from the time we saw our native shores the father-land was in sight! One of the finest passages ever made across the Atlantic! We never changed the course of the ship from continent to continent, but as Columbus steered due west to run aground as soon as he could, so we put out for the east, and without tacking or lying to, and without one single hour of head-wind, but with constant favoring breezes, we were wafted over the sea, and the voyage was a pleasure trip from land to land.

Saturday was one of those beautiful days that are rare on sea or land. The gale was over, and a steady breeze was taking us along the coast. Ships were coming in and leaving port; we had communication with shore by the pilot-boats that boarded us now.

We heard that a new prince was born in England, and thus a new obstacle thrown in the way of the succession of the House of Hanover. In the course of the night we should reach Portsmouth and go ashore in the morning. The full moon rose on the sea, and hung out from the sky like a silver globe. The ship was sailing well under a fair breeze, and we walked the deck in the enjoyment of one of the most delightful evenings. One after another of the passengers went below, and a few only of the younger and more romantic remained to look out on the waves reflecting the beams of the moon, now riding far up in the heavens. It was nearly midnight when the cry shot through the ship, piercing every ear and heart—"A MAN OVERBOARD!" Except the cry of fire, no sound on ship is more terrible. For days you have been thinking every time you looked over into the deep through which the ship is rushing, of the helpless and hopeless fate of him who shall be cast into the sea; and when the fearful word is given, in that tone of mingled fear and pain which the fact extorts, there is a sinking of the heart, as if each one had a friend now perishing. Mr. Moore, the second mate, had an assistant in the ship's carpenter, who had acted as a seaman during the passage, as we had a miserable crew. He was a fine-looking young man, and the only one of all the men who had interested the passengers. He had been down in my stateroom, and told me something of his history. His parents were in Holland, and he was on his way to visit them. A young woman was on board, to whom he was to be married in May, and they were to return to

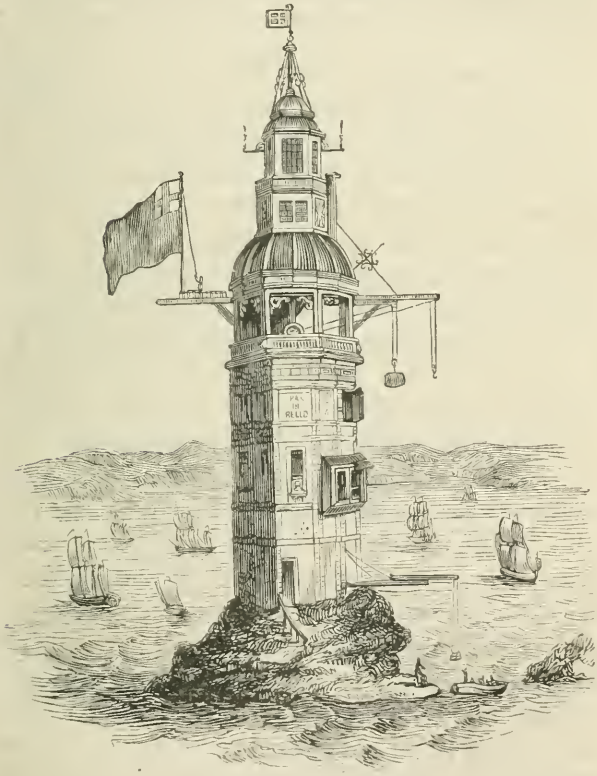
America to spend their days. His manners were very gentle, and he looked to me and spoke as if he had left the comforts of home, and had entered a life for which he was not formed. My heart had gone out to him, and in return for some acts of kindness he had done to me, I was thinking what present I should make him before going ashore, when, at the instant, the shout was made, and this noble fellow, the pride of the men, was struggling in the pitiless waters. Mr. Moore was near him, and had given an order to bear off the boom from the side of the ship—this man stepped over the bulwarks, pushed against the boom, the topping-lift gave way, and he pitched forward, head first, into the sea. The ship shot by him in a moment. Nothing thrown over could reach him. His cries of agony came up, cutting the heart, oh, so bitterly, that it would have been a mercy to be deaf. The mate, with admirable promptness, gave the orders to put the ship about. "Ready about. Luff round. Hard lee. Tacks and sheets, main top-sail haul: let go and haul." Then he leaped into the boat and cried, "Put the helm hard down. Lower away the quarter boat." Never shall I forget the look of the mate, as he screamed "give me a knife—A KNIFE!" and taking one from a sailor, he passed it through the ropes. "In men, in"—and four stout fellows leaped in with him, and down it went upon the ocean, a little shell of a thing, sent forth to seek and to save that which was lost. I wanted to go with them, and as they struck out into the deep, under that full moon, at midnight, to look for a drowning brother, I felt that their errand was noble though

none of them should live to tread the deck again. Then we gathered on the stern of the ship, and looked out into the night and the sea to watch the event. It was light enough to see that tears were falling fast on the cheeks of some in that anxious group. Some of us prayed. It was all we could do. The little boat was soon out of sight. We could hear the shouts they sent up to reach, if it might be so, the ear of the "strong swimmer in his agony," and then all was silent, save the wind among the cordage, and the heavy flapping of the sails as the ship lay to. A dark spot rose on the wave: the flash of the dripping oars in the moonlight met the eye, and we knew they were coming. The mate was soon seen standing at the helm. Our impatience would not brook delay, and we sent out the cry "All well?" Our hearts stood still for the answer; a half spoken "No" murmured along the waters, and we knew that the brave fellow was among the dead. So suddenly—so fearfully! To be swept from among us, in the midst of life and hope. There were many, many tears of sympathy that night, and when I went below and strove to sleep, the vision of a fellow-being struggling in the billows around me, drove slumber from my eyelids; and when it did come, the vision remained among my dreams.

Our voyage closed at daylight. We were in Portsmouth harbor when we rose in the morning. A British man-of-war was coming in as I came on deck. She made a great circuit round us, and fired a salute for the admiral of the port. We were at liberty to take the salute as in honor of our arrival.

In port. Landing.

As this line of packets only touches here to land passengers, we were taken off in a small boat and set ashore in a pouring rain. A dreary, dismal time we had. But we got through much sooner than we expected, and at ten o'clock on the 24th of April we were landed on the wharf at Portsmouth.



PORTSMOUTH LIGHTHOUSE.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST NIGHT IN ENGLAND.

The Custom-house—The Parish Church and Church-yard—Hotel—Turned out of my Room—Sleeping in a Garret—Portsmouth.

It was good to plant one's foot on the solid ground after crossing 3000 miles of treacherous sea, and much as I loved old ocean, and rejoiced in the winds and waves that had us in charge, it was better to be on the bosom of mother earth, and to have a roof over my head and a bed on which to lie.

We went in company—some twenty-five passengers—to the same hotel in Portsmouth, and returned to the Custom-house at an appointed time for our baggage, which had to be examined by the officers. We hear much of the annoyance to which travellers are subjected at the British Custom-house, and I was prepared for delay and vexation. But the examination was a mere matter of form; the officers were very polite—made the slightest possible overhauling of the luggage; a small library of books, English, French, and American, was exposed when my trunk was opened, but not a book was touched, and no questions asked. I remarked to one of the officers that such courtesy was not what we had been taught to expect, and it would be a pleasure for me to speak of it in my own country. He took his card from his pocket and

desired me to send it back to him by any of my friends who should be visiting England, and they would be treated as I had been.

It was Sunday, and we went to church. And a noble, venerable, and remarkable house it was, the parish church, on which the moss of six centuries has gathered, and around it the graves of many successive generations. We walked among the tombs, and I copied some of the old epitaphs, one for its quaintness, thus:

> "Here lies a careful, loving wife,
> A tender nursing mother;
> A neighbor free from brawls and strife,
> A pattern for all other."

Now that was a good wife, I have not a doubt, and I am sorry I did not bring away her name, to give her the benefit of an obituary notice. And here is a couplet, to my taste exquisite; it is neatly turned, and comes to a climax of beauty:

> "Grace made thee lovely and admired by all,
> And sure since grace adorned thee, Glory shall."

A large congregation worshipped in this fine old church, and with great cheerfulness seats were provided for our whole party.

On arriving at the hotel among the first, I had selected a single chamber, pleasantly looking out on the bay, with the Navy-yard in sight, and the old Victory, on which Lord Nelson fell, riding at anchor in full view; and I was ready to return to my chamber after church to spend the rest of the Sabbath in retirement and peace. After a fortnight's lying on a shelf, I was

Turned out. Sent aloft. The old oak chest.

at last to lie on a bed; and I was thinking how refreshing it would be to have one good, long, quiet night of it, when the landlady inquired for my name, and wished to know if I would give up my room to an invalid lady! This was a blow to my hopes, but I replied that I would if another room would be furnished me. Certainly, I should have a delightful chamber, only a little higher up. As I had no objection to rising in the world, my lovely room was cleared in a trice, and I followed the servants up and up—*Excelsior* now being the motto—till we reached the attic under the peak of the roof, and so near the apex that the slope of the wall just missed the cover of the bed. Near the door stood an old oak chest, that might have been exposed to the weather a hundred years before it was housed; it was mouldering now, and reminded me of "The Misletoe Bough," which Mr. Jenkins had sung on shipboard, and I actually opened the lid to see if some Ginevra had not been smothered there. There were no bones, no rings, no bracelets, no locks of golden hair, but some old silk dresses; and I let the lid fall back again, disappointed that I had made no discovery. Close to the bed, and leaving just space enough to pass through, was a chest of drawers, equal in years to the other. Its handles were dropping off, and it was gradually falling to pieces as it stood. The casings of the little dormer-window were rotting away, the plastering dropping from the wall; and altogether such a look of utter forsakenness and decay about the room as I can not describe. I protested against sleeping in it, but was coolly told it was the only vacant

room in the house. Any day but Sunday I should have left the house immediately; but I wanted quiet of all things, and here was stillness in which I could hear my heart beat. I walked out of the den into the garret. There was no other room on that floor. I had the whole to myself, unless the rats and bats should dispute possession. Bedtime came at last, and still I sat there, an invalid, in a new and strange land, my first night on shore, and now to sleep in such queer, outlandish, and uncouth quarters as no decent country-tavern in America, to say nothing of a first-class hotel in a city as this professed to be, would ever put a stranger into. They will never take me in, in that inn, again. At length I ventured to try the bed. It was clean and refreshing, and I was quite as comfortable as if I had remained in the lower spheres. It was after eleven when I blew out the candle; and when I wooed the sweet influences of balmy sleep, they would not come. It was a long hour while memory was very busy with the New World, and fancy with the Old; and at last all the bells of the city, with discordant tongues, tolled twelve o'clock. I had forgotten to lock my door, and thinking the old garret might be the hiding-place of some marauder, I stole out of the bed and found the key in the door. Alas! it had rusted there. Turn it would not; and I was turning back, when I stumbled over the old oak chest that had no bones in it. In the darkness I managed to push it a few inches, and get its corner against the door, so that I was sure no robber could get in without my hearing. And then I went to bed, and

finally to sleep; and so passed my first night in England.

This Portsmouth in which I found myself the next day is the grand harbor of England, the rendezvous of her fleets, and the great depository of her naval stores. The dock-yard has more than a hundred acres in it, and the walls that surround the town are a fine promenade for the people. Portsmouth is said to be impregnable; and it will be a long time, probably, before there will be any practicable opportunity of putting the opinion to an experimental test.

In the harbor are the hulks of vessels famous in the naval battles of old England. The very sight of them stirs the blood in the sailor's heart, as he sees them there, and sings—

"Britannia rules the waves."

CHAPTER III.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

An Isle of Beauty — Osborne House — Carisbrooke Castle — The Dairyman's Daughter.

If it had been called *the Isle of Beauty*, it would have been fitly named. A gem of the sea, perhaps once a part of Albion, perhaps set here by itself, like an apple of gold in a picture of silver, girt as it is by placid seas, and covered with the richest fields and flowering hedges and handsome residences, from the palace of royalty to the little cottage of the poor, it is altogether a charming spot. It is but a few minutes excursion from Portsmouth by the ferry; they call their ferry-boats here floating bridges. We paid two cents to go on the pier to the boat, twelve to go over in the boat, and four to leave the pier on the other side.

Landing at Ryde, we were in a beautiful town, in the environs of which many elegant residences are seen, in the midst of well-kept grounds and groves of shade-trees. It was too early in the morning to make a call, but my time was short, and having letters of introduction to a clerical gentleman here, I was willing to make my first experiment on the good feelings of the English toward my country. The Rev. Dr. Ferguson is the author of the History of England, and other works

of high character. He is a clergyman of the Dissenting interest, living in a beautiful parsonage, which I was glad of a chance to enter. He received me with great hospitality, and inquired with interest after many Americans whom he had met in England. From him I learned much of the state of public sentiment in this country respecting our own, and the enlightened, liberal, and Christian sentiments he expressed, both exalted and endeared him in my regard. Declining, but with great reluctance, his urgent invitations to make a visit at his house, I made arrangements for an excursion upon the island with a party of friends who crossed from Portsmouth for the purpose. We filled two carriages, and were soon riding rapidly out of the town, over a beautiful road.

Every acre of this island is classic. It has a history, so rich in incident and so romantic too, that all these hills and charming vales are memorable and sacred in the eyes of one who remembers that the Romans, under Vespasian and the Emperor Claudius in person, trod these fields and founded towers but fifteen years after Christ was crucified: that the Saxons blasted them with their arms, and filled these streams with blood: that the Druids once offered their human sacrifices here, and Christian persecution put all but three hundred families to the sword: that the Danes in after years laid waste the island, and then in succeeding centuries, when the flowers and fruits became wonted to the soil so often fattened with blood, that Edward the Confessor swept over it again with fire and sword, and was soon succeeded by one of the fol-

lowers of William the Conqueror, in 1068, who subdued it for his own use and profit, and became the first Lord of Wight. From that time down, this spot has been the scene of contention as if it were indeed a crown jewel, the fairest spot in the realm, and therefore most coveted by those who have the power to take what they want.

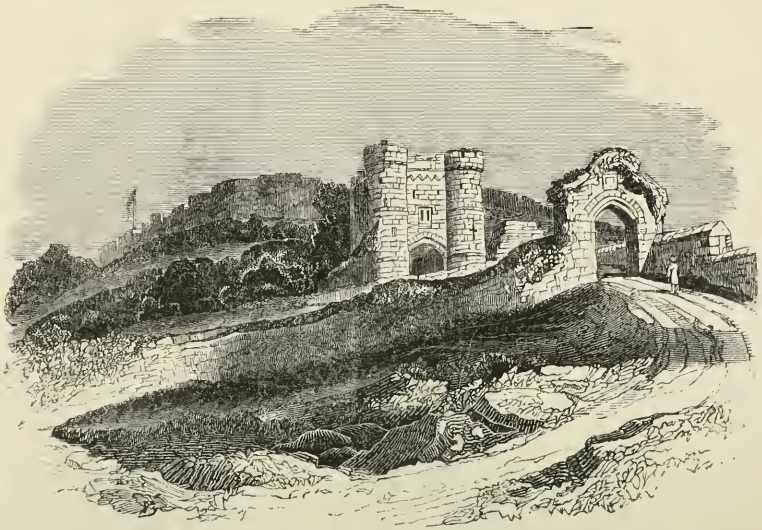
It is now more highly cultivated, and more beautifully diversed in its scenery than almost any other part of England, of which it is called "the garden." As we were riding through its public roads, it seemed to us that we must be in the private grounds of wealth and taste. The banks were covered with primroses, the green hedges on either side, the meadows so rich and verdant, and so beautifully disposed with trees and streams, and here and there a mansion so plain and yet so spacious, permanent, and elegant, with an air of comfort ab ut it, that we were sure it was a delightful home. We rode on excited and often bewildered with the beauty that lay so quietly under the eye.

Osborne House, the marine residence of the Queen, was on our right as we rode to the south: a splendid palace, belonging to her majesty as private property. She owns some hundreds of acres of land around it, which are laid out with exquisite taste. The Queen spends the early part of the summer here, and during the present week she visits it with the last-born prince, now but a few weeks old. She is building neat brick cottages for her laboring people, setting an example in this respect to many of her noble subjects, who have

The old castle. Halls. Deep well.

so much sympathy for American laborers that they neglect to provide comfortable quarters for their own.

About nine miles from Ryde, near Newport, the borough town of the Isle of Wight, is Carisbrooke Castle, one of the oldest and most interesting ruins in England. The Romans laid the foundation in the year 45, and the Saxons and Danes completed it in after years. For successive centuries it was the stronghold of the party in power on the island, and these deep intrenchments have often been flowing with blood during the sieges and fights before its frowning walls. We ascended the hill on which it stands, crossing green fields and winding our way by the well-beaten path, till we came to the frowning gateway of massive masonry, which might have stood a thousand years. A rude inscription on a board directed us to the bell, and pulling an iron ring, an old porter made his appearance, and offered to show us the castle. We passed through the archway and were in the midst of the walls inclosing the castle, the chapel, the keep, which struck the mind at once with the evidence of ancient grandeur, strength, and historic interest. "That window is the one," said the guide, "from which Charles the First attempted to escape when he was a prisoner here. In this room his second daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, died." These spacious halls are the ancient ball-rooms and scenes of festive mirth, where kings and nobles and high-bred dames and damsels have reveled in days of yore. They are silent now, and crumbling. Here is a well three hundred feet deep. A lighted candle is let down by a



CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

cord, and we watched its descent to the crystal water in the far depths. Then a donkey (alas for such an introduction!) is bid to march upon his wheel, which slowly raises an immense bucket to the surface, and we took a refreshing draught. We climbed up seventy-three broken stone steps to the summit of the keep, or a central tower, erected by the Romans, and here we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Before us was the village of Carisbrooke with its church, one of the oldest in the land; green hills with forest and fields, and herds scattered among them, and then all around us the sea, with its white sails, and the blue waves laughing in the sun. It was beautiful.

This keep had been the prison-house of the castle. A dry well, two hundred and fifty feet deep, which no man now may descend into to explore its relations to the castle, probably afforded subterranean communication with the various parts of the inclosure, and the hollow sound given back, when we stamped upon the ground, assured us there were mysteries underneath which would repay the search of the antiquarian who should explore the hidden and long-buried chambers of Carisbrooke. This castle is now in charge of the governor of the island, and the keeper is appointed by him. He led us all over it, and under it, and around it, and entertained us with stirring anecdotes connected with its history. Then we left the old castle for another and widely different scene. Here we had stood upon ground that war and rapine and blood, revelry and crime and misery had made illustrious:

then we went to the spot which virtue and innocence, poverty, peace, holy living and holy dying had hallowed.

We left the castle and returned to the village inn, at the sign of the "White Horse," where we had a lunch served neatly by the good woman who kept the house, and was willing to entertain us with her ever-flowing prattle and tattle while we enjoyed the excellent steak she had prepared. She told us of the old church close by, which we should have gone off without seeing—a venerable building: and near it the ruins of a priory of Cistercian monks, now quite as usefully occupied for sheds and stables. So the world goes: donkeys now where monks once held possession, the cells of nuns converted into stalls for cattle.

"Now drive to Arreton, to the old church-yard, to the grave of the Dairyman's Daughter: do you know that spot?"

"Ay, ay, that I do, sir;" the driver answered. "I know every church-yard on the island, and that one before all the rest."

Yet the guide-books to the Isle of Wight said nothing of the grave of this maiden, more widely known and more beloved in memory, than the queens and princesses and noble ladies whose palaces and monuments have distinguished more splendid tombs than the one to which I am about to make a pilgrimage. It was a lovely drive from the old Castle Carisbrooke which we had just left; and the contrast between those old times, when those halls were filled with warriors

fierce, and the present, was ever reminding me of the progress made in turning swords into plow-shares. These fields, richly promising to yield the peaceful fruit of husbandry, were so sweetly placid in the sunshine of this spring morning, I found it hard to believe that successive generations of barbarous hordes have made each hill and plain a battle-ground: that human victims have here bled on altars raised to unknown gods.

And now this fair isle is better known through the Christian world as the place where the Dairyman's Daughter lived and died, than for all the historic incidents of war, though they have been part and parcel of England's story from the birth of Christ to the present time. An hour from the castle brought us to the hamlet of Arreton, and to the gate of the old churchyard. The driver said that he would take the carriage to the other side, and we might cross the fields and meet him there.

A little girl with a pail of milk in her hand was standing by the gate, and I asked her if she could show us to the grave of the Dairyman's Daughter. "Yes, sir, I will," she said; "this way, sir, if you please," and she led on, around the corner of the old church, following a well-beaten path through the grass, which would conduct a stranger to the sacred spot without any guide. The grave is in the midst of hundreds not far from the rear of the church, and marked by a plain marble slab, bearing the familiar inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,
"THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER."
Who died May 30, 1801, aged 31 years.
She being dead, yet speaketh.

Stranger, if e'er, by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of this sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth; but He, who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her, his truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest pleasures of his boundless love—
Faith, that dispell'd affliction's darkest gloom;
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb;
Peace, that not Hell's dark legions could destroy;
And Love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she linger'd here.
Oh! happy saint, may we, like thee, be blest—
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

And this is the tomb of her whose simple story has been read in almost every language, in every part of the known world, in the palace and the cottage, shedding the fragrance of a holy religion over every hearthstone, and guiding hundreds and thousands of sinners to the precious Saviour. On this spot which my feet are now pressing, stood that man of God, Leigh Richmond, when the wasted form of Elizabeth was let down into its narrow house, just fifty-two years ago. Now he and his young friend are rejoicing together with the multitude who have been brought home to glory by the joint instrumentality of both, who, being dead, will speak to the end of time in words of encour-

agement to the weary and heavy laden, inviting them to Him who will give them rest.

We turned into the venerable church. It is more than five hundred years old, and having had no improvement or repairs, is an interesting relic of by-gone centuries. The stone floor in the aisles is sunken, broken, and irregular, the old oak pews are tumbling to pieces, the pulpit curious in its antiquity, and suggestive of years of service—all impress the stranger from a new country with feelings of veneration and awe. The pillars and walls were covered with monumental tablets of ancient dates as well as modern, and I brought away one inscription, as follows:

Loe here under this tomb incoutched
Is William Serle by name,
Who for his deeds of charitie
Deserveth worthie fame,
A man within this parish borne
And in the house called stone,
A glasse for to behold a worke
Hath left to every one,
For that unto the people poor
Of Areton he gave
An hundred pounds in redie coyne
He willed that they should have.
To be employed in fittest sorte
As man could best invent
For years relief to the pore
Thus did this man batcheler
Of years full fifty neyne
And doeing good to many a one
Soe did he spend his tyme
Until the daye he did decease
The first of February
And in the year of one thousand
Five hundred neyntie five.

Just as I was leaving the church the bell began to toll, and a funeral procession came winding its way through the narrow lanes that are so beautiful in these green fields skirted with hedge-rows. I had observed, on entering, an open grave, and now, by a sadly pleasing coincidence, I could see a funeral procession coming to the very spot, and through the same paths, and among the same scenes, so well described by Mr. Richmond in his narrative. Had time permitted, I would have tarried until the service, and joined in it; but as this was not allowed, I was carried back in thought to the time when the remains of the Dairyman's Daughter were brought into these gates, and committed to kindred dust in these peaceful shades. Since I was there, I have stood by the tombs of a score of kings, and as many queens—by the ashes of the mightiest captains and the greatest statesmen that England has ever known; but for no one of them do I bless God with so much thankfulness as for the life and death of the humble servant girl whose dust is here in the retired rural church-yard of Arreton, in the Isle of Wight.

We left the spot with reluctance. It was so calm and lovely in its seclusion, that I could have rested there for days, instead of marking the visit by moments only. Climbing the hills by the side of the church, we were able to see the parish, with its cottages scattered here and there among the vales: and in the distance, as we rode along, the home of the Dairyman's Daughter was pointed out to us, but we had not time to call.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING UP TO LONDON.

Inquisitive Englishman: his ill manners.—From Portsmouth to Winchester—The New Forest—London.

"ARE you the Mr. P. from New York?" was the question suddenly put to me, as I took my seat in the cars at Portsmouth, for London, the third day after setting foot in England. Our party of eight had entered one apartment of the car, and the windows between being open, the moment my name was mentioned by one of my friends who addresed me, an Englishman sitting in the adjoining apartment turned about, and asked, "Are you the Mr. P. from New York?"

I answered, "Yes, sir, and will you tell me why you take the liberty to make the inquiry?"

This was a sudden question, and reminded him at once of his rudeness. He hesitated a moment, and said that he had seen my name in the London papers. "Ah," I said, "in the list of passengers, perhaps." At this he was more embarrassed, and fibbing it a little, he managed to smooth over his impertinence for thus accosting a stranger, and proceeded to make a score of inquiries respecting America, in which country he professed an extraordinary interest. He soon became excited, and swore an oath in every sentence. His profaneness and vulgarity so disgusted

me that I changed my seat to get out of the reach of his tongue. Before I left him he had called my attention to the superiority of their railroads over ours; but I had to tell him that ours run smoother, quite as fast, and at less than half the fare which is charged on theirs. This was all but incredible. I asked him if he knew how far it was from Albany to New York: he said he believed about 150 miles. "You are right," said I, "and I have been from one of these cities to the other, breakfasting in New York long after sunrise, dining in Albany, attending to a fair day's business there, and returning to New York before sunset; and the fare was only six shillings of your money each way, while the fare in the same class cars, from Portsmouth to London, just two-thirds the distance, is three times as much, eighteen shillings, and the run is made in no less time." He was a fine specimen of a Yankee for asking questions, and but for his swearing and bad grammar, I should have thought he had taken lessons in the matter of catechising strangers from some of the men that English travellers encounter in "the States."

We rushed on rapidly through quiet villages and well-tilled fields, and stopped at Winchester, the chief town on the road to London. And a city it is which well repays the traveller who lingers here for a few hours. It recalls his early English history. He finds that here lie the bones of Alfred the Great, and of the famous Canute, who reproved his courtiers for their flattery by being seated on the sea-shore at Southampton, not far from here, and rebuking the waves which paid no attention to his commands. Part of a castle

MONUMENT OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

built by William the Conqueror still remains. Here William Rufus was crowned, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion a second time, when he returned from the Crusades. The old Cathedral is a dramatic poem, but I have no time to pause and recite it. I would rather leave it, and drive out to the New Forest, nearly fifty miles in circuit, turned into a wilderness by William the Conqueror, who destroyed villages, and sent the people adrift, that he might make a hunting ground. The Duke of Sutherland did the same thing but a few years ago with his tenants, and made a sheep pasture of the fields on which successive generations of pious men had lived and died.

In this forest William Rufus was shot in the heart by a stray arrow, as he was hunting, and a monument is raised to mark the spot, now that the old oak under which he was found has perished. We pressed on to London. We were impatient to see it. Yet we wondered, as we drew nigh, that the country was so thinly settled. Nothing has yet appeared to me more remarkable than this fact, that in the immediate vicinity of a city so vast and absorbing, there are yet such mighty tracts of land, with but here and there a habitation to be seen. The reason will reach the reflecting mind, and with it will come a painful reflection. There is land here and to spare, while the people are in lack of bread.

At last that cloud appeared—of smoke too: not to lead us, but to assure us that under its gloomy wings the great city was lying. The cars whirled on and in, over the tops of houses, while thronged streets with

life and business were far below us. A few minutes more, and we were at the station in the heart of the town. No long delay to leave the engine and take horses to draw the cars at a snail pace; but the steam takes us right onward, almost without slacking, until we are at our journey's end.

In London! And I was in it a month before I was fairly able to get an idea of the greatness of the place. It is thirty miles in circumference, and has a quarter of a million of houses, and two millions and a quarter of people!

But it is not in its extent and population that its greatness lies. It has relations to the whole world which make it the centre of things, and one feels this the longer he stays here, and mingles with men of business, and adjusts himself to the new world with which he is surrounded.

Let him take his stand in Cheapside, at Bow Church, on which are the celebrated Bow bells, the sound of which makes every man a Cockney who is born within hearing of them, and he will see more than seventy thousand persons pass by in a single day; and if he could stand where he could survey all the people who enter the city in a day, he would see nearly half a million. More than six hundred places of worship, and more than four thousand seminaries of education, and two hundred asylums, and alms-houses, and hospitals are so distributed over the town that you are seldom out of sight of some of them. The "city" proper takes in the most ancient part of the metropolis, where the great centres of business are, as the Bank

and the Exchange; it begins at Aldgate and ends at Temple Bar. The Lord Mayor rules in this part of the town; and the Queen herself, by an old custom not yet obsolete, can not pass the gate at the Temple without going through the form of getting the Lord Mayor's permission.

The magnificence of the London parks has been celebrated by every visitor; yet no one apprehends their extent and beauty till he loses himself in a wilderness of forest, lake, and stream, with bubbling fountains, flocks of sheep, or herds of deer; not a house in sight, not a sound to be heard; yet millions of people are all around him! And the three great parks—*the* parks of London—are far from making up its beauty. Whichever way you go, you are constantly coming upon open squares, laid out with shaded walks, and fountains playing; and these are so near to each other, and so spacious, that the city is ventilated as New York is not, and never can be. And the rows of palaces, whole streets of splendid dwellings around these innumerable parks, display such signs of material wealth and strength that the traveller from a new country, where cities are young yet, and riches are happily less concentrated than here, is compelled to look up and admire.

All these things come upon the stranger on his first entrance into London. He must, however, settle down in his hotel, or, what is better, at private lodgings, and take it leisurely, if he would see and enjoy the sights.

In almost every street, except those which are oc-

cupied with business, he will see cards on the houses, advertising him that "lodgings" are to be let, and he will find them of all prices and degrees of elegance and comfort. In one of these I was soon at home. The hotels are not managed on our plan. The English are not gregarious—they do not like to come to a public table to eat with every body. John prefers to have his dinner all to himself, unless he knows his company. Here he has his meals served in his own room, or at a private table in the coffee-room, and pays for what he orders.

CHAPTER V.

POST-OFFICE AND BANK.

In an Omnibus—A Liberal Englishman—The Post-office—Bank of England.

My lodgings were at Charing Cross, the most central spot in all London. From it you can get an omnibus for any part of the city, while you are in the immediate vicinity of the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and a score of things that a stranger wishes to see.

One morning not long after my arrival in London, as I stepped into the omnibus to go to the General Post-office, a gentleman said to me, in answer to my inquiry as to the value of a coin in my hand, "It will be altogether better when we have a decimal currency."

"As we have in America," I replied.

"Then you are from America?" he continued. "Ah, you have much there from which we might improve, if we only would."

"And I am ready to say the same of your country," I replied again. "I meet with something new every day, that reminds me of the fact that the daughter may yet be taught some lessons by her mother."

"What are some of those things?" he asked me, at once; and I had been asked the same question several times at dinner-tables and in private.

Police. Fires. Post-office.

"To mention but one point," I said, "your system of police is far more efficient and reliable than ours. It works silently, but so powerfully, that it seems to be a preventive rather than a cure."

"Thank you," said the gentleman, "for your good opinion; but we begin to think our system is too much like that of the Continent—it is too prying and inquisitorial; we will not submit to espionage."

"I despise the spy as much as you do," I answered, "but honest men have far less to fear from espionage than from a system so loose that the officer of justice is as much to be dreaded as the thief, and not unfrequently is one. In our country the policeman has no distinctive dress, and acts as if he were ashamed to be known as an agent of the government. Breaches of the peace are less frequent than they are with us, while life and property are more secure." Such is the fact, as all my future observation confirmed. "Then," I added, "you seem to have no fires here in London. Not a day passes in New York without an alarm of fire; but I hear of none in this city. Why is this?"

He assured me that the energy and vigilance of the police were directed to this matter; and I think it likely that the buildings are put up with much greater precaution against fires than they are in New York.

I stopped at the General Post-office, a large and elegant building, with a hall eighty by sixty feet in the middle of it, around which all the departments are so arranged and designated that a stranger finds what he is after with little or no trouble at all.

The building is of the Ionic order of architecture, four hundred feet long, and eighty feet deep; the largest postal establishment in the world. The number of letters passing through the British Post-office, as we learn from the returns to Parliament, is nearly four hundred millions in a single year. The revenue of the department is five millions of dollars.

I had questions to ask in reference to the transmission of letters; and the readiness with which information was given, the patience with which my inquiries were listened to, and the courtesy of those I addressed, made an agreeable impression. Such politeness is not experienced always in post-offices much nearer home than this.

The penny (two cents) postage has succeeded beyond all calculation. The extent of the country is so limited, that the whole system of mail transportation and the delivery of letters are made to move with the precision of clock-work. The promptness with which letters are delivered in the city of London, even in its remotest suburbs, three or four times in a day, is wonderful. But the office is not open on Sundays. Here, in the commercial centre of the world, where, if in any part of the earth, the plea of necessity might be successfully urged, there is no opening of mails, and no delivery of letters on the Sabbath day. It is well to make a note of this.

The *Bank of England* must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to get into the interior of this remarkable building, to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power

than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the Governor of the Bank. The building occupies an irregular area of *eight acres* of ground; an edifice of no architectural beauty, with not one window toward the street, being lighted altogether from the roof or the inclosed areas. The ordinary business apartments differ from those in our banks only in their extent, a thousand clerks being constantly on duty, and driven with business at that. But to form any adequate idea of what the Bank is, we must penetrate its recesses, its vaults, and offices, where we shall see such operations as are not known in Wall Street. I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after the delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the Bank received yesterday were now examined, compared with the entries in the books, and stored away. *The Bank of England never issues the same note a second time.* It receives in the ordinary course of business about £800,000, or $4,000,000 daily in notes: these are put up in parcels according to their denomination, boxed up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years: at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill which I saw running, and made again into paper. If in the course of those ten years any dispute in business, or law-suit should arise concerning the payment of any note, the Bank can produce the identical bill. To meet the demand for notes so con-

stantly used up, the Bank has its own paper-makers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which the most of its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing-office to the banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers can not manufacture a single sheet of blank notes that is not recorded in the Bank. On the same principle of exactness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting a clock in sixteen business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time!

In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple, for detecting *light* gold coins. A row of them dropped one by one upon a spring scale: if the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height, and the coin slid off upon one side into a box: if less than the standard, it rose a little higher, and the coin slid off upon the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands, and strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer!

The next room I entered was that in which the notes are deposited, which are ready for issue. "We have thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me, "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be vastly agreea-

ble, and he handed me a million sterling (five millions of dollars), which I received with many thanks for his liberality, but he insisted on my depositing it with him again, as it would be hardly safe to carry so much money into the street. I very much fear that I shall never see that money again. In the vault beneath the floor was a Director and the Cashier counting the bags of gold which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. This world of money seemed to realize the fables of Eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one Institution to the commerce of the world.

Stepping out of the Bank of England I went into the Royal Exchange, and up to Lloyd's Rooms; where merchants, shippers, etc. congregate, and where the latest intelligence respecting every ship that floats is reported, and instantly posted. Lists are printed every few minutes, announcing all that mails and telegraphs have brought from foreign and domestic ports, and these furnish to those interested the earliest and most reliable intelligence. Here, too, are newspapers in every language in which they are printed, and every stranger may read in his own tongue what is going on at home. A curious weather-gauge is in this room: an index, turned by the vane on the roof, is constantly showing in the room below the direction of the wind, while a pencil is attached to a chart and moved by the same power, so as to mark the precise

course in which the wind has been blowing for days: making a record as distinct as the penciled course of a ship on the master's chart at sea. Studying this map of the winds, an insurer may make some calculation upon the progress of a vessel, and shape his business accordingly.

It will take a day, but a day well spent, to look through these buildings—the three that I have mentioned. They will give a stranger the largest means of forming an opinion of the commercial importance of London. Here he is in its focus. The Post-office, the Bank, and the Exchange are the representatives of the wealth and business relations of England, and no one can view them in connection without feeling that he is at the fountain-head of influence, in all the channels of business in the world.

CHAPTER VI.

WHERE GREAT MEN LIVED.

Haunts of Distinguished Men—Bacon—Johnson—Milton—Coleridge—Richmond Hill—Thomson—Pope—Reynolds—William Pitt.

"OUT and in that gate Lord Bacon passed a thousand times," was the sudden remark of the Rev. Dr. ——, as we were riding by a dusky and venerable building in Chancery Lane. "Let us take a turn into these buildings, Gray's Inn, and see the rooms where Bacon was at his toils, and where he laid the basis of that fame which has placed his name at the head of all intellectual men." And then my learned friend, the only antiquarian I chanced to find in London, showed me where Mackintosh studied, and Romilly, and other men whose learning has been and will be a light to mankind till the end of time. Perhaps my readers have no taste for places whose only charm is in the fact that they have been haunted of old by great men. But I have a fancy for just that thing, and when we went from Gray's Inn to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the Lord Chancellors of England for so many years held their all but eternal courts, protracting the miseries and wasting the fortunes of those whom law ought to protect but too often destroys, I felt that I was on ground quite as classic as Marathon or Waterloo. The battles here

have not been so bloody, but they were quite as fatal, and their consequences not less momentous.

Turning down Bolt Court, we found the house where Dr. Johnson lived and labored: the same house still here, though the business of the court has undergone a great change. Goldsmith, and Garrick, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of Johnson's Club, have often been here, but there is no shadow of their presence or of the lion who roared among them, their king. Still in this very court I did find a living lion, Dr. Campbell, the Editor of the British Banner, one of the leading papers of the Dissenting interest. He is the greatest religious controversialist among the Independents. A man of strong Scotch intellect, decided, of course, as who ever heard of a Scotchman who was not? [the prayer of the Moderator of a Scotch Presbytery was a wise and proper one; "O Lord, grant that we may be right, for thou knowest that we are very decided]—and it is therefore a cause for congratulation that he is so well acquainted with the position of religious and moral questions in America.

"In that narrow street Milton lived."

"Is it possible," I said, as I felt the unfitness of such a home as that for such a man; "no wonder he wrote of Paradise *lost*, if he had ever lived any where else."

We rode out to High Gate to the house where Coleridge lived seventeen years, and where he wrote some of his greatest works. A pleasing spot overlooking London, and a beautiful expanse of green

fields; but the city is now fast encircling it, and future visitors will find it quite as thickly compassed with brick and mortar as the homes of Johnson and Milton.

But the most interesting drive about London which I enjoyed, was with a friend who asked me to make an excursion to Richmond Hill. It was a rare day in this particular, that the sun shone. It is well in London to make a Cretan mark for every fair day, and you will not have made many at the month's end, unless your experience is better than mine. London is now stretching itself so far on every side, that it is *town* far out into what was deep, green country, when the men lived who are now remembered as the markmen of past generations. We drove to Hammersmith Bridge, crossing the Thames at a point full of the most thrilling interest to the lover of old English poetry. We passed Devonshire House, the beautiful residence of the Duke of Devonshire, whose Chatsworth is the most elegant of all the places in England. But here, in this house, near Chiswick Gardens, Fox and Canning both died.

At the foot of Richmond Hill, and in a retired part of the village, is Kew Foot Lane, and quite at the end of it is the house in which the poet Thomson, author of the Seasons, lived, wrote, and died. Lady Shaftesbury, widow of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, now owns the house and grounds, and here she resides. With a fine appreciation of the true and beautiful in nature and art, the summer house in which the poet actually sat while he wrote his immortal

poem, is preserved precisely as he left it, with the old oak table and its little drawer still in the very place where it stood when Thomson leaned over it and thought. A little stream is flowing near it, deep shades of venerable trees are on it, and as it is quite in the rear of the grounds, a deep and solemn silence reigns around. It was just the place for such a man to write, and I was glad to know that this place had fallen into the hands of those who are both able and willing to keep it as a monument of a poet so dear to every fireside.

This summer house has upon it the inscription,

> "Here Thomson sang the seasons and their change,"

and other lines from poets who have made pilgrimages here, and placed upon the walls tributes of kindred and admiring genius.

The villa of Pope, at Twichenham, a mile farther on, has had a more inglorious fate. It has been swept away by the hand of Time, but a plain slab which he raised to his mother, still stands with this plaintive inscription:

> AH! EDITHA
> MATRUM OPTIMA
> MULIERUM AMANTISSIMA
> VALE!

Here Pope composed the greater part of his version of the Iliad; here he wrote his Essay on Man, and other famous works. Here, too, the wits of that day, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot,

> "Mingled with the friendly bowl;
> The feast of reason and the flow of soul!"

Sir Joshua Reynolds caused this beautiful house on the summit of the hill to be reared for his own residence, and here he painted from nature, and from the scene that was constantly before his eye, the only landscapes that he ever drew. Such an artist, with abundant means to gratify his tastes for the beautiful, could not have found a more charming spot. Poets and painters clustered here, and every nook and corner are identified as the haunts of men whose names are now part of the history of literature, and are more familiar in America than among the immediate dwellers in the neighborhood.

On the summit of this hill is Richmond Park, embracing no less than 2253 acres of land: part of the old Wolsey Domain, but now accessible at all times to the public. We drove over it; three miles across it: the herds of deer flying about when startled from their quiet browse, leaping the streams, and bounding elegantly over the green sward. Within this park Lord John Russell has a princely residence, and besides his house, there are but one or two others in this inclosure.

Returning from Richmond we passed over Putney Heath, where, in a lonely house, the great William Pitt died in gloomy solitude, without a friend to close his eyes—a sublime but melancholy end to such a life as his. How many great men of England have thus gone down to the grave! How sad a lesson is their history! Putney village was Cromwell's head-quarters when the King's forces were encamped at Hampton Court. Barn Elms, Queen Elizabeth's Dairy, and

old Jacob Tonsen's House, with the Kit-kat Gallery, the house of the poet Cowley, and several other residences known to fame, are in this same region. Some of them I failed to find, being utterly unable to extract any information on the subject from those to whom I applied. But this was a lesson with a moral to it. Here was one who had crossed the ocean and made a pilgrimage to the homes and graves of great men gone, and they who were living around them had no knowledge even that such men ever lived. The places that knew them once, knew them no more. And so I came back to my lodgings asking, "What is fame?" To do good and give joy to a world, is indeed a glory and its own reward, and those men are most to be envied who have left behind them works that will bless mankind, when their villas and monuments have mouldered with their dust.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO DINNERS.

Two Dinners in London—Royal Literary Fund—Disraeli—Bishop M'Ilvaine of Ohio—Mr. Peabody's Dinner, given to Mr. Ingersoll, the American Minister.

SIXTY-FOUR years ago a club was founded in London for the relief of poor authors and their families. I once told the Harpers, in New York, they ought to found an asylum for such people. When the fund was first suggested here to our great countryman, Dr. Franklin, he gave his judgment against its success, as he thought but few have sympathies with the class of men whose relief was proposed. The experiment, however, was made, and has had some good degree of success. Once a year a dinner is given by the Society, tickets $5 each, and at the table subscription cards are circulated, and the funds thus received, and from annual subscribers, are distributed by a committee, among those authors or their families who are found to be needy and worthy. No one but the committee is privy to the name of the party receiving this charity, but it is said that many most distinguished men have been aided, and that the fund has saved the lives and promoted the happiness of some who have afterward been greatly useful to the world.

The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, presided. About four hundred gentlemen sat down to the dinner, which was served in the large room in Freemason's Hall, a famous tavern, where many public meetings are held, and festive scenes enjoyed. It has been famous for a century. The stage at one end of the Hall, and the gallery at the other, were thronged with elegant women (the women of England are superior in their *physique* to the men), while at the tables were gathered in social harmony, in "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," the aristocracy of intellect and authorship, the men of the age in letters, and their friends, whose names can not be recited here, for the very reason that we should do injustice to those overlooked in the list of so many worthy to be named. Disraeli presided with dignity, but not with tact. A man of less than the ordinary height, of dark complexion, black curling hair over a high intellectual forehead, with a sarcastic lip, a dull and listless eye, and a strongly-marked Jewish cast of countenance, he looked and spoke as if to smile were an effort, and friendship were not a weakness of his. Yet he is warm-hearted, and has the faculty of strongly attaching his political friends to himself as a man. His speech was to be the grand feature of the evening. Perhaps his recent fall from power, and the attacks so savagely made upon him by the critics for his speech on Wellington, in which he had the misfortune to speak a few sentences of Thiers for his own, had increased the interest of literary men in Disraeli, and for these reasons

The fund. The guests. Toasts.

he may have been called to preside over this festival. It was a distinguished honor, which Prince Albert, and the highest dignitaries in the State, have heretofore been proud to receive, and tendered to a man out of office, and under a cloud, it must have been in the highest degree consoling and cheering.

The dinner was a feast: all that it should be, and yet it was very evident the dinner was not the attraction. When the cloth was removed, and grace had been sung by a quartette company, who enlivened the evening afterward with their songs, the toast-master called on the gentlemen to charge their glasses. The chairman then gave the health of the Queen and Royal Family, which was drank standing and with great enthusiasm. "Her Majesty" is the patroness of the Society, and gives $500 a year to its funds. "The Church and the Bishop of Ohio," was next given, and our countryman, Bishop M'Ilvaine, responded in a few well-chosen words. The health of the chairman was proposed by Moncton Milnes, the poet, and a member of Parliament, in a speech of much beauty, which was loudly applauded. Disraeli replied. In the course of his speech of nearly an hour, he reviewed the history of the fund, and branched off upon literature in relation to politics and the duties of public men, delivering his thoughts with great deliberation and force, often elaborating a sentence with some artistic effect, and reaching a climax of beauty that would bring down the most enthusiastic cheers. On the whole, I was disappointed in him: his style of oratory would not be

popular in our country, and while he is justly regarded as a man of great genius, and the most formidable man now on the opposition benches in the House of Commons, he will never achieve for himself a name among the living orators, though, like Burke, he may leave behind him speeches to be read and admired in after ages, speeches which cleared the house when they fell from the lips of the living man.

Lord Stanley spoke, and but for his being a lord, it would not be worth while to make mention of the fact.

Professor Creasy spoke for the Historians; Justice Haliburton, the author of Sam Slick, amused the company as he only could, and others followed; but it was now midnight, and having been six hours at the table, I left the Hall and sought my lodgings. How long afterward the Rev. Drs. ——, and other American clergy remained, I can not say, but I was an invalid and retired *early*.

This was a *literary* assembly, and it gave me a good opportunity to see and hear some of the notabilities; and a few days afterward, at a gathering of another sort, we met a company of gentlemen and ladies, drawn together by an American as a re-union between his country and this—an occasion of great interest at once on account of the guests assembled and the nations they represented.

George Peabody, Esq., *the* American merchant here, is well known on both sides of the water for his liberality and magnificent hospitality. The good people of Danvers, Massachusetts, where he was born, are

Mr. Ingersoll. Star and Garter. Mr. Van Buren.

largely indebted to him for his noble gifts, which have enriched their town with the means of instruction, and his countrymen who are travelling, have reason to be glad that Mr. Peabody resides in London.

Mr. Ingersoll, the American Minister at the Court of St. James, being about to retire, Mr. Peabody determined to give him a complimentary banquet; and to make it more of an affair in its effect than an every-day public dinner, he conceived the very happy idea of inviting an equal number of Americans and English, that the two countries might be harmoniously blended around the festive board. The *idea* was not merely well conceived, it was carried out in the happiest style, and to the unqualified admiration of all who were so fortunate as to see it done.

About ten miles from London, on Richmond Hill, commanding the most charming scenery in all England, and pronounced by some the most picturesque in the world, stands the famous "Star and Garter" tavern: celebrated for its spacious banquet-hall, the finest in the kingdom, and often resorted to for public and private feasts. As no private mansion could be adequate to such an entertainment as Mr. Peabody proposed, this great establishment was engaged, and here at six o'clock the guests, one hundred and fifty in number, assembled, the house being at their service for two hours previously, while they had been gathering. Mr. Peabody received his guests in the drawing-room, among whom were the Minister, Mr. Ingersoll, and Mr. Van Buren, ex-President of the United States, now past the seventieth year of his age, but fresh and firm, just set-

ting off on a journey of a year on the Continent. The question of precedence on such an occasion is as arbitrarily determined here as the right of inheritance, but it is not so easily settled where countesses and lords and ladies of English titles are mingled with American women who have no distinction but such as wit, worth, and beauty give them. The order was, however, arranged with very little difficulty, and before seven o'clock this splendid party was seated at a table elegantly set and covered with such a display of plate, flowers, and ornament, as made the guest imagine himself in some Persian banquet-hall, where Oriental magnificence had done its best to please the eye, while yet the feast was to be enjoyed. A venerable English lady, patched and proud, had been consigned to my care, but it was plain to me in a moment that I was in hers. The instant that Mr. Peabody, with the Countess of —— on his arm, led the way to the banquet-hall, she seized my arm, and exclaimed, "We will walk now, sir." I suggested, with as much delicacy as possible, that the matter of precedence had been arranged, and certainly we would give way to Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Van Buren, not to mention Lord C—— and the Hon. Mr. D——. It was in vain. The old lady was bound to go; and again repeating, with a decision that put further remonstrance out of the question, "We will walk now, sir," she carried me along as a straw on the tide, and to my mortification, but to her great delight, we entered the magnificent hall among the first, and a choir of vocalists, beautiful singers, three male and three female voices,

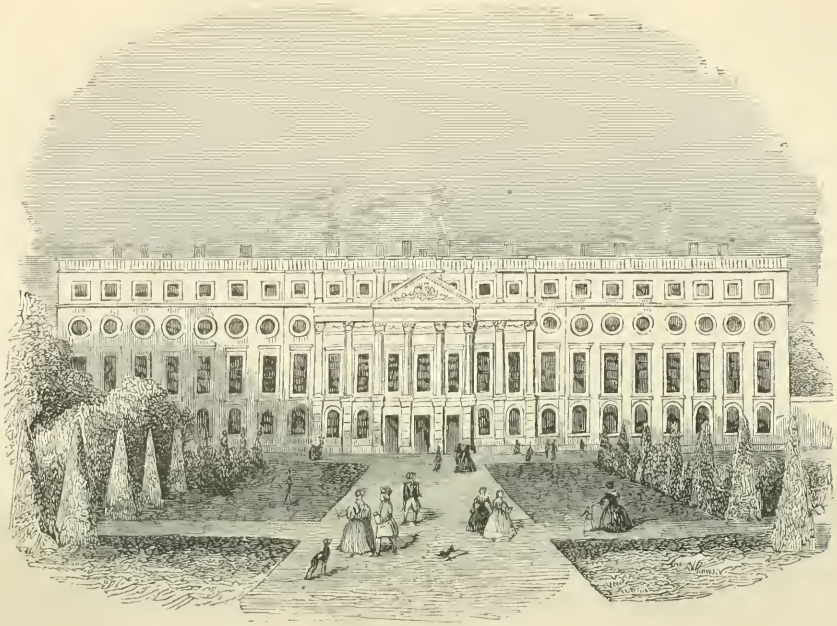
received us with a voluptuous swell of song. My lady was not yet satisfied, but was bent upon having a seat near to the head of the table, where the more *distingué* of the company would be gathered. I suggested that the card of every guest was at his place, and we should find the seat allotted us, but she said it was of no importance to her where she had been directed to sit; she should take such seat as pleased her best, and she actually did take her own choice, and not liking the first selection as well as she expected, she insisted on making a change, and being again disappointed, she took a third, and by this time the guests were all at the table, or she would have tried a fourth, and perhaps a fifth. As this was an aristocratic and splendidly-genteel woman, accustomed to the very highest walks of life, and a fine specimen of good old English breeding, I am bound to believe that all this was in the best taste, and according to the *etiquette* of such occasions. In my simplicity, I should have supposed that it was very rude, and even ill mannered, but, of course, I knew nothing about it. It was all right; and probably if I had been thrown often into the society of such elegant women as this, I should have learned the ways of the world.

The hall was dazzling with its lights reflected from the gold and silver plate; and every guest was struck with admiration of the taste and bounty, with perfect prodigality of expense, with which the feast had been spread. Between each of the courses the choir, occupying an orchestra over the entrance door, sung favorite airs, the last of which were Auld Lang Syne,

The Star Spangled Banner, and God save the Queen. Of the dinner I say nothing, except that it was, in all its appointments, every thing the most fastidious taste could desire, and the most unbounded hospitality with the largest means could provide. Every delicacy of the season, and many not in season, were here in rich profusion, and for several fast flying hours they were discussed with a free and social harmony most delightful. A large number of the guests were travellers like myself, and it was a rare pleasure to meet so many of one's countrymen in a foreign land. And even more gratifying it was to see the two countries so happily blended around the same board, enjoying those rites which in all ages have been regarded as the pledge of perpetual friendship and peace. And when the cloth was removed, and the health of some of the distinguished guests was proposed, Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. Van Buren, Bishop M'Ilvaine, and our host, Mr. Peabody, gave expression to sentiments admirably fitted to promote those mutual good feelings which every philanthropic heart will delight to cherish. It is a singular fact, that in all the walks of social and private life, there is the kindest feeling between the mother country and the daughter, while in public so much is said to stir the old animosities, and alienate the hearts and hands that ought to be bound in perpetual friendship and peace.

After the banquet, the guests adjourned to the drawing-room, and there an Italian concert, provided also at the expense of Mr. Peabody, was given, in which the greatest of the artists now in Europe,

Mario and Grisi, with Ronconi and Ciabatta, sang to the admiration of the company, for whom this extraordinary entertainment was prepared. It was now among the small hours of the morning, and we were ten miles from London. Taking leave of our noble host, with many expressions of pleasure derived from his bountiful hospitality and creative taste, we enjoyed a moonlight ride through the country, along the banks of the Thames. By three o'clock I was safely in my lodgings.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY AT HAMPTON COURT.

Cardinal Wolsey and his Master—The Palace—Pictures—The old Kitchen—Dinner—A Gentleman indeed.

Of all the palaces in the Old World, there is not one so rarely rich in historic interest as this glorious structure which Cardinal Wolsey built and gave away!

"Why are you building a palace so much more splendid than any of mine?" his jolly old master, Harry the Eighth, inquired of the Lord Chancellor?

"To make it a present to your majesty," was the ready and wily answer of the ambitious Wolsey.

It stands on the Thames, twelve miles out of London, and is the great resort of the public, for whose pleasure the grounds and halls and galleries of art are now freely thrown open. Its history I shall give as I go on with the chapter.

It was Friday morning when I rode out there. Not the pleasantest morning I could wish, but the only day I could command before leaving the city: and if I did not see the palace now, I never should. I must not pause to speak of the many classic spots I passed in that morning ride: the haunts of Pope, of Thomson, of Gay, of Cowley, of Oliver Cromwell, and a host of others known in their country's story. I reached the palace about eleven, and was surprised

to find myself alone on the ground. The armed sentinels were pacing the great doorways, which were open as if an army as well as a single traveller might enter, but I was speedily summoned to stand. "There is no admission here to-day: it is Friday."

This was a blow to my hopes, and I asked if the rule was inflexible. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "there's a great many comes here Fridays who don't know the rule, but they never gets in: they try to hire somebody to show them the apartments, but the porters is all gone, and there's nobody to show them. You can't get in at all."

Here was a dead failure. A ride of twelve miles to see a royal palace, and any one of my guide-books would have told me it was closed on Fridays, but thoughtlessly I had come on the only day when it was shut, and the only day I had to spare before leaving. I was more than disappointed—vexed at my own dullness, and made resolutions not to be so careless in future. The gardens were open, and I walked among the beds of flowers, and under the bowers of beauty, graveled and shaded walks a mile in a straight line, and lakes with gold fish and sparkling fountains on either hand; but even these, more luxuriant and paradise-like than I had ever seen, seemed but to aggravate my disappointment. I sat down in an antique chair in a lovely nook, and promised myself not to mention my visit to Hampton Court to any of my friends. Several parties had been out to see it, and returned home with glowing descriptions, and now I had come alone, and was to

return as I came. A thought struck me. Finding a servant on the grounds, I asked if there was a gentleman any where who had any connection with the palace, to whom I could apply for some information. He led me to a door, and gave me the gentleman's name. I called upon him: sent him my card: he invited me in, and received me courteously. I told him I was ashamed to say I had come on a fool's errand: carelessly had visited Hampton Court on Friday, and must now return to America without seeing it, unless I could find access to-day. He said that during his residence there he had never known of the apartments being opened except on the appointed days: that crowds, varying from 500 to 5000, were there daily, and sometimes 15,000 had visited it in a single day: and on Friday the doors were never opened; *but*—and then I began to hope—but, said he, "it would give me great pleasure to walk with you through the palace: the porters are all away, but if I can get the keys we will be our own porters, and take our own time."

And he soon found the keys; and we mounted the king's staircase and entered the halls of Henry the Eighth.

The story of Wolsey, the Prime Minister of Henry VIII., is familiar to every youthful reader. And it should be. His life is the grandest lesson for statesmen, and indeed for all mankind, that English history presents. By rapid strides he rose from obscurity to be more powerful, more wealthy, and far more luxurious than his monarch; and then he fell like

Lucifer, and perished miserably, by poison, to escape the shame of the scaffold. In the days of his greatness he resolved to make a palace of unrivaled glory. He called on foreign and domestic doctors to select the healthiest and the fairest spot in the vicinity of London, and this being chosen, he bought up thousands of the surrounding acres, and converted them into parks, and gardens, and hunting grounds. He lavished untold sums of gold in building a house that covers *eight acres* of ground, with apartments to lodge and entertain some thousands of guests; and these he embellished with the most costly paintings, and every luxury that the wit of man could suggest or a voluptuous imagination conceive. The records of the revelings that once made these halls jocund for successive months, appear like romance to us who live in days when vice is less public, if not less common than in the times of our ancestors. The king accepted the present of the palace in 1530, and here he set up his royal residence, and right regally he held sway in these now peaceful courts. I have just been in the Chapel Royal, where successive monarchs have heard prayers. Here Edward VI. was baptized, with Archbishop Cranmer for godfather. Here Jane Seymour, his mother, died a few days afterward; and here the many-wived Henry VIII., having disposed in various ways of five, was married to Lady Catharine Parr. Here, too, James the First presided at the famous conference between the Presbyterians and the Established Church, and out of that conference grew our present translation of the English Bible.

Queen Anne, his wife, died here. Charles I. was monarch, and Cromwell was master after him, and here celebrated the nuptials of his daughter. After the restoration, successive sovereigns resided here; but I will not weary you with the history. William III. adorned the palace and made extensive improvements, and there are monuments of his taste on every hand. But what is now the use to which it is all applied? The state apartments embrace a series of magnificent rooms in the central palace, a quadrangle with a fountain court in the centre. Here is the Guard Chamber, the King's Presence Chamber, the Audience Chamber, the King's Drawing-room, the King's Bedroom, the Queen's Bedroom, the Queen's Drawing-room, the Queen's Audience Chamber, the Great Hall, hung with the most remarkable tapestries and emblematical flags. These, and many other apartments I have not named, are now hung with paintings all but innumerable, by the most illustrious masters, making galleries of priceless value: portraits, of the most distinguished men and the most beautiful women, in the costume of the times in which they lived, on many of which I could descant at any length; but in such a wilderness of paint, I know not where to begin. I could more easily recite the great men whose portraits are not here.

I was hastening on, lest I should be trespassing on my kind and excellent friend's courtesy, but he insisted on my proceeding leisurely, and studying all that I wished to master. And there we enjoyed the silence and solemn quiet of those old halls, looking

upon the faces of men and women that had once shone in those very courts. One chamber contains all the frail beauties of the licentious court of Charles II. Another is filled with scenes from Holy Writ, making strange contrasts now, as of olden time; here is the portrait of a little man, Sir Jeffrey Hudson, who was so very small that, at a feast given to Charles I., he was actually served up alive in a cold pie; and then we have a full length portrait of a man seven feet two inches high. Philosophers, poets, and painters, kings, queens, and statesmen, priests and people, are here in endless ranks. It was so much better to be alone in this study than in the midst of a crowd, and my guide was so familiar with the pictures, that he enlivened the hours with anecdotes, new and entertaining, and I was not unwilling to give him one or two in return. And when we had at last completed the circuit, he sent for the keys of the old kitchens, unused for two hundred years, where the cardinal's feasts were prepared. The fire-places were sixteen feet across, and the iron bars still stood in them on which the spits rested to roast the meats before huge fires; and then we explored the old vaults where the rich wines were stored, and we thought, for a cardinal, Wolsey must have had things quite comfortable.

"And now it is dinner time; come and dine with me," my new friend said to me, as we emerged from the lower regions. And in spite of all my protestations to the contrary, he insisted, and the rest of the day was spent at his hospitable board. We had a

good time there too. And was not all this as handsome a specimen of kindness to a stranger, as genuine urbanity and hospitality as you ever met with? I refrain from the mention of his name, for I should offend him if I did not; but I take a pleasure in recording it as not only English, but beautiful, and an incident that I shall cherish when I return to my own land, where such attentions to strangers will never be uncommon, as they are not here. In America, we have thought our English brethren selfish, cold, and disinclined to open their hearts to strangers, especially to those from our country. I have not found it so. A gentleman is always kind. But few are so kind in any land as he was to whom I am indebted for one of my most agreeable days in England.

I inquired at table to what use the scores of apartments in these long wings are put, which we have not explored.

"These," he replied, "are all occupied by families of distinction and merit, by the kindness of the government, which thus confers upon them, free of rent, a home, when by a reverse of circumstances they are in need of such provision. It sometimes occurs that the widow and children of an officer who has fallen in his country's service are thus made easily comfortable for life by being housed in these grand old halls, where they may live in a style that suits their taste and means, surrounded by elegant grounds, and every thing to please the eye and promote the health, though there is nothing of it all they can call their own."

It is very much the same with the richest and

greatest among men. What can they have but what they eat and drink and put on? They may gaze on their parks and fountains, and so may the deer that browse in them, and the beggars who look through the gates. And when they die, there is the end of it. Still it is, doubtless, a fine thing to be the owner of such grounds as these.

And so I returned to the city, musing on what I had seen and felt during the day. I had dined in the palace of the sovereigns of England; had trod the courts where Henry VIII., and Edward VI., and Charles I., and Cromwell, and Charles II., and William III., and others of the royal line had feasted, and I asked myself, is any one of them happier or higher than if he had never been monarch of England?

It would have been a gratification to go through Buckingham Palace, in the city of London, but it was never convenient to do so when the Queen was absent, and strangers are not admitted when she is at home. The present Queen of England justly enjoys the respect and love of her subjects. All classes speak in equal terms of loyal attachment. Well they may. As a monarch, as a wife and mother, her example is worthy of the high station she adorns, and that example of social virtue is felt in all the circles of private life, from the Court to the humblest hamlet in the land. "God save the Queen," and spare her long to reign over her willing and faithful people.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Billingsgate Market—The Tower—Instruments of Torture—Prisons—Prisoners—Crown Jewels.

On my way to the Tower of London, I went through the Billingsgate Market, where the women were selling fish. Their freedom of tongue has passed into a by-word, until the name of the market is good English for foul abuse. Some of the writers of England, whose pictures of low life are so world-widely popular, are said to frequent the market to hear the women in their wrangles, and to make notes of expressions, which they afterward work up in their books. Very probable the story is. There were two or three of us walking through, and one of the women urged us to buy her fish; we declined, and asked her some questions about her business, which she met with the very sudden observation, "My eyes, if you been't the three greenest gents what ever come here!" We soon satisfied our curiosity, and were glad to get out of the reach of the old woman's tongue. She followed us with her compliments, and some of her neighbors heaped on a few more of the same sort.

On the north bank of the Thames stands an old, irregular, yet mighty pile of buildings, which for five hundred years, and until Queen Elizabeth came to the

throne, was a palace for the Sovereigns of England. It is called the TOWER OF LONDON. More of the romantic and thrilling, the tragic and exciting in history, clusters about this, than any other spot on the island. In childhood, we have read stories of the Tower, and we long to see the place where those deeds were done which have so moved our hearts away in another land.

No longer a palace, and now a state-prison, but only for the confinement of those charged with high-treason, it is kept for a national show-house, and sixpence opens the door to any one who wishes to see the curiosities here preserved.

I saw the block, and laid my neck on it, once wet with the warm blood of brave men and fair women; and handled the axe that cleft their necks, and the thumb screws, and collars, and other instruments of torture, which, thank God, are now known only in the unknown mysteries of the Inquisition and the pages of ancient history. I went into the dungeon where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and stood by the light where he wrote by slow stages his history of the world. I walked among the armor and the effigies of successive monarchs, bringing back long-buried generations into standing, life-like reality before the eye; and then I went out on Tower Hill, where London's eager thousands gathered to look on when the scaffold was there, to see the blood spirt like water from the headless trunk of the noble and the fair. And one who, when he was less than ten years old, has wept over the story of Lady Jane Grey, and

who has loved her virtues and mourned her hapless fate from childhood to maturer years, may be pardoned for some emotion, when his feet are standing on the dust that presses hers. Here, in undistinguished graves, within the court of these old walls, were placed the mutilated forms of Queen Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard, of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, Lady Jane Grey and her husband, and the Duke of Northumberland, whose ambition was their ruin: and thus, in a terrible way, is the lesson read to every visitor here, of the vanity and danger of ambition. Here are the extremes of grandeur and disgrace, of glory and misery: of crowned heads and headless trunks. One of the old towers, in 1796, was undergoing alterations, and some painfully interesting memorials were discovered. It is called the Cobham or Beauchamp Tower, and was used as the principal state-prison in former times. Its walls are covered with sad mementoes of those who suffered within these gloomy recesses. The autographs of the Earl of Warwick, the Pooles, great grandsons of George, Duke of Clarence, Edward IV.'s brother, and underneath them is the word JANE, written by Lady Jane Grey or her husband. Here, too, are the names of Thomas Fitzgerald, 1534; Sedbar, Abbot of Joreval, 1537; Dr. Abel, Chaplain to Catharine of Aragon; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth; and many others, whose names are followed by devout maxims, and these are sometimes elaborately carved and ornamented, as the sole solace of the lonely hours of imprisonment here. But

this is a gloomy place to visit; let us get out of it as soon as we can. But look up, as you are coming out, at the room in the bloody tower, where the young princes, the nephews of Richard III., were suffocated in bed, by their uncle's order.

The Queen came here not long since, without announcement, and brought her children to see the REGALIA, where, for safe keeping, is deposited and guarded the imperial crown and the precious stones belonging to the Queen, her own diadem, the royal sceptre, the orb, and the various emblems of royalty used at the coronations of the monarchs of England. A woman, with her lesson well learned, recites, as from a book, the history of each of these trinkets, and tells the value of them in pounds and shillings. They are said to be worth more than fifteen millions of dollars, one-third of which is in the crown of the present excellent Queen, who rules over millions of people suffering every day for the want of bread! One thinks of this often as he surveys the palaces of England, and knows that multitudes of the poor are just able, and that is all, to keep themselves from starving.

I have seen the following estimate of the value of the jewels in the crown of England: twenty diamonds round the circle, £1500 each, £30,000; two large entire diamonds, £2000 each, £4000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, £100; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, £12,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, £4000; twelve diamonds contained in

JEWEL HOUSE IN THE TOWER.

fleurs-de-lis, £10,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, £2000; pearls, diamonds, etc., upon the arches and crosses, £10,000; also 1411 small diamonds, £50,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, £3000; two circles of pearls about the rim, £300. Cost of the stones in the crown, exclusive of the metal, £111,900.

The Old Armory is a study. Here we have, on horseback and in coats of mail, the figures of the knights as they dressed under each successive reign, in these olden times, when, clad in iron from head to heel, the gallant knights went forth to war. A banner on each is inscribed with the name, the rank, and date of the person represented. Henry VIII. is clad in the identical suit which that many-wived monarch wore; and as he made such frequent use of the Tower to execute his matrimonial projects and his queens, it seemed very fitting that he should have a place in this grand old hall. While looking at his effigy, I recalled some passages from his remarkable history.

"In the eighteenth year of his age, Henry VIII. was called to the sovereignty of this kingdom. At that time he manifested a generous temper, with an elegant and munificent mind. Under the auspices of this youthful monarch, the hitherto frowning character of this ancient fortress appeared to be clearing off for a more cheerful aspect; as we are informed that, in the commencement of his reign, he invested the Tower with a new degree of splendor. How fearfully those fair hopes were destroyed, history too faithfully records. Never had the Tower contained a greater num-

ber of illustrious names among its unhappy prisoners —never was the headsman's office more recklessly called into requisition, than during this reign of terror —the scaffold and the block reeked with blood! Among the nobles who suffered in this reign, was Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Constable of England, who, in consequence of his high descent and some incautious expressions on his part, was charged with treason, tried, and executed. We have also to name the intrepid Chancellor of England, Sir Thomas More, who, refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy, suffered imprisonment in the Tower previous to his execution. Imprisonment and death appear to have had but little terror in them for the witty writer of Utopia. He endured one, and went forth to meet the other with a fearlessness that fully showed the superiority of his nature to all that earthly power could inflict. Upon his entrance to the Tower, he conversed with his accustomed pleasantry and humor; and it is related that when the porter, according to custom, demanded his *upper* garment, 'Marry, friend, here it is!' said the facetious prisoner, tendering his cap, 'I am sorry it is not better for your sake.' 'Nay, sir,' said the porter, 'I must have your gown.' The grim functionary was satisfied with equal good humor. The lieutenant, who had formerly received some benefits from him, commenced an apology for the rigor he should be compelled to exercise toward him; but was interrupted with—'Mr. Lieutenant, whenever I find fault with the entertainment you provide for me, do you turn me out of doors.' After an

imprisonment of more than a year, during which he was even deprived of the intellectual solace of his books, he was brought to trial, declared guilty, and condemned to a traitor's death. He heard his sentence with manly composure, and expressed a Christian hope that himself and those consenting to his death might 'meet together in everlasting love and happiness.' Much sharper to him must have been the trial that succeeded. On his return from Westminster to the Tower, his favorite daughter Margaret (Mrs. Roper) had stationed herself at the Tower-wharf, where he had to pass; but as the melancholy procession approached—the edge of the fatal axe turned toward the illustrious condemned—her feelings could not be controlled. Regardless of all, she burst through the crowd and the guards who surrounded her heroic parent. She clung to his neck, and long must her agonized cry of 'My father! oh, my father!' have rung in the ears of those who heard it. He sought to comfort, and he blessed her. This great man met death as a friend, on the 6th of July, 1535. Bishop Fisher was executed on the 22d of the preceding month.

"It was on May-day, in the year 1536, that the king, his queen, and the whole of the court were attending a tournament at Greenwich, when the king suddenly and unaccountably departed, with only six attendants, for Westminster. A council was convened that night, and on the following morning the queen (Ann Boleyn), her brother, Lord Rochford, together with others, were committed to the Tower—the scene, scarcely three years back, of all the splendor

and triumph that could be devised to gratify that beautiful but now unhappy queen. The sequel needs no detail. Two days after the headsman had released Henry from this tie, the brutal monarch married Jane Seymour. The high court favor of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and promoter of the Protestant cause, terminated in the Tower, and on the scaffold. We must not dismiss this period without allusion to the dreadful fate of the Countess of Salisbury, the last (of whole blood) of the royal line of Plantagenet, who, after a close imprisonment in the Tower, under pretence of having favored the popish party, was, (1541) without trial, conducted to the fatal green—the place of execution. The venerable and spirited lady refused to place her head on the block, declaring that she was no traitress. The executioner actually followed her round the platform, striking at her hoary head, until she fell, in the seventieth year of her age. Henry married six wives. After living twenty years with the first, he put her away upon a pretended scruple of conscience. Ann Boleyn, the second, was beheaded after three years. Two days afterward he married Jane Seymour, the third, who died in childbed the year following that of her marriage. The fourth, Anne of Cleves, he divorced. Katherine Howard, the fifth, was beheaded on a charge of incontinency. Katherine Parr, the sixth, outlived him. He died January 28, 1547, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his reign."

CHAPTER X.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

The British Parliament—Lord John Russell—Palmerston—Gladstone—Disraeli—Bright—Westminster Abbey.

My lodgings at Charing Cross were so convenient to the Parliament House, that I often dropped in of an evening to hear the debates, and more to see the men whose names are famous on both sides of the sea. Yet it is not so easy to "drop in" at the House, as one may think from this remark. Each member of Parliament has the right to give a written order for the introduction of a stranger; and when a debate of interest is coming on, these orders are in great demand. The galleries being very small, and the number of applicants very great, it happens on such occasions that more persons are sent away than are able to gain admission. This was my fate the first time I made the attempt. But one of the members with whom I had the pleasure of acquaintance insisted on my going with him, or sending my card to him while he was in the House; then he was so kind as to apply to the Speaker for special permission to introduce me upon the floor, where he gave me a seat on the bench reserved for the Lords when they choose to visit the Commons, and thus, whatever might be the crush in

the galleries, I had the most desirable situation both to see and to hear.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Lefevre, is a man of sixty-five, good-natured, and fond of pleasantry even in the midst of serious business, commanding the respect of all parties, and presiding with singular impartiality. There was better order in the House of Commons, than in our House of Representatives—more attention to the business in hand, and less confusion while members are speaking. They sit on long parallel benches with raised backs, with no conveniences whatever for writing. All the notes a man makes, even of a speech directed against himself, and to which he is bound to reply, he must make on a bit of paper in his hand; and even this is rarely done. They all wear their hats while sitting, taking them off whenever they rise to speak, or to walk across the floor; and it ill comports with our ideas of propriety to see a gentleman put his hat on his head the moment he has ceased speaking. On the Treasury bench, the seat occupied by the members of the government, and running along at the right hand of the speaker, were sitting the most distinguished of the present ministry, whose names were mentioned to me by my friend. The members on the seat behind them were taking their ease, with their feet on the back of the Treasury bench, so that between the head of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were the feet of a member of Parliament, and between Russell and Sir James Graham, were the feet of another learned member, and three or four more were taking their comfort

in the same way. At a social party some days afterward a lady said to me, "Now you will be writing a book when you go home, to pay us for all the wicked things that our travellers have reported of your country."

"But," I replied, "I find every thing here so much like what I have left behind, that even the foibles of my countrymen prove to be *hereditary;* and they are still to be found in the father-land."

"Name some of them, will you?" she demanded, with some spirit, as if she was quite sure I would be put to my trumps.

I then told her that "I had believed the practice of sitting with the feet high as the head upon a table or desk, to be one of the peculiar institutions of my own country; but I had perceived it to have the high sanction of the British Parliament, and the permission of her Majesty's government."

Being still further pressed, I related the facts as above, but it was evident that the company were incredulous. I then told them, that on the previous evening I was in the gallery of the House of Commons, and asked a friend to count the number of members sitting with their feet on the top of the benches, a position which would place them in the same situation with a man in one of our churches with his feet on the back of the pew in front of him. The gentleman counted six members thus sitting before us, and then commenced counting the men stretched out at full length on the benches, but they were so many that, after finding twelve or fifteen, he gave it up. This

was more convincing, and it was admitted to be wiser to look at our own faults than to be making merry over the faults of others.

Lord John Russell disappoints expectation when first seen. His figure is not commanding, but it is striking, and, without the prestige of form or feature, he makes an impression even before he speaks. Serious, thoughtful, sincere, his words are waited for, not only that he is in the confidence of royalty, and one of the powers behind the throne, but for the prudence with which he is believed to be endowed. He has the confidence of the country, as well as of the Queen. Never did I *see* a great assembly so profoundly silent and fixed in their intent to hear, as when he rose to answer an inquiry Mr. Bright addressed to him in relation to the war now going on. Mr. Bright is a fine speaker, more of an *orator* than any one whom I heard in the house. He had made a very eloquent speech against the Ministry, not hesitating to denounce the war as unjust, and warning the country of its consequences. He spoke of the great danger of provoking hostilities with the United States of America, "a power," he said, "now equal to your own," and he predicted that if Great Britain should attempt to enforce her doctrine of "the right of search," in an American vessel, there would be war between the two countries in less than a year. He then inquired if the government had taken any steps toward securing a good understanding with the United States on this subject. This speech had been listened to with more than usual attention, but the moment

A silent House. A short speech.

Bright sat down, a silence seemed to come over the House, as if some stupendous event was about to transpire which held every breath in suspense. The members did not leave their seats, but each man sat, *auribus erectis*, and with eyes directed toward one man who would now respond.

Lord John rose: his frock coat was buttoned closely; his thin hair scarce hiding his massive head; a perfect gentleman in dress and manner, and after a momentary pause, while he looked upon the floor, he said in a low, conversational tone, which, so profound was the silence, was heard in the remotest corner of the hall, "that the honorable and learned gentleman might rest assured the subject had not escaped the attention of her Majesty's government." That was all. Other inquiries were made, and were answered with equal brevity and courtesy. Some of them required explanation, and the entire calmness and self-possession—the perfect familiarity with those details which others might have required a week to pick up, extorted the admiration of every hearer of the conversation in the House of Commons that night. At other times, I heard him when in more elaborate and formal efforts he rose to lofty strains of eloquence, and demonstrated his power to sway Senates with his words.

Gladstone is the coming man of England. With a transparency of language that is beautiful to observe, he makes the driest financial and statistical matters almost entertaining to his hearers, and when pressed in debate he displays such fluency, elegance, and

energy of expression, as to make him one of the most captivating of public speakers. He succeeded Disraeli in the chancellorship of the Exchequer, and it did not seem to me in the best taste, that the predecessor should now direct his terrible energies of invective and sarcasm constantly against the man who had supplanted him in office. But Disraeli, as the leader of the Opposition, is not scrupulous in his choice of weapons or occasions. Always in his place, taking no part in the ordinary business of the House, leaving that to his friends who have less responsibilities, he sits directly in front of Mr. Gladstone, waiting the hour when he may come down upon his victim with the swiftness of the eagle and the fierceness of the tiger. When all the country is on the side of the government, it is a hard matter for the Opposition to make capital out of the war. But it would be harder to find in modern parliamentary speaking, a philippic more terrible than the one which Disraeli delivered one night in March last, reviewing the conduct of the Ministry in bringing on the war. He pretended to be giving his reasons for not meeting the challenge which had been made, that he should move a resolution of want of confidence in the Ministry: and collecting the contradictory statements made by members of the government in the two Houses, and the inconsistent declarations made by the same Ministers at different times, he declared there was no need of his asking Parliament to declare its want of confidence in Ministers, when it was plain they had no confidence in each other, or in themselves.

Lord Palmerston speaks with hesitation when he rises, and his difficulty of getting at the words he wants, amounts to a serious embarrassment, but this wears off as he warms. At the head of the Home Department, an endless variety of subjects claims his attention, and it was surprising to observe the readiness with which he replies to every inquiry addressed to him. The practice of putting questions to the members of the government, and thus drawing out their opinions and knowledge of public matters, is peculiar to the English Parliament, and has marked advantages. When information is called for which the Minister does not consider safe to be made public, he frankly says so, and the inquiry is dropped. Notice is given beforehand of the member's intention to put such and such questions at a certain time, and the Minister to whose department it relates, has the opportunity to gather the requisite information.

After hearing all the men of mark in the Commons, I went into the House of Lords. Brougham was on his legs when I entered; the man of all whom I wished to hear: nervous, almost petulant, and scolding, without the first grace of an orator, he was holding the attention of his peers, pouring out the streams of his varied learning, and now and then giving them flashes of his wonderful genius. Lord Campbell spoke, and Grey, and Wharncliffe, and the Prime Minister, Aberdeen, a solemn, heavy Scotchman, and it required great faith to believe him the man for the age in which he has been called to the helm of State. The

Marquis of Lansdowne, in form and in the style of his dress, reminded me of Mr. Webster, which I remarked to one of the members, who said he was greatly pleased to hear the comparison made. But there is not at the present time a man in either House who would compare to advantage with Mr. Webster as an argumentative, or with Mr. Clay as a popular speaker. Yet there is a directness, matter-of-fact way of talking in both Houses, that might be imitated with great profit by our American orators in Congress. There is far less declamation here for out-of-door effect—far less wandering from the subject in hand to discuss every thing else under heaven; and, without being limited by a one hour rule, the speakers are willing to stop when they are done. Compared with the number of members, there are more good speakers in Congress than in Parliament. But a judicious mixture of British directness and condensation with American energy and freedom of thought and expression, would make an improvement in the style of speaking on both sides.

Hard by the Parliament House is Westminster Abbey, where again and again I mused and worshipped, and lingered among the dead. A mighty mausoleum this temple is, and one can not stand within its walls without feeling that he is on consecrated ground. Strange, solemn, and yet conflicting emotions struggle in his breast as he walks among the monuments, and over the ashes of kings and queens, and conquerers, statesmen, and poets; forgetful of the glorious architecture of the pile that covers the tombs of the great,

TOMB OF HENRY V.

whose names have been household words from childhood to this long-looked-for hour.

A late writer has made the following record of the graves of the poets of England: "Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, *without* the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555: Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell, all lie within Westminster Abbey. Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; Marlowe, in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, in old St. Paul's: Edmund Waller, in Beaconsfield churchyard; Milton, in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler, in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Convent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth, in the church at Harrow; Pope, in the church at Twickenham; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Walwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the Rector; Thomson, in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins, in St. Andrew's Church at Chichester; Gray, in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, where he conceived his Elegy; Goldsmith, in the churchyard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea, with 'all ocean for his grave;' Churchill, in the

churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the churchyard at Dereham; Chatterton, in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries; Byron, in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, in Dryburgh Abbey; and Southey, in Crossthwaite Church, near Keswick." Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, has left that Cathedral as his monument.

EXTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PULPIT OF LONDON.

London Preachers—Melville—Cumming—Hamilton—Duff—Noel.

MELVILLE preaches the "Golden Lecture," so called, every Thursday morning at eleven o'clock. We have nothing in our country on this plan, but I wish we had. A good man in his will, or by gift antecedent, devotes a sum of money, the interest of which is to be paid to some preacher, whom he also makes provision to appoint, on condition that he will deliver in a certain place a lecture on a given day in the week. Perhaps he desires to have a certain doctrine defended and system of errors opposed, and requiring them to be the subject of discussion, for successive generations, he, being dead, secures the delivery of discourses that propagate the truths he loved, and which he believes to be for the happiness of his fellow-men. Error seldom makes such provision for its perpetuation and extension. Some of the most learned and powerful treatises in defence of truth have been procured by this measure. Melville's lecture is established in this manner, and I was told that he receives £400 or $2000 per annum for the weekly discourse. Besides, he is chaplain of the Tower, for which he receives as much, and as principal of a college an equal sum, so that his income must be about eight or ten thousand

dollars. He delivers this weekly lecture in a church—St. Margaret's, Lothbury—by the side of the Bank of England, in the busiest mart of all London: as much in the way of business and out of the way for preaching on a week day, as the First Presbyterian Church in New York was in Wall street, before they took it, stone by stone, and put it up in Jersey. I supposed a few men and more women would straggle in, and make an audience sparse and few, and the lecture would be a *form*, elegant undoubtedly, but uttered to empty pews, and therefore cold. But the house was crowded before service began. In the middle of the day, in the rush and maddened whirl of business, under the eaves of the eight-acre-temple of Mammon, to which all the world sends its daily offerings, this house of God was thronged with worshippers, or at least with hearers; and what was worthy of remark, the greater portion of them were men. They seemed to have dropped their pens, and rushed from their counting-rooms at the hour of service, to receive the instructions of the preacher, and they now sat reverently waiting to hear his message. The pews were full: the aisles were partially filled, and a stranger made room for me on a bench in a favorable situation.

Melville came from the vestry and passed near me to the desk. His hair was quite gray, his face strongly marked with benevolence and thought, high cheek-bones and large mouth, tall and slightly bent, his whole appearance fitted rather to impress you that he is a good man than great. He is decidedly both. His lecture was adapted to the day in the Church of

England, the Feast of the Pentecost, and was on the personality and work of the Holy Ghost. It was a compact and striking exhibition of the argument against the Unitarians, delivered with earnestness and much feeling. The man who sat next me, and who had given me a seat, annoyed me by constantly assuring me that it was *excellent*, but I thought so in spite of this provocative to dissent. It was sound, evangelical, Calvinistic, and uttered with so much unction that it did not fail to move as well as to please those who heard. Some of the expressions, and now and then a whole passage, were very fine, but, as a whole, it was far below my anticipations as an intellectual effort, and far above them as a spiritual and instructive discourse.

When he left the pulpit after service, I met him at his vestry, and had a few words of genial conversation, in which he expressed himself pleased to hear of the estimation in which his sermons were held abroad; and when I rejoiced to hear such sentiments as his in the Church of England pulpits, he declared his belief that the apprehensions of a tendency to Romanism had been greatly overrated. He trusted in God there was no danger of such a calamity. When I left him, it was with thankfulness that this church has such men in it, and that the city of London, given as it is to the worship of material wealth and power, is nevertheless pervaded with such influences as these lectures, crowding upon the hours of business, tracking the Mammon worshipper to the very doors of his gods, and attracting him by the charms of seraphic eloquence, as

well as the voice of conscience and eternal truth, to turn from his idols, and give even the best hour of the day to the contemplation of Him who has the hearts and the coffers of all men in his omnipotent hand.

Dr. Cumming preaches in Crown Court, Drury Lane, an obscure place, and in a mean building. But he is a fashionable preacher, and an earnest, able, eloquent preacher of the truth, and the whole truth. Being run after by the multitude has not spoiled him.

We went early of a Sunday morning to hear him. But the crowd was ahead of us. The doors were guarded, and none but pew-holders were admitted until eleven o'clock. This was a literally repulsive feature of English Christianity, and we stood there nearly an hour in the street, with hundreds waiting for the regular congregation to get in and take possession of their pews, before the sinners from the hotels, the strangers and pilgrims, hungering for the bread of life, could be allowed to approach. At last the doors were opened, and the crowd began to move in. The aisles were speedily filled. I was able to get but a single step within the door, and there, leaning against the wall, stood till I was recognized by an American friend, and through his attention, one of the pew-holders instantly offered me a seat. This my gallantry compelled me to decline, as there were many ladies in the aisles, *standing*, while gentlemen were sitting at their side. Dr. Cumming gave notice that hereafter the pews would be free after eleven

o'clock to all who might come; and this remark would apply to the seats of the nobility and the commoners alike. He then commenced the service. A smooth, polished, good-looking man of forty-five, with a style as smooth as his face, with a voice of musical softness and flow, a rich imagination and much fertility of illustration, he makes a discourse that no one can listen to without being pleased and edified. His theme was the rock that was struck by Moses: and he quoted largely from travellers, chiefly American, whose concurrent testimony he adduced to prove that the smitten and riven rock remains to this day. He followed the children of Israel in their wanderings, and drew vivid pictures of God's dealing with them, in which the finest opportunities were given him for his rhetorical efforts at portraying the most impressive scenes. Some contrasts were very striking. He said that "God divided the Red Sea, making a promenade for his people and a grave for their foes;" he was speaking of war, and remarked that "courts of chancery and law often made more broken hearts than the battle-field."

I heard the Doctor again, but under the same disadvantages of being unable to get a seat; this time standing at the door of a pew in which there was plenty of room, for which I begged by an imploring look, but the lady occupants returned such a killing stare, that I turned away quickly and listened to the speaker.

James Hamilton, D.D., preaches in the church on Regent Square. He is the author of many admirable

religious books published in America, and among them is "Life in Earnest." He is that book incarnate. His face, however, is no preface to what is coming. It is plain, serious, and thoughtful, but the moment he opens his lips to pray or read, you feel that his soul is rising. And then in slowly flowing, but with increasing earnestness, he pours his streams of rich, spiritual, and highly-wrought instructions upon the hearts of the people, his own melting into his words, and coming down with them like drops of holy oil, giving the real idea of *unction*, so rarely to be met with in the great preachers of our day. His subject was the raising of the Son of the Widow of Nain by the Saviour. He spread that scene before the eye with a vividness of a life-size picture on canvas by the old masters. The funeral procession as it came out of the village—the dead boy wrapped in clothes, without a coffin, his forehead bare—the Saviour touches his bier: it stops—he speaks—the young man hears, and wakes, and rises from the couch of death, and Jesus gives him to his mother. But prose was too tame for the glowing soul of the speaker, and he drew the scene and the story in these lines, which I begged of him afterward at his own fireside:

Stark, stark that arm which steer'd the skiff
  Through Galilee's white surf;
Lead, lead that foot which chased the deer,
  O'er Tabor's bounding turf.

Beneath the rock the shepherd sings,
  The turtles in the tree;
But neither song nor summer greets
  The silent land and thee.

His sermon. Application.

March, march! the pale procession swings
With measur'd tramp and tread;
Woe, woe! yon gaping sepulchre
Is calling for the dead.

And bitter is the wail that weeps
The widow's only joy,
And vows to leave her broken heart
Beside her gallant boy.

Halt, halt! a hand is on the bier,
And life stirs in the shroud:
Rise, rise! and view the Man Divine
Who wakes thee 'midst the crowd.

And as the mother clasps her son,
In awe-struck ecstasy,
Turn thou to Him thine eye new-oped
By Heaven's own euphasy.

Home, home! to make that mother glad,
And recompense her tears:
Home, home! to give that Saviour-God
This second lease of years.

And when amidst a greater crowd
Thou hear'st that voice again;
May rising saints see Jesus in
The Widow's son of Nain.

After the scene had been thus graphically described, the preacher enforced these two thoughts: 1. That death is the great destroyer of happiness; and 2. Jesus is the destroyer of death, and thus the great promoter of happiness. These thoughts he urged with great felicity and pathetic power, of which I shall attempt no illustration. In his concluding remarks, he observed that none of us could expect to have departed friends restored to us, that we might repair the wrongs we had done them while living. "Are

you a husband or a wife, and can you now recall no sharp word, no look or tone which you would repent, if your companion were now torn from your arms? There are a thousand acts of kindness which no vows at the altar can extort, but which love is ever ingenious to invent; and these omitted, are the occasion of bitter sorrow when the loved one is gone. Are you a son, a daughter? Oh, how you will call in vain for a departed father, a dead mother, to come back, that you may repair the wrongs your sullenness or disobedience may have done!" He pressed these tender thoughts upon his hearers with fervid words; and as he suddenly closed and they rose to pray, I looked through my own moistened eyes, and saw hundreds around me all in tears. The speaker seemed exhausted, but it was more with the moral than the physical exertion he had made, for he had comparatively little action, but his soul wrought earnestly, and that exhausts the man.

Dr. Duff is not a London preacher, but was preaching in London then. He has since been in America, and thousands of our countrymen have heard this distinguished missionary of the Free Church of Scotland. The first time I heard him was in Dr. Hamilton's pulpit, and his theme was *covetousness*. The "cursed lust of gold" was never more terrifically exhibited than in this discourse. He described, with startling fidelity, the great landed lords of this country expelling the peasants from their paternal acres, that the rich man may make his lands more profitable to himself, while thousands thus driven from the country,

rush to this all-devouring London to find employment. Other schemes of wealth draw other thousands here to gain the means of life; and now he went into the lanes and courts and cellars and garrets, and described the poverty, vices, and unmixed misery of these wretched hordes whom the avarice of capitalists and landlords had poured, as into a mighty caldron, into the boiling bosom of this great city. If we should portray London as this great master painted it, the English would start back in horror, abjuring the likeness, and denouncing us as false witnesses. I was fearfully reminded of Edmund Burke's splendid burst of feeling when, descanting on a similar theme, he declared that were it not for the thousand spires of its churches, which pierce the clouds and thus carry off the lightnings of God's wrath, this guilty city would long ago have shared the fate of Sodom. It is more difficult to give an idea of Dr. Duff's manner. See a tall, spare man, with joints loosely hung, and his clothes loosely hung on them, galvanized by instantaneously repeated charges, thrashing his arms and head about in the most unexpected forms, threatening now to leap over the desk, and then to dash the Bible as Moses did the tables of stone, working himself into a frenzy, and his hearers into a nervous excitement, as they wonder what he will say, and what he will do next more striking and strange. I heard him afterward on the platform, when he was more impassioned, electrical, nervous, and sledge-hammerish than in the pulpit. Those who were sitting near him had to move out of the reach of his arms, lest in some of his back-

strokes their heads should feel the force of his blows as well as his arguments.

I heard several preachers in London besides these, but have not space in which to speak of them. No one disappointed me more than the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. A very fluent public speaker, with a courtly manner and polished style, he is listened to with pleasure, but has little to be called power. I met him in private, and was astonished at the narrowness of his range. But his tenacity of opinion and impenetrability to conviction when others presented truth which was unpalatable, surprised me the more, when I reflected upon the transformation of sentiment he has undergone in the course of his very remarkable career. Once the idol of the most aristocratic circles, and wielding a power for good that no preacher in the metropolis could command, he is now comparatively obscure—the crowds that once thronged to hear him, have dropped away, and his usefulness is narrowed into a sphere commensurate with the present range of his religious sympathies.

CHAPTER XII.

OXFORD.

Women at Work—The Town, and the University.

We took the rail to Oxford. We bought tickets for the *second class* passenger carriages, and observed that while scores were in them, not more than two or three had taken seats in the first class. The fare, even in the second, is twice as high as in our first class in America, and the cars much inferior. While the *first* are luxuriously cushioned and pillowed, the *second*, where nine-tenths of the people ride, including the professional and middle classes (the poorer taking the third class cars), are not provided with the least covering to the hard board seats, on which a man must ride with as much grace and patience as he can bring along with him. But in many respects their railways are far better managed than ours. The system is thorough—the discipline perfect—the risk less—the accidents rarer—the confusion none at all. A policeman in uniform is at every important station, not only to keep order, but able and ready to give you every direction you require—servants to take charge of your luggage free of all expense, and put it where you wish; and such precision of time and perfection of detail in all the arrangements, that a stranger travels with less fear of being imposed on, or of losing his

way, than he can in our free and easy way of doing things at home.

We were off at the moment. A few minutes more and we were out of London, sweeping along by the Thames, that boast of Englishmen, the most of whom verily believe it is the most glorious river on the face of this terraqueous globe.

"Now tell us candidly," said a gentleman at dinner-table a few days ago, "how do your finest rivers compare with the Thames?"

"If I must be candid," I replied, "I will tell you, that after seeing the Hudson, one of the least of our rivers, you will never dream of the Thames the same night nor mention it the same day."

But the country is beautiful. These hedges set it off as a frame does a picture, and these fields are *so* green, and there is so much of cultivated elegance all about me, on each side of the road, and as far as the eye can reach, that I seem to be riding constantly through the private grounds of a gentleman whose acres are laid out for pleasure, and not in farms to be worked for crops. Yet in the midst of such pictures a sight suddenly met my eyes which pierced my heart. A gang of women—white women—the "WOMEN OF ENGLAND," were at work in the field, in the middle of the day, each with a hoe in her hand, digging away as the veriest slaves.

"There," said I, "Edwards, you see the white slaves of England."

An Englishman sitting next to him did not wait for him to answer, but with that readiness to put in a

word so common here, instantly and tartly answered, "Ay, but they are free."

"Free to do what?" I asked him.

"Free to do as they like: to stop working if they choose."

"And what then?" I pursued. He was silent. "They must do that or starve, must they not?" I demanded.

"Why yes, they must work, and do that if they can not find any thing else."

I continued my inquiries: "And you do not suppose they work in the fields under a hot sun, planting potatoes or corn, because they *love* the employment?"

"No, but they are free: they are not slaves."

"And you are so blinded by the name of *slavery*," I replied, "here in Britain, that you treat your women as they are not treated in America, nor in any other Christian country of which I have heard: you have poverty and misery among your laborers and those who are not even able to get work—wretchedness that the negro never feels—and you are totally insensible to it, while you are in pain for the poor slaves of a land beyond the sea."

"But we never whip these poor people of ours, as you do the negroes."

"There you are wrong again; I read in the London *Times*, this week, of a man in London who flogged his apprentice so cruelly, that the boy put an end to his miseries by suicide." And so we pursued the conversation until we became good friends, and mutually admitted the evils of both countries, and agreed that

we were bound to consider the difficulties under which each labor, and leave those who are the most familiar with them to do the best they can to alleviate or remove them.

All this time we were hastening on in the midst of the loveliest rural scenes; so soft the verdure, so smooth the meadows, the banks so smiling with blooming primroses and the English daisy, the backward spring having just now brought out the blossoms on many of the English fruit-trees; and when we passed a snug mansion girt with every comfort that art could contrive, the whole scene was one that awakened my constant admiration, and Righter would cry "beautiful, just look at this," as Hill would call attention to another picture on the other side of no less beauty, and we would leave them all behind, not grieved that we were so soon swept past, for now other and more lovely vales and lawns and banks and rural homes were brought into view.

We arrived at Oxford at four in the afternoon, and were soon in a carriage to make the circuit of this fine old town; on many grounds the most interesting city in the realm. When it was not a seat of learning the chronicles of England do not show. As far away into the dim past, as in the days of Alfred, the place was noted for its monastery; and here Alfred, and Canute, and Harold Harefoot, his son, resided. William the Conqueror stormed it. Wickliffe was master of a college, and shook the city with his voice as the Conqueror did with his arms. Here Richard Cœur-de-Lion was born; and here Latimer and Rid-

ley and Cranmer were burnt at the stake. A beautiful monument, the most *beautiful* I have yet seen, now marks the spot where these holy men were taken up in chariots of fire to the glory of heaven.

The *University* consists of twenty colleges and five halls of various degrees of antiquity and celebrity, situated in different parts of the city, but chiefly on the main street, which, with these halls and churches and other public edifices, is the most remarkable and imposing street in Britain, and perhaps in the world. As the stranger rides through it, he asks continually, as we did, "What old gateway is that?" and exclaims at the strange devices over this door; the statues and effigies and groups that disfigure what they were designed to adorn. This wall, and tower, and buttress are crumbling with the weight of a thousand years, and these are fresh in the youth of a few centuries only, which have not left the marks of their destroying hands. We paused at Magdalen College, and entered its gates. The evening service was just commencing in the chapel, one of the most interesting and imposing edifices we had ever entered. We passed on to the dining-hall. The tables were spread for the commons, and the walls were hung with splendid portraits of dignitaries in church and state. These were pointed out to us by a courteous attendant, who insisted on our taking a survey, and then led us into the more private apartments, even the kitchen where the joints were roasting for the daily feast, and we had the best evidence that living in commons at Oxford was very good living, rather uncommon com-

pared with what we had afterward. The grounds around the college were such as the shades of centuries and the hand of art in its delicate touches alone impart. The parks were stocked with deer, and the old trees are the homes of rooks, a "peculiar institution" of England, and who seem to have a hereditary claim to the seats of learning and such other quiet abodes as they may select. A long circuit of shaded walk, one part of it called Addison's Walk, from the fact that the "Spectator" loved it when he was a resident fellow of Magdalen, was very pleasant to us, as we slowly paced it for half a mile, or rested upon the rural seats which frequently invited us to stop and enjoy the quietness of its shadows.

Then we went to the Bodleian Library of 250,000 volumes, the most valuable in the kingdom except the one at the British Museum, and here we saw so many interesting antiquities, that I will not even make a list of them. The old lantern which Guy Fawkes carried when he would have blown up the Parliament on the night of his Gunpowder Plot, was exhibited to us in a glass case. We walked through the halls and courts, and into the various rooms of other colleges: paused in the hall where the examination of students for degrees is now in progress: each student having a quire of paper, with pen and ink and a printed list of questions before him, which without help he is to work out within a given time, and by the results of this work his standing is determined. They do not attend recitations daily as in our colleges, but each man has his private tutor,

and the examination shows the proficiency he has made.

It was Saturday afternoon. A hundred students were in a meadow near the town, with their coats off, playing at cricket, a fine athletic sport, in which they acquire great skill. Three rivers touch Oxford—small but lovely waters, winding through the greenest fields and bordered by majestic trees: the Isis, a famous stream, the Cherwell, and the Thame, which flow together and thus form the Thames, that pride of British rivulets. On the Isis, the students and others have all sorts of boats—the Venetian gondola, the skiff, the Indian canoe, and some of the lightest gossamer things in which a man ever trusted himself, fit only for the spirits to cross the Styx in, who have not an obolus for Charon. One poor fellow, a student, was upset and drowned from one of them, the day before I was there. Rowing is the favorite exercise; and a boat race summons to the banks of the Isis the beauty and fashion of the town, and grave and reverend heads are seen among the eager spectators when an excited contest between rival clubs is to come off. It is a peculiarity of England which I wish was not peculiar to it, but was common with us, that the youth of both sexes are familiar with vigorous exercises in the open air, that impart health and strength to the frame.

The next day was the Sabbath, and we went to St. Peter's in the East, the oldest parish church in the city. One of the students laughed at us when we asked if there was to be preaching in the College, and

we therefore sought the gospel and a place to worship in the town. At the door we were stopped by a policeman with the question, "Be yon a parishioner?" to which I replied, "No, I been't," and we were bid to wait till the pew-owners were in their seats. After standing half an hour we were admitted to a house half full, where the Bishop of Oxford was to ordain forty-two priests and deacons. They passed us in procession with their white gowns and uncovered heads, and entering a side-door, took their seats on benches within the chancel. While waiting for the service to begin, I read the inscriptions on the walls. The longest recorded the names of donors to the parish: benefactors whose deeds were not to be forgotten. "John Hollman left £500, the interest to be paid to two single women past fifty-five years of age so long as they remain single; they must be members of the Church of England, of any parish in Oxford, if they can not be found in this or St. Mary's the Virgin."

A beautiful epitaph I copied in pencil:

Sophiæ Annæ Bliss annorum XI
Quæ ipso natali suo
Dulcissimam animam efflans
In pace cum similibus sui requievit
Jam semper Victura,
Orbi parentes Philippus et Sophia
Filiolæ solerti, piæ, obsequenti, fecere;
Anno Christi MDCCCXXXI.

I am ashamed to give the following, which was in the fly-leaf of the hymn-book handed to me, but it has its point:

"William Kimber is my name
And England is my nation;
Oxford is my dwelling-place,
And Christ is my Salvation.
When I am dead and gone,
And all my bones are rotten,
Then take this book and see
My name is not forgotten."

The Bishop is the well-known Samuel Wilberforce, son of a better father, the noble philanthropist, who would be grieved in heaven, if grief could enter there, at the Puseyism of his sons. The service was solemn and impressive, and, notwithstanding the associations, I joined in it with heartiness.

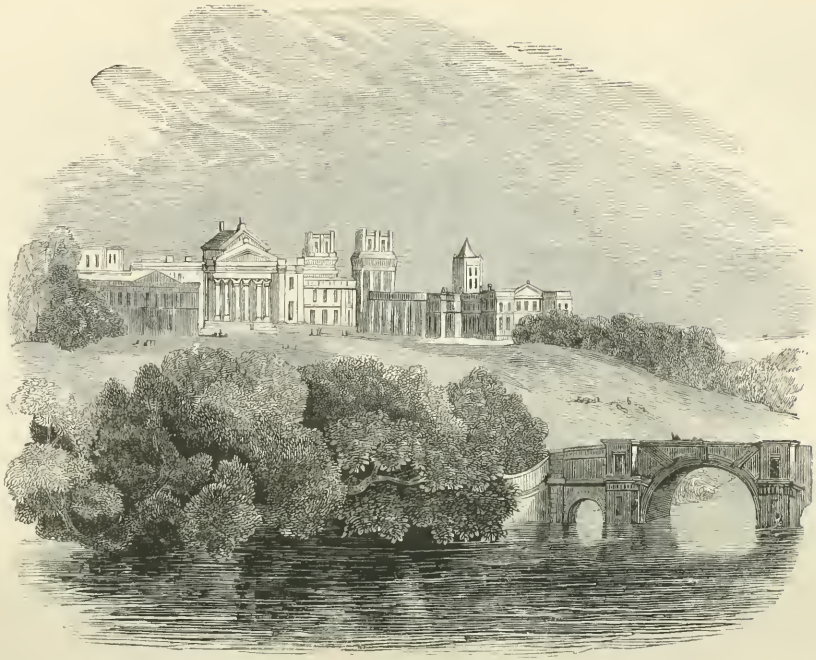
The Bishop put the questions to the candidates, as they were presented to him by the Archdeacon, and each one of them took the Bible in his hand, and solemnly declaring that he was actuated in seeking the office by a single desire to promote the glory of God, took the oath, saying aloud, "So help me God," and kissed the book. One by one came forward and knelt at the feet of the Bishop, who laid his hands upon him and commanded him to receive authority to read the gospels (if a deacon), or to preach and administer the sacraments (if a priest) in the church.

From time immemorial there has been trouble between the townspeople and the University, and now the city maintains the police by day, and the University by night. As long ago as 1209 a terrible affair occurred here from these disputes: a woman was accidentally killed; the people charged her murder to the students, and hung three of them. *Three thousand*

students quit Oxford on that account, and the city humbled itself before the Pope, did penance, and the students came back. In the famous quarrels between the Nominalists and Realists sixty-three students were killed. But heads are not broken for metaphysics in the battles of our day.

As I was going to my hotel I met a student wearing, as all of them must in the street, the cap and gown, and I asked him, "Can you tell me, sir, the whole number of students at present in all the colleges?" His answer was the following: "I cawn't tell you, I'm shaw, faw I dawn't knaw."

A gentleman passing at the moment very politely asked me if he could give me any information, and on my repeating the question, he told me that the present number of members is five thousand.



BLENHEIM HOUSE, WOODSTOCK.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAMOUS PLACES.

Blenheim—Warwick—Stratford-on-Avon—Kenilworth—Chatsworth.

THAT was not a very good "Angel" at Oxford. They have the strangest names for hotels in England: I thought of making a list of them in London: the Green Dragon, the Golden Cross, the Elephant and Castle, the Four Swans, the Pig and the Pot, the Flying Horse, the White Lion, and others so coarse that I will not write them—the origin of such names being founded in the early ignorance of the people, which required a sign to be painted that he who runs can read: a thing, not a name, and thus a tavern would become known even among those who could not spell a word. At Oxford we were guests at the "Angel," the most aristocratic house in the city. We found nothing great there but the bill, which was larger than it should have been by one half, and the fare inferior, so that I advise my friends to go to the "Mitre," of which I know nothing. The chances are in its favor.

Monday morning we were off for Blenheim. After the "glorious victory," so sarcastically celebrated by Southey, Queen Anne made a present to the illustrious duke of this palace and its parks, which are now among the most attractive objects to the tourist to

Smart widow. Dog-cart. Fine ride.

be met with in England. It was a short but very pleasant ride in the cars from Oxford to Woodstock, where we were to find carriages to Blenheim. I left the young men of our party to make the arrangements at the little inn, with the mighty name *Gibraltar* on it. It was kept, as the sign informed us, by a widow—a smart young widow she was, and she came out in full bloom in front of her house to bargain for her conveyances, of which she had only three. These were a "fly," which was already engaged; a "sociable," which was out of order; and lastly, a "dog-cart."

"What the dogs is a dog-cart?" was the question I heard some one demand.

The fair widow replied to this very rough inquiry by pointing to a two-wheeled wagon for one horse, with high board sides and one seat. It was on springs, and a board being laid across for another seat, in five minutes we were on the road to the duke's in a dog-cart. It was a lively and lovely morning in the last of May. We were more heartily in the country than we had yet been in England. Away through the green hedges skirting the smooth white roads, with the freshest meadows and such well-tilled fields, where farms were gardens, and gardens like incipient Edens, we rolled on in this novel but very comfortable cart, running by the "fly," a close-covered carriage, in which another party were riding, shut out from the glorious light and the beauty of God's fair world which lay around us, as if instinct with life, and itself rejoicing. We were forty minutes in doing the five

miles, and drew up at the park gates of Blenheim. The palace stands on the borders of a small but pleasant lake, winding and wooded; and the green sward, lying soft on the gentle slope that leads down to the water, makes a picture that the eye delights to rest upon.

The park about the palace has *only* about two thousand acres of land to it; herds of deer, and flocks of sheep are wandering in it, at home. A circuit of five miles around the house through the drive, would give you some idea of its extent; but as I was not prepared for such a walk, I found a quiet, charming spot, where I could take in a panorama of the scene, and make a daguerreotype in my eye, while the others strolled off into the shades. I am writing this, as I sit leaning against a column in front of the palace, and looking across the lake upon the grand triumphal pillar erected in honor of the duke, on the most sightly spot, and precisely in front of the palace door, half a mile off. The atmosphere is clear and cool. Not a cloud is on the sky, and the lights and shades among the trees are so disposed, that the scene becomes more like an illusion of the fancy than a real presence. Alone, in such a spot, so far from home, and looking upon such a prospect, I am half afraid to turn away from it to write, for fear I should look up again and find it gone. What must heaven be, if earth can be so fair? Take the finest trees that we ever meet with in America (dear land of my heart), and the widest rolling landscape the eye can take in at one view: plant these trees in groves and long

drawn aisles and avenues; in the open grounds let gardens, with every flower and plant, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, from the rose of Sharon to the violet, burst upon the sight; set the fountains and water-falls in motion, as if nature were sporting with art for man's amusement; and in the midst of all this beauty rear castellated halls, and give them all, all to one man without fee or reward, and would he not have Paradise? But let us go in. Passing through the grand entrance-hall, adorned with statues, trophies, and costly pictures, we pass on to the main suite of private apartments, and pausing at the window on the south side of the palace, which looks out on the gardens, then turn, and the doors are now open through the long range of drawing-rooms, cabinet, dining-room, picture halls, and the eye sees *three hundred and seventy-five feet* in one line—all this extent is furnished fit for the residence of kings. The walls are hung with master-pieces of Titian, Rubens, Carlo Dolce, and others whose names are equally illustrious, and these pictures make impressions that are never to be effaced. The library runs across the palace, not in the line before referred to, but is 183 feet long, with 17,000 volumes in it, and numerous curiosities which I have no space to speak of. After looking through the chapel, we came away. Now, is not the duke a happy man to have all this?

(N. B. The London papers say it is not true that the Duke of Marlborough and his wife have separated.)

After a very good dinner at the widow's way-side inn, we went to Leamington, a fashionable watering-place: a beautiful town it is, and presented a very gay appearance, with a Freemason's celebration, which brought in the people from the whole country side, and we had a fine opportunity to see English peasantry in their holiday attire. They were not as well dressed, many of them, as the Virginia negroes are when they go to church, as I can testify from having worshipped with them in their own temples. But it was a pleasant sight, and I should have been glad to spend a week in the town, to enjoy its medical waters, its refreshing baths, and elegant society. But we were on another errand; and another of these delightful rides through the country brought us to the river Avon, and to *Warwick Castle*. A mighty rock, at the base of which the river flows, is the site of this famous pile, the residence of the Earl of Warwick, and one of the most magnificent places in the kingdom. History has invested these ancient halls with romantic interest, and art has made the spot remarkable for strength and granduer. Three stupendous towers and embattled walls, now covered with ivy, frown in front—forbidding the enemy, but inviting the friend to enter. The interior is adorned with all the accumulations of wealth and taste, with centuries in which to gather them; for history does not go back to the founding of this castle. As we have just been through Blenheim, and you are tired of palace-seeing, let us ride along.

This is a lovely day, and the sun is now travelling

slowly down in the West. Do you see that clump of trees across the fields? The boy, William Shakspeare, is said to have stolen a deer, and to have taken it under those trees. But I will not be responsible for the truth of that story, though the driver pointed out the spot, just before we came to *Stratford-on-Avon*, the birth-place and burial-place of Shakspeare. We stopped at the White Horse tavern, where I was assured that my distinguished countrymen, Washington Irving and Martin Van Buren, were entertained in 1829. But we were not long at the tavern. A few minutes more, and we were at the door of a low, one and a half story house, sadly dilapidated, over the door of which, was this inscription—"In this house the immortal Shakspeare was born." A tidy old woman conducted us through the various apartments, into the chamber where he first saw the light. Here thousands of visitors, royal and plebeian, had enrolled their names; and we added ours to the number. The old lady called our attention to a subscription book for contributions to a Club which has bought the house: but we offered to purchase the building and take it to America, whenever it should come into the market. This, she assured us, would never be consented to; and she thought it would hardly be possible to carry it away. The old beams will last for centuries to come; and they have a way of renewing the youth of ruins here, that defies the progress of time. We went to the church where the dust of the Bard of Avon lies. It stands on the shore of the river, and a long avenue of lime trees leads to the

porch. Many and imposing monuments meet the eye as you enter; but the visitor passes them by, till he comes to the north side of the chancel, and reads on a stone beneath his feet these words:

"Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbeare,
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Bleste be the man yt spares thes stones,
And Curst be he yt moves my bones."

In the wall is a bust of the poet, strikingly unlike all the pictures we have of him, but affirmed to be from life and true. The wife of Shakspeare has a monument at hand, and the inscription on his daughter Mrs. Susannah Hall's tomb, was so beautiful that I copied it.

"Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall:
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Wholly of Him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then passenger, hast neare a teare
To weep with her who wept with all
That wept, yet set herself to chere
Them up with comfort's cordial.
Her love shall live, her merey spred
When thou hast nere a teare to shed."

After a few short hours in musing around the grave of the greatest of English bards, and looking at scenes with which he was familiar, we rode to *Kenilworth*. The ruins have been preserved for an earthly immortality in the pages of Walter Scott. Among all the ruins of England's olden days, these are pre-eminent for beauty, romantic interest, and the signs of ancient strength and grandeur. To repeat the tales of love and blood, of misery and revelry, which hang around

these ivy-covered turrets, halls, and walls, would be to repeat the poetry and prose of a hundred writers, who have found an easy access to the public ear with the legendary lore of Kenilworth. Centuries have done their work upon it since the storms of war broke over it, but it stands a glorious ruin, and will stand for hundreds of years to come. Mighty chieftains have here held their tournaments. Queen Elizabeth visited it again and again, with such splendor as was unknown before, and has not been imitated since the days of the Virgin Queen. Now all is desolate where princes fought in the sight of fair maids, whose hands bestowed the victor's prize. The sun was fast setting as we reached the summit of the hill from which the best view is had of the melancholy pile—the saddest I have seen in England. Its huge, sublime, but mouldering towers, with ivy overgrown, are signs of former greatness and glory wasted and forgotten; and this is the end of man's mightiest works. Walter Scott has said that "these ruins only serve to show what their splendor once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment." But Shakspeare says:

> "The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea all which it inhabits, shall dissolve
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

From Leamington it was a short ride by rail to

Working people. Amazons. Derby.

Birmingham. The streets were thronged with the working men and women returning to their lodgings from the places of labor, when we rode from the cars to the "Hen and Chickens" hotel: a good house, despite its homely name. The great manufacturing town of England where the "workers in metals" most do congregate, did not detain us longer on the morrow than to ride through it and about it, and to look superficially at the condition of the laboring people. In other parts of the country we made more particular inquiries and observation, but now we were in haste to get on.

In the car with us, as we set off the next day, were four young ladies in jockey caps, with bows and arrows, going off into the country for a range in the fields. Their rosy cheeks, plump and well-favored, showed how well the exercise in the open air agrees with them. Ladies in England will take a morning walk of five or ten miles, from which our more delicate sisters would shrink.

We rushed along by Burton-on-Trent, so noted for its ale, and boasting a bridge which was built about the time of the Norman conquest, and the ruins of an abbey nearly a thousand years old.

We stopped a while at Derby, a very old town on a river of the same name. Here the celebrated naturalist and poet, Dr. Darwin, lived, and left behind him monuments to his memory more excellent than white marble. At Nottingham we called where Henry Kirke White was born. Here William the Conqueror built a castle, and here too the First Charles set up his

standard, which soon fell into the hands of the revolutionists. What vales of beauty we are now sweeping through! How charmingly these hills rise on either side of us, and seem to be made for the site of those noble halls that adorn them.

We can not go out of our way, and I would not, if we could, to visit Hucknall Church, where Lord Byron was buried, nor can we stop at Leicester, near which Lady Jane Grey was born, at Bradgate Park. In a Franciscan convent in Leicester, Richard III. was buried, and in the Abbey of St. Mary de Pratis, Cardinal Wolsey died, by his own hand as many believe, to escape the scaffold.

The celebrated Rugby School is directly on our way—a school in which the sons of the most illustrious families are taught; and where Dr. Arnold, one of the greatest men of modern England, was headmaster for many years. The *fagging* system, unknown in our country, and a disgrace to any country, is not only tolerated, but justified and defended here to this day, notwithstanding its abuses, which are published in the hearing of the world. Each boy in the upper class selects one from the lower class to be his slave—servant would be the better word in an English ear—and this little drudge is to do the dirty work of his petty master, who beats him at his pleasure, and often with such cruelty as it is horrible to contemplate. It was an old English custom, however, and what old English custom was ever wrong? One boy compels another who has spoken disrespectfully to him, to lie down and receive such a flogging

as should wring tears from the eyes of all who read of it, but which the learned and pious Dr. Vaughan pronounced perfectly justifiable and proper, under the circumstances.

The vale of the Derwent has made an impression of beauty on my memory that I would not willingly lose. It is said, and it is easy to believe it, that in all England, a railway does not pass through scenery more picturesque and charming. Matlock vale had more the look of a fairy-world than any of the many green valleys of this lovely land. On each side steep rocks rise some three hundred feet—the Derwent winds through, its banks are lined with trees, and the white cottages scattered all over and along the hill sides give it a striking effect. Its caverns and mines, its petrifying wells, and bewitching scenery, draw numerous visitors here, who must find it a delightful summer retreat—a little paradise for the weary soul to rest in, away from the busy and bustling world of city life.

At *Rowsley* station we leave the railway, and find carriages ready to convey us to CHATSWORTH, about an hour's ride.

There is nothing comparable to it in England, and perhaps it is the finest place belonging to a private individual in the whole world. Princes are the guests of the duke, and his palace and grounds are such as royalty only would command. With an income of half a million of dollars every year, it is said that he is always behindhand with his accounts, and can not afford to live here, in his own house, more than a

month or two in summer. William the Conqueror gave this vast domain to one of his followers, and in the reign of Elizabeth, it came by purchase into the hands of Sir W. Cavendish. After his death, his widow, the Countess of Shrewsbury, completed the mansion which he had begun.

The first Duke of Devonshire erected the present building in 1702. The present duke is the lord of a tract of country some thirty or forty miles in extent, but his park of 2000 acres, with 7000 deer ranging in it, is the seat of his ancestral halls. These he has enlarged and adorned with a prodigality of wealth and a refinement of taste without a rival in the realm. The man who designed the Crystal Palace is his agent—*Sir* Joseph Paxton, whose salary is greater than that of the President of the United States, and to this position he has risen from being a common gardener on the place. He married the housekeeper's niece, and with a good wife got a $100,000, not bad to take: and now, though the engineer of the duke, he is a baronet, and lives in good style not far from the palace. The palaces of the nobility are always freely shown to strangers, in the absence of the family, by the servants, who derive a large income from this privilege. The housekeeper at Chatsworth sometimes gets £50, or $250 in a single day for showing the premises.

The entrance hall is a grotto of Derbyshire marble, and wrought with amazing skill and finish; splendid pictures hang around the walls, and curiosities, of great value, from Rome and Greece are tastefully dis-

posed. The sketch-gallery is extensive, exhibiting the various schools of art; and along the halls, as we were conducted by a youthful female guide, we were pointed to paintings by the old masters, many of which might be with more propriety veiled, when parties of ladies and gentlemen are gazing at them. One piece of statuary was inimitably beautiful: a mother rising from the tomb with her babe in her arms—a resurrection to life and glory. The gallery of statuary has the master-pieces of Thorwalsden, Canova, Chantrey, a fine head of Edward Everett by Powers, and a Hebe, oh, so lithe and sweet that she seemed just flying away. And when we walked through the gardens and that conservatory, which was the germ of the Crystal Palace, and saw the Banyan tree, and the Brazil Pine, the Cocoa-nut Palm, and the Australian Palm, and a multitude of rare and gorgeous plants and trees, the odors of which were not less fragrant than the Groves of Araby the blest. At our command, as we came out of this tropical clime, the waters from a lofty precipice came pouring down; the fountains leaped into the air, and the rainbows hung around them in the glowing sun. These fountains are of various forms—the parasol is beautiful, and still more so is the willow tree, from all the leaves of which the streams descend like summer showers. When Victoria or the Russian Princes visit Chatsworth, these grounds, by night, are lighted with tens of thousands of various colored lamps suspended among these trees; the fountains rush two hundred and seventy feet into the air; these artificial

rocky glens are alive with music, and Oriental magnificence is thrown into the shade by the nightly splendors of this royal scene.

Not far from the front entrance of the ducal palace, and close by the river Derwent and the Chatsworth Bridge, stands an ancient tower, surrounded by a moat, which is filled with water; forty stone steps lead up to the entrance, and within great trees are growing from the earth thus high above the level of the ground below. Here Mary Queen of Scots was a lonely prisoner for thirteen years, in those old days of violence and blood. They are past, and peace now smiles in living beauty all around. Nature has lavished her most munificent charms, and art has fairly spent her powers to make this the fairest of all her works. On this old tower I sat and thought: of all the hours in my memory, including youth, manhood, age, not one was ever spent in such a luxury of the beautiful as this. And then I cried out, and the groves heard me,

> "O earth! thy splendor and thy beauty, how amazing,
> Whene'er, anew, I turn to thee intently gazing,
> With rapture I exclaim how beautiful thou art!
> How beautiful!"

And it was meet to look up to the clear blue vault above and say,

> "Oh, if now so great the glory
> In the heavens and earth we see,
> What delight and joy forever
> Near His throne and heart to be!"

As I left the old tower steps on which I had been

resting, and walked out on the bridge, an aged man was tottering along on a staff. I bade him "good evening," and he said to me, touching his hat,

"You admire this place—have you looked at the statues on the buttresses of the bridge?"

I looked over the wall and saw them, and he continued,

"One of them is a man with a child in his arms—the other is a young woman: and there is a story about them."

"And will you tell it to me?"

"It is said that the daughter of the noble ——, in time long ago, had the misfortune to become a mother, but she was no wife. In the dead of night she left the palace to throw herself and babe into the stream; but her fond and wretched father followed her, and seized her as she was about to fall. These statues tell the tale."

Just then the carriage came up that was to take me from these delightful seats. Happy man, I said, must be the owner of this vast domain. Alas! he is an old bachelor, sixty-three years of age last Saturday. No wife, no child to share and afterward enjoy these hills and halls. I would not give my Mary for them all. No, no, not I. God bless you, lamb of my love—pulchra filia pulchriore matre—God bless you both, and all who with you to-night are praying for him who is far away. Wide seas and wider seasons will divide us, but you are mine, my flock, my jewels, and I would not be the duke or king without you: no, no, not I. And when our king shall make his jewels

My jewels. My lambs.

up, and gather his lambs in his arms, if I see my jewels all sparkling in his crown, my lambs all lying lovingly in his bosom, I shall be richer than the duke, though now a worn and weary pilgrim at his gate.

CHAPTER XIV.

RAMBLES IN ENGLAND.

Ambergate—A cruel Master—Sheffield—The Poet Montgomery—The Lakes.

We returned to Rowsley station in time to take the train to Ambergate, where we passed the night at a wayside inn, in a silent dale, a few miles from Chatsworth. My chamber-window looked out on a wide slope of wooded hills and green fields, with here and there a gray cottage among the trees; and as the late twilight faded into night, I seemed to be the only dweller there. Indeed, my travelling friends and myself were the only lodgers, and we had the house at our service. Not London nor Oxford gave me such a bed, with linen sheets so white and smooth, and I slept as sweetly as Edward III. did at Newstead Abbey, though I presume my bedroom will not be memorable on account of the comfort I had in it.

The landlord was sole master of the house, and probably he was coarser than he would have been with a wife to iron out his wrinkles. A little girl, a pretty thing of fourteen, waited on us, and as I went down stairs in the morning, happy in the blandness of a May day and the repose of nature in such a quiet

spot as this, I heard the landlord sternly demanding of the little maid, why she was not earlier at her work. He took her into a private room, and I heard the blows and the shrieks, as the poor thing was beaten by that harsh wretch, who had no more feeling or compassion than an Arkansas overseer. What shall we say of the horribleness of that brutality which inflicts stripes on the servant for not being at work at sunrise? But the sufferer is only a little English girl, with no friends, and born to be a servant, and fit for nothing else!

And now we began a circuitous route through England, to take a bird's-eye view of the country. We did not pursue the ordinary travelled routes, nor keep on the great railway or stage lines, but often struck across the country from one line to another, and sometimes turned on our steps when it was well to do so for a purpose, and so managed to see more and learn more than if we had been ticketed through by express. We were now within six miles of Sheffield, and I proposed to my friends that we should strike off from our road to York, and go to Sheffield to visit the poet, James Montgomery. The suggestion was adopted unanimously and instantly. We were out of the cars in a few moments, and had our baggage arrested with us. The conductor informed us, however, that our tickets would be forfeited if we stopped over, and we would have to pay again. A few kind words saved us five dollars, and the "rules" were cheerfully relaxed, as they assured us had never been done before. In travelling, as at home, kindness makes com-

fort, always and every where. It makes the crooked places straight, and the rough places smooth. Pour it on the head of John Bull, wrapped in a dreadnought, and it runs down to his heart. I never tried it on a rhinoceros, but I doubt even his impenetrability, though bullet-proof. I have tried it with the most complete success on the hardest sons of men, into whose tender mercies travellers ever fall.

On reaching Sheffield, and stepping from the cars, I asked the first cab-driver who came in sight, if he knew where James Montgomery resides.

"Oh ay, the poet you mean," he said; "sure I do: he lives on the Mount." He was our man, and we did not lose a moment in taking possession of his carriage. Sheffield is a smoky, dingy, manufacturing town. The evidences of the poverty and degradation of the lowest stratum of an English city were to be seen in the streets through which we passed, as we wound along up a hill for nearly three miles. But as we went up we found elegant residences, with all the show of wealth and refinement, in gardens and architecture, such as we look for in a town where labor is cheap, and profits to capitalists enormous. How the poor live in Britain is a problem more mysterious to me than it was when I came among them. But we are looking for a poet.

On the summit of the hill, in a fine house, commanding a splendid prospect of city, and green fields, and forests—such a prospect as a poet in full communion with his fellow-men would love to look on, we found the name of *James Montgomery* on the door.

We had heard that the venerable poet was now so advanced in life, and so feeble in health, that he was not willing to see company, and it was with many misgivings that I stood at his door and asked the servant if he was in. Learning that he was at home, I handed her my card, and bade her say that three gentlemen from America would be glad to pay their respects to Mr. Montgomery. Before I had finished my message, he stepped from his library into the hall, and received me with a greeting that went to my heart. "You do me too much honor," he said. "Come in, and your friends." He led us all into his study, and insisted on our sitting down.

I said to him, "You were known, sir, in America, and loved, before we were born."

He replied, "I thank you. It is grateful to me to know that any thing that I have ever written has been a pleasure to others. Your country has published many beautiful editions of my poems, and I am grateful for their favorable regard."

He spoke with some hesitation, and appeared feeble, though far less so than I had expected. A small thin man, "about my size," and slightly stooping, with a bright eye and sharp face, he would not have appeared to me, had I met him in the street, as the man to write the "World before the Flood," or the "Wanderer of Switzerland." "Few men," I said to him, "have lived, as you have, to hear the verdict of posterity."

"Yes," he replied, "I have survived nearly all my contemporaries."

His age. Coincidence. Rest.

"And you have survived the attacks of the Edinburgh Review, which predicted you would not live at all."

The old man laughed gayly at this reminiscence of a slashing review forty years ago, and said, "The Review was young then, and they thought they must kill some one in every number; and they sought to make a victim of me, but I lived through it. Those were early trials, and I had others; but trials are good for us, and they will soon be over."

"May I ask how old you are now, sir?"

"I shall be eighty-two years old on the fourth day of November next."

I could not refrain from telling him that the 4th of November is my birth-day also; and "How old will you be, sir?" he added. I was not unwilling to find another coincidence in the fact that I should be then just one half of his age. And this led to a religious conversation, in which he spoke of that peaceful, but trembling hope he had, that he should soon enter upon the promised rest. His lips quivered, his voice broke, and big tears dropped from his eyes, as he spoke of his unworthiness to be accepted, but of his trust in the Saviour, whose grace is sufficient for the chief of sinners. We rose to take leave, and as we shook hands in silence, Mr. Hill repeated one of the poet's own stanzas from "the Grave:"

> "There is a calm for those that weep,
> A rest for weary pilgrims found;"

and he had strength to say, "I hope we shall meet in

heaven;" and following us to the door, bade us an affectionate farewell.

From Sheffield we ran to York, and saw the Minster, "the finest Gothic building in Europe;" and the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, and walked upon the walls of the old town, a noble promenade, the best use to which city walls are put in these latter days.

After wandering about in these parts for some time, visiting Knaresboro' and Harrowgate, and Leeds, we set off for the Cumberland Lakes.

Leaving Leeds by the earliest train, I was soon passing the ruins of Kirsted Abbey, and along the banks of the river Aire, which runs at the base of hills richly tilled to their very summits. Now and then a stately mansion, and a more imposing castle rose above the trees, crowning a distant hill, or resting in a rich vale, like that of Skipton, said to be one of the sweetest in the kingdom. Settle, on the Ribble, stands at the foot of a lofty rock which overhangs a splendid scene, and in the distance rise the Ingleborough Mountains, claiming the features of sublimity for their summits, more than 2000 feet above the sea. At Lancaster we recalled the "Wars of the Roses," for we had come from York, and were fresh in the recollection of its history. The old Castle, now a jail, had lost its romance when converted to such a use; but it well repays a hurried visit, which was all we gave it. We hastened on to Kendall, and to Bowness, where we happily leave the rail, and take the top of the coach. They charged us less fare by a shilling for an outside seat, and we certainly would have given

that more for the glorious ride we had, in full view of the most picturesque and delightful scenery we had seen. It is a luxury to be rolled along over these smooth, hard roads, and see new ranges of green hill-sides, and endless rows of flowering hedges, making pictures of every landscape, and often exciting the thought that these scenes must be laid out for beauty, not for use. It was a short ride to *Windermere*, the first of that succession of lakes which have been so celebrated in the pages of travellers; but more classically illustrated in the works of poets, who have made these hills their haunts for many years. They, the poets, are dead and gone now, but their homes are here, and their verse has added a charm to the region, that will linger while their works are read among men.

I confess that it is not the most romantic mode of travelling on a picturesque lake to take a steamboat; but this was waiting for us, and we were off on the bosom of Windermere. And the English shall have the praise they have so long claimed for their lake scenery. Without the sublime which marks the shores of our lakes, there is so much to admire and love in this scenery, that I could spend a summer charmingly in the midst of it, and never tire of looking on it by day or night. The numerous cottages and villas, and more spacious halls that skirt the hills around, show that these regions are frequented by men of taste and wealth; and their fine residences serve to heighten the beauty of the scenery for the eye of the envious traveller. Professor Wilson, the

Christopher North of Blackwood, has his summer residence here; but he is now closing his days in Edinburgh. In that Dove's Nest, a lovely nook on the shore, is the house that Mrs. Hemans spent her summers in; and her pen has celebrated the charms of the whole region. And now we have come to Ambleside; and here Miss Martineau has fixed her residence; and we passed the late Dr. Arnold's, of Rugby School. His son now resides here. The mountains rise so suddenly around this village, that it seems secluded, and has an air of profound repose. We rode on through the town, and came to Rydal Mount, the residence of the late poet, WORDSWORTH. His widow is here now, and I did not venture to intrude upon her retirement, but I did pause long enough to admire the "lovely, cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy," as Mrs. Hemans describes the poet's home. A little way farther on is Grassmere, where I spent one of the stillest nights in my life: walking at even-tide to the old church and church-yard, to the grave of Wordsworth, and his beautiful daughter DORA—a picture of whom Miss Southey showed me the next day, and told me of her genius and worth. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH is the whole of the inscription on the plain black slab; but within the church is a tablet with an appropriate record of the great philosophic poet of the age. I can not conceive a picture more delightful than that which was before my eye, when I came to my chamber-window, and stepped out on the piazza of Brown's Hotel in the morning. The lake and its islets gem-

ming its bosom, ruffled slightly with the morning breeze; the old church in the valley, with the peaks of Helm Crag, Steel Fell, Seatsandal, and the far-famed Skiddaw in the distance; and as many more, named and unnamed, were all before me: some gilded with fire from the morning sun; some in deep shade; and others hung with mists, like cloud-capped towers. Behind us rises the lofty Helvellyn, which I should climb, had I the strength for such a toil of pleasure. But our carriage is waiting for us, and we ascend a mountain road, now and then looking back on the lake and vale we have left, till we came to

> "Wythburn's modest house of prayer,
> As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,"

and pass by the borders of Thirlmere Lake, and the Castle Rock of St. John, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain," and then by the Vale of St. John's; and suddenly the Derwentwater breaks on the eye, with the fine town of Keswick half a mile from its shores. The poet Gray was so charmed with this view, that he was tempted to turn back, after leaving it, to linger longer. Greta Hall, the home of the late poet laureate, Southey, is here; but it has now passed out of the hands of the family. His daughter resides in a lovely rose-bowered cottage near, and the poet's grand-children were sporting among the flowers—a picture of loveliness that I admire more than lakes or hills. In the church-yard is the grave of Southey and his wife; and in the church a statue of the poet, a perfect likeness, as his daugh-

ter assured me. On the table, in the library of his daughter's cottage, was a bust of Southey; and his books were here, with his notes in them; and Miss Southey was kind enough to give me a manuscript poem in her father's handwriting, a memorial I shall highly prize. She said that so many Americans were friends of her father, it was impossible for her to feel that one from that land was a stranger—a remark that one only can appreciate who hears it with an ocean between himself and home.

From Keswick we went to Penrith, by the way of ULLESWATER. What a sail I enjoyed on the bosom of that lovely lake! At the head of it, where we embarked, the shores were so richly and sweetly trimmed, that I was reminded of the Riverside, at Burlington, on the Delaware, where Bishops Doane and Van Rennsalaer lived side by side, when I was summering there. At Penrith we spent a few hours of strange and deepest interest. The ruins of the Castle overlook the town, and are exceedingly romantic. The old church contains a remarkable inscription in Latin, commemorating the plague of 1597, and some paintings of much attraction. But these were nothing compared with the Giant's Grave, marked by two stone pillars fifteen feet apart—the alleged height of the man there buried. We rode out to Lord Brougham's Castle, and visited *King Arthur's Round Table*, a circular raised area, sixty feet across, surrounded by a fosse and mound; and farther on we found a most remarkable spot, which was once a place of Druidical worship and judgment: a huge stone in

the centre of a hollow, three hundred feet in diameter, a perfect circle, with an embankment of stone, now covered with sod. Six miles farther on, is a circle three times as large as this, with seventy stones, about ten feet high; and on a square, unhewn column of red freestone, fifteen feet around, and eighteen feet high—memorials of pagan worship, which was celebrated with bloody rites on these now Christian hills.

[Since this chapter was written, James Montgomery and Professor Wilson have been numbered with the dead.]

CHAPTER XV.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh — Holyrood — Mary Queen of Scots — Darnley — Rizzio —Reminiscences.

"HAIV a cawb, sir?" said a man with a whip in his hand, as I stepped out of the cars at Edinburgh.

"A what?" I demanded, utterly at a loss for the moment.

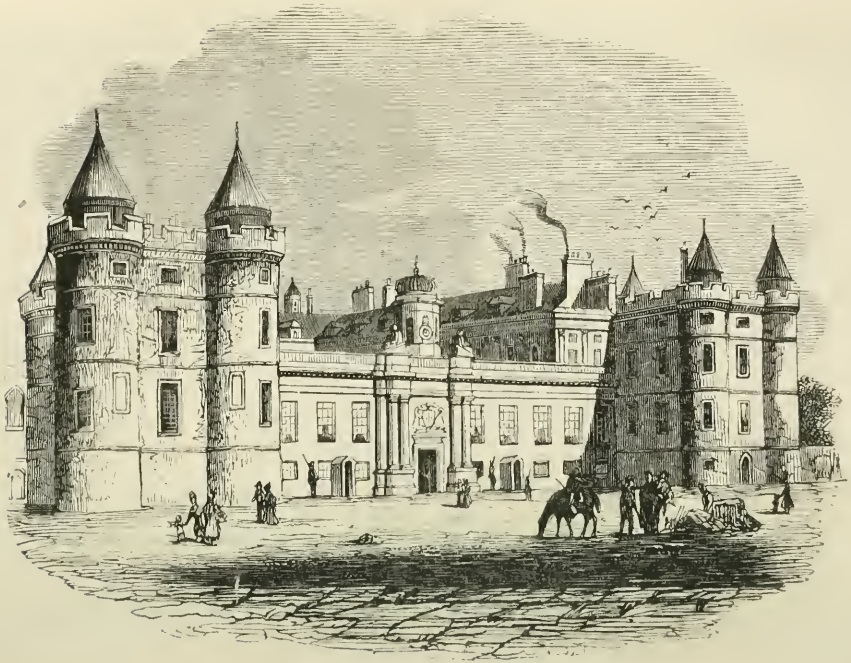
"A cawb," he replied, pointing to a cab, and by this token I knew that I was in Scotland. It had not occurred to me that the brogue was so suddenly to mark the crossing of the line; but the brogue was no more distinct than the feature. It was Scotch all over. I like Scotch. It reminds me of my first lessons in Latin, when Dr. Alexander Bullions (that's Scotch) used to say to me, on those dreadful examination days, "Wull, noo, Master Sawm, whot part of the verb us thot?" I was renewing my youth when I came to Edinburgh. The cawb brought me and my two young friends to the —— hotel, where we had written previously and engaged rooms. Alas, our first experience was of the loftiness of Edinburgh palaces: up and upward we travelled, till the loftiest flat was reached, and into a dirty little room they put me, with one window in it, and that so high that I was obliged to stand on a chair to look out. This

would never do, and in a few minutes we were in other and better quarters—private lodgings, of which I will say a word. We found Mrs. Ehrevy's, 14 Dundas Street, where we got a large front parlor, with two spacious bedrooms. These were handsomely furnished, and let to us by the week. Then we ordered whatever we wished for our board, and were charged the cost of it only. In other words, we set up housekeeping at once, and we could live by the week, month, or year, in the same way, and, as it proved, very economically.

Edinburgh is an imposing, picturesque, antique, magnificent, and interesting city. It stands out so, a city set on a side hill, that its grand old buildings, its castles, spires, and monuments speak of greatness and strength, impressing you with the idea that you are in one of the olden towns, whose history runs back through centuries. What was once the great deformity, is now the greatest ornament of the place. Through the middle of the city a deep, wild, and rocky ravine extends, dividing the town into the new and old. In the caverns of this chasm the thief and robber once had hiding-places: the receptacle of all that was vile and pestilent, this ravine was both a moral and physical nuisance. But in the progress of time the hand of art has transformed it to beauty and use. The sides are now clothed with trees and shrubs, the railways travel like huge serpents along its bed, finding their way through the city, as they could not have done unless nature had left this pass for them. Massive stone bridges are thrown across it, and from these

you look down into streets where the tide of business is moving on, but so far from you that its hum does not disturb.

On the verge of this tremendous precipice stands Edinburgh Castle. We wound along up to it, by a tedious pathway, crossed the bridge that leads into it, and passing files of soldiers making a dumb show of guarding it, we stood within its walls. The origin of this castle is lost in obscurity. Such another site is not to be found probably in the world, and however easy it may be for modern artillery to lay such a fortress in ruins, it is evident there was a time when this would fall before nothing but siege, stratagem, or treason. The prospect from the battlements is grand, and from this height we have a sight of the city and its environs. Calton Hill, and the several monuments to Burns, Dugald Stewart, Melville, and the National Monument—an unfinished Grecian temple front, Salisbury Crag, and Arthur's Seat, are all prominently visible from the spot on which we are standing, and right below us is the splendid testimonial, reared at prodigious cost, to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. I walked into this castle, and sought the room in which Mary Queen of Scots became a mother. They show it, and the window at which her son, afterward James I., was let down in a basket, when he was only eight days old, and carried off to a place of greater safety. The prayer that Mary composed on the birth of this son is inscribed on the wall of the room. How the Scotch cherish the memory of this unhappy woman appears in the sacred care with which they



HOLYROOD HOUSE.

watch every relic, and every spot that was once graced with her beauty. It was with these feelings of interest, awakened by sympathy with the people, that I looked with some of their emotion on the regalia of Scotland, which they still keep in a strongly guarded apartment of this old castle, as if they loved to remember that Scotland was once a kingdom, and had a crown of its own.

The royal palace of Holy Rood, now simply Holyrood, is another memorial of ancient splendor, which is the chief object of interest to the visitor at Edinburgh. Here was once an abbey, founded by David I., so long ago as about 1128. It was a glorious building in its day, though now there remains but little to mark its former magnificence. It consisted of a nave, still standing in the ruins of the present chapel-royal, with a transept surmounted by a lofty tower and a choir. The western front was surmounted by turrets supported on pointed arches, and the doorway is still preserved with sufficient perfection to give us some idea of the grandeur of this sacred house, arch with arch, being reared in a style of massive strength and beauty that is not now attempted.

Over it is this sad and truthless record by Charles I.: "He shall build ane house for my name, and I will stablish the throne of his kingdom forever." We pass into the choir; its roof is now the vault of heaven; but the walls are standing, and here we are on the spot where once the high altar stood, at which the beautiful Mary was married to Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, the grandson of Margaret Tudor, widow of

James IV. Darnley was, next to Mary, heir to the English throne, and some contend that his claim was the best of the two, but this marriage settled the question, and the chair of state was made wide enough for both. It is still shown in this old palace. Previously the palace had been built adjoining the abbey, and in successive generations had experienced the fate of wars. It is wonderful that it yet stands, as it does, to be the residence for two nights in each year of the Queen, who makes it her place of rest on her way to the Highlands and returning. The various apartments of the old palace are thrown open to visitors, and I had a gloomy sort of pleasure in walking through them. No Catholic has more veneration for a sacred place than some of these people seem to have for the bedchamber of Mary, and they pretend that the clothes are still upon it, as when she last slept in it. A little room out of it is opened with caution, and there Mary was sitting in playful pastime with her friends, when the murderers came in by this blind passage, known only to her husband, and before her eyes slaughtered her favorite Rizzio. The spots of blood still stain the floor where the boy died, and in the yard the stone is pointed out under which he was buried. There are other rooms of the same sort of attraction in this old palace, and scores of portraits to be looked at, which, however, made no impression on my mind deep enough to be remembered, and I left it with the feeling that I had seen the most revered sanctuary in Scotland.

CHAPTER XVI.

ABBEYS AND LAKES.

The Athens of the West—Melrose Abbey—Dryburgh Abbey—Abbotsford—Dr. Chalmers' House and Grave—The Misery and Vice of Edinburgh—Stirling Castle—Bannockburn—Blair Drummond's Park—Doune Castle—Roderick Dhu—Highland Cottages—Loch Katrine—Our Lady of the Lake—Loch Lomond—Glasgow.

My time in Edinburgh was largely spent in social intercourse with its cultivated people. It is well compared to Athens, both for situation and its classic spirit. I asked a gentleman what Edinburgh relies upon for its support, for it has no commerce nor manufactures. He said, "Its literature." This is in a great degree true. The Scotch are a reading people, and Edinburgh is a great place for making books. One of her great publishers entertained me at a handsome dinner. He lives in the house formerly occupied by the monkey-lord Monboddo, and the dining-room had been the scene of former festivities, in which Burns, and afterward Walter Scott and all the literary celebrities of the day had joined

I rode out to a military review in the Queen's Park. In the carriage with me were the mother, the sister, the brother, and the daughter of *Mary Lundie Duncan*, whose memoirs have made her dear to thousands in America. Our ride extended round the Salisbury

Crags, and gave us some views that are impressed on my mind in lines of beauty not soon to be effaced. I greatly admired the perfection of military discipline displayed in the review of this regiment by General Napier. All the evolutions of the battle-field were performed with a precision and energy very imposing, and when the army left the field, the band ceased playing, and the whole regiment broke out in one of their national songs, making the hills echo with their lusty voices.

It was a very pleasant excursion from Edinburgh to *Melrose Abbey*, more famed in poetry and romance than any other; and revealing evidences of architectural skill and perfection of detail that no other ruin presents. Our ride there was one of rare beauty. The fine scenery of Scotland, rising into grandeur as we had not seen it in England, was now constantly under the eye. But even this fair picture was fouled by a scene that still stands sadly in my sight. In the fields the women were at work among the men and the cattle, digging with hoes in the earth, pitching manure with dung forks, performing all the severe and repulsive labors that belong to the most menial and degraded class of men. I confess I was pained to my heart, and I cried out, "Women of Scotland, your sisters are spreading manure on your hillsides, and toiling like American slaves, while you are in luxury. Oh, rouse yourselves, and no longer let woman be the field-hand, but make her a keeper and comfort of the home." But I was going to Melrose.

No description which I can give will help you to

an idea of these ruins, overgrown with ivy, and standing in the same magnificent proportions, with the same arches, the same great windows, the same ornamental statuary, that they had seven hundred years ago. I clambered up into the old Monks' Walk, and studied the fair proportions of the South window; and as I stood there musing on the past, the bell of the old tower tolled twelve—the rooks and swallows were flying in and out, the sole inhabitants of the place, and there was around me a lesson of this world's passing glory, that was worth a thoughtful man's study. I went into the midst of the choir, and sat on the stone where Walter Scott was wont to muse among the monuments of the dead who are buried here, and I copied some of the inscriptions on these tombs, and others on the outside of the walls. This one is very well, though in a riddle:

> "The Earth goeth on the Earth, glistening like gold:
> The Earth goeth to the Earth sooner than it wold:
> The Earth builds on the Earth castles and towers:
> The Earth says to the Earth, all shall be ours."

Walter Scott used to repeat this old epitaph with a tone and manner that added, if possible, to its solemnity and sublimity.

The grounds around the abbey are shamefully neglected; and, in this respect, in striking contrast with Dryburgh Abbey, a few miles distant, which we saw the same day. This is a far more picturesque and attractive ruin than Melrose; there is a quiet beauty in the approach that steals gently into the soul; and when you reach it, there is a hallowed repose in the

scene that is deeply impressive. Walter Scott chose this for his burial-place; and a massive, but plain monument covers his dust within the abbey walls. Here, too, is a stone to the memory of the Erskines—the Rev. Henry Erskine, and his celebrated sons, Ralph and Ebenezer. Henry was the last of thirty-three children; and these two sons were born after their mother was buried—that is to say, she was buried alive, and rescued before she died. This abbey was given to Sir David Erskine, an ancestor of these celebrated preachers, and long remained in that family. An enormous stone coffin lies here, which was found in the vicinity some years ago. It is ten feet long, and must have been cut for a giant. Near the high altar is a rude sculpture of a lamb on an altar, representing the Great Sacrifice. I spent an hour or two alone among these ruins and relics, where I found a claymore, or some such iron instrument, into which the rust of many years had eaten; and which I brought away. But more interesting than this, were the impressions of the beauty of this old abbey, as its walls, lofty and grown over with ivy, stand there in solitude and grandeur, in the midst of great old trees, not a house in sight, not a sound to disturb the meditations of the stranger from a new world, who comes here and sits among the crumbling towers, looks up at flowers blossoming in the windows, eighty feet above his head, where the hand of man will never reach again to gather them; and recalls the scenes that once transpired within these now deserted, but once sacred walls. Melrose is more to

be admired for the exquisite delicacy of its architecture: the stone of which it was built retaining to this day the sharpness of its edges, and the leaves and flowers thus chiseled, being so finished that the sunlight falls through behind them, as they stand out on the walls; and you may pass a straw through the interstices, to prove the completeness of the workmanship, which is not attained at the present day. But Dryburgh, less delicate in its details, is more impressive in its proportions, and more beautiful, as a whole, in the effect it produces on the mind. In this opinion I am sustained by numerous visitors, though Melrose has been so generally lauded and frequented, to the neglect of this, which will hereafter be visited with increasing interest, not only for its own intrinsic beauty, but as the mausoleum of Sir Walter Scott.

Abbotsford, the residence of the great novelist, is but five miles off, and the ride is delightful over the ground Sir Walter so often traversed—over the hill on which he always halted, when riding, to survey the vale of the Tweed. On this spot the old horse which was drawing the remains of his master to their tomb, stopped in the midst of the funeral procession, and the incident deeply affected his friends who were following, as they were thus strikingly reminded of his habit, and looked out on the scene in which he took so much delight. I can not say that I admired the situation, or the style of Abbotsford. It stands low, and the grounds are arranged with little taste or effect. The Tweed flows near, and there is neatness and comfort about the place, but no beauty, such as we looked

for in the home of Walter Scott. The entrance hall is hung with old armor, and the banners of the several Scottish clans, with a store of curiosities from all parts of the world. Presents from princes adorn his study and library, where the desk is still standing on which he wrote his books.

More sacred far, to my mind, was the room in which Chalmers was found one morning in the sleep of death. I visited it while in Edinburgh. The Doctor's brother, a gentleman strongly resembling him, resides in the house adjoining. He received me and my friends with great courtesy, and invited us to walk over to the house in which the great theologian lived and died. He led us to the study, to the library, to the drawing-room: showed us a marble bust of Chalmers, which he said was a perfect likeness, and then in silence he opened a door and we stood in a room where the couch and the furniture told us in an instant that here was

> "The chamber where the good man met his fate,
> Privileged beyond the common walks of life,
> Quite on the verge of heaven."

It stands as it was when the body was borne away from it to its present chamber in a beautiful cemetery near the city. Morningside, the name the Doctor gave to his residence, looks out on the Pentland Hills, and rests in quiet beauty, a sweet spot for the calm abode of one who was never out of the world's conflicts while he lived, but who needed such a place as this in which to refresh his spirit, and gird himself for the field. He was fond of his garden, and his

brother walked with us through its flowers and shrubbery, which the same hand planted that wrote the Astronomical Discourses, and the Lectures on the Romans.

With some friends, I walked one morning into the Grey Friar's church-yard, where the men of the Covenant are buried; and to Grass Market; and stood on the stone that marks the spot where martyrs suffered: and then we visited some of the *closes* or narrow lanes of the city, by which the poor enter to their dwellings. The dreadful evidences of vice and misery that met my senses of seeing, hearing, and smelling, are more appalling and impressive than any thing I have since seen in Europe, Asia, or Africa. It is with shame and painful reluctance that I make the record. But there is a putrifying mass of moral corruption in that same city of Edinburgh, that demands the united energies of all its good people to make it tolerably decent.

It was far from pleasant to leave Edinburgh. I made more than half promises to myself and others that I would come back, yet there were many fears that I would not see the glorious old town again. But Edinburgh is not the whole of Scotland, and we were now to strike off into the Highlands, and to see the Lakes, of which we had read so much and so often in history and song. By rail to Stirling, we passed the palace ruins at Linlithgow, where Mary Queen of Scots was born, and thought of the melancholy remark of her father, when told that a daughter was born, "It came with a lass," referring to his

kingdom, "and it will go with a lass." Nothing but the square walls are standing of what was once a noble structure, covering an acre of ground. The scenery now rises to the grand, as the hills in the distance appear, and in less than an hour we are at the foot of Stirling Heights.

My young friends had gone on before me, and were ready with a carriage when I arrived. Without the delay of a moment we set off toward the CASTLE. The town itself is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and in point of historic interest is not exceeded by any. It was once, and long, the residence of royalty; and, as far back as the days of the Romans, was a site for military power and prowess, as it is in the present hour. John Knox preached the coronation-sermon of James VI. in the old church which we rode by. The Castle is the grand feature of interest here —a castle that dates a thousand years back, or very nearly, and has seen more murder, with and without law, than almost any other but the London Tower. It stands on a rocky crag so precipitous and jagged, that it looks more like the place for eagles than men of prey. It was a long drive until we entered its gate, in which Wallace once upset a cart loaded with hay, out of which leaped a band of armed men, who slew the guards, and took the Castle—acting over again the story of the Wooden Horse and the fall of Troy. Within the walls stands the palace built by James V., and the Chapel Royal, and the old Parliament House—used as such in the days of Scotland's kingdom—now the barracks for soldiers.

Earl of Douglas. Fields of blood.

Here, in this chapel, the beautiful Mary was crowned Queen of Scots, and her son was baptized; and here, too, he was taught, during the whole of his youth, by the celebrated George Buchanan. One of the soldiers acted as our guide, and pointed out the various spots on which some deed of blood had been perpetrated, or some less tragic event had transpired to make it memorable "There is the window out of which the body of the Earl of Douglas was thrown, after he had been murdered by James II."

"Yes," I said, "after the unfortunate earl had trusted himself to James, under the royal promise of safe protection. Put not your trust in princes."

We passed through the castle garden, and ascended the steps to the ramparts, and stood on the summit of the wall. A precipice of more than three hundred feet perpendicular is below—a fearful place on which to stand, and from this dizzy height a vale and plain below are spread out in beauty, skirt with the Grampian hills that here rise to view, closing the prospect in features of the truly sublime. We had seen so much that was only beautiful, I was glad at length to take in a view of hill and valley, forest stream and flood, that would remind me of the scenes so frequent and so grand in my native land. Here was one that the great traveller Bruce had pronounced the finest he had ever seen. That is not my view of it; but one who loves to look on plains that are fattened with blood, will be gratified to know that from these heights no less than twelve battle-fields are in sight, and that just at his feet is the mount on which Duncan, Earl

of Lenox, and the Regent, Duke of Albany, and his son-in-law, and his grandson were beheaded on the same fatal day. The Grampian, the Ochil, and the Pentland hills are all standing before you—the river Forth is making its circuits all through the intervening plain, and at Alloa it widens into a bay of twenty miles. The descent from the castle proved to be more difficult than the upward passage. The horses slipped on the smooth pavement of the street, and we were obliged to leave the carriage until a rope could be found to tie the wheels, when we slid along down with great ease, and rode out to the field of Bannockburn. All this region is classic. The very stones, in the midst of which the standard was planted on that bloody day, are preserved, and an iron railing defends them from the rapacities of travellers. I have little pleasure in battle-fields; and I do not care to detain you with the reminiscences which the soldier gave us of that "glorious victory." I was more interested in his account of his and his comrades present struggles to live on twenty-six cents a day, and out of that sum to find their own food, being allowed only one suit of clothes a year at the expense of government.

We spent the night at Stirling, and the next morning took a private conveyance for the mountains and lakes. It was one of the sweetest days that any of us had ever seen, when we rode along under the mighty castle of Stirling, looked up at its battlements glistening in the morning sun—passed along, and stopped on the crown of the bridge over the Forth,

where Archbishop Hamilton was hanged, and where Wallace performed that deed of single-handed prowess which reads far more like fiction than fact. Here we looked back on the town and towers, and took leave of the heights with sincere regrets that we should see them no more. Then we turned and saw the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey and the Abbey Craig, down which, in 1297, Wallace rushed upon his English foes. But we were more than ever pleased, when, a little farther on, we turned aside from the main road, and wound our way for some miles through the park of Blair Drummond; in which, for centuries, the trees have been growing so separated from each other, that they have attained a breadth of arm surpassing every thing of the kind I had ever seen. Lord Kaimes—whose "*Criticism*" every scholar knows—was once the owner of these grounds, and to his taste much of its present beauty is due. And now we have halted at the village of *Doune*, where the Ardoch and the Teith unite. The rest of the party have wandered a mile or two off to the picturesque ruins of the Castle, where Mary and Darnley, in the heyday of their love, had a hunting-seat, and right merrily they lived during the brief morning of that same day that closed in so dark and dreary a night. Poor Mary! Scotland is mourning and loving you to this very hour, and pilgrims from a world born since you were, drop a tear or two over the ruins that your presence has made memorable. This Castle, in complete desolation, has yet cellars, and prisons, and lofty, gloomy old walls and battlements which are sufficiently pic-

turesque to reward the visitor for climbing among them. A winding stone-staircase leads underground to a dismal dungeon, with only a little hole to admit the food and the air, so as to save the prisoner from suffocation, while he was here out of sight and hearing of his fellow-men. I walked into the village and talked with the cottagers: a dozen women were washing clothes in the Teith and spreading them on the grass; they were quite pleased to have a free-and-easy chat with a traveller; and whether they thought they were making fun of me, or I was laughing at them, I was at a loss to know when I came away. The old church Cemetery and Manse of Kilmadoch hard by, and the Earl of Moray's seat, are near this village, and the romantic falls of the Teith, where they tumble over a rugged precipice not far from Clan Lanrich Castle.

And now we have come to Cambusmore, where Sir Walter Scott passed the greater part of his boyhood, and made himself familiar with the lakes and hills so illustrious in his immortal poems. But we must hasten on to lunch at Callander, for we have been loitering by the way, and it is now past high noon. The scenery becomes more and more imposing. Just above the village two small rivers from mountain lakes unite, and form the Teith. On the right is the famous pass of Leny, which may have been a Thermopylæ, or may be yet, wildly beautiful, on the borders of an impetuous river. Many travellers stop here long enough to visit the bridge of Bracklin, over the river Keltie; "a rustic arch, without any ledge, thrown

across a chasm fifty feet deep, in which the river is heard furiously dashing its floods. The gloom and horror of this place are appalling to the strongest nerves." So the guides say; I did not go to see. And now we have come to the ground which has been sketched in living colors by the hand of a great master. Take the "Lady of the Lake," and read the Canto I. Every line is here. The lakes, the hills, the Bridge of Turk, the Trossachs, are all here. On this spot Fitz James and Roderick Dhu had their fearful fight, which every school-boy has read of. And now Lake Vennachar spreads its lovely bosom to your view. Ben Ledi rises 3000 feet high, at whose base the most interesting remains of Druid worship are found. A small lake at the foot of this hill is called Loch-annan-corp, or lake of dead bodies; from the mournful fact that a funeral procession was once crossing it on the ice, and breaking in, two hundred perished. It was three in the afternoon when we reached the head of Lake Vennachar, and were prepared to stop at the Bridge of Turk hotel, and dine. While the dinner was in preparation, I set off with Mr. Cook to visit the Highland cottages, of which there were many in sight. With the exception of the hotel, there was no building in all the region but the low, thatched cottages of the poor; and as I knew that the Highland poor were of the poorest in Scotland, I wanted to see how they live. I strolled along the field paths, and seeing an old woman in the door of a cottage, I stopped and made an inquiry of her about the country, which brought me an invitation to walk in. I entered

the low door, and stood on the uneven floor, laid with large flat stones. A floor of round sticks made the *ceiling* overhead, and the rude walls were so begrimed with an oily smoke and dirt, that I was ready to believe some miserable boiling business must be done in the house. In the middle of the room an iron basket held a fire of burning peat, but there was no chimney to conduct the smoke: this rose slowly, curled around in the room, wound itself into all the crevices, and at last some of it managed to find its way out of a hole in the roof. The old woman called in her son from a room on the end of the cottage, where he was cobbling shoes, and, as she was hard of hearing, we talked with him. They were the sole dwellers there: I found books lying on a shelf, and among them Erskine's Sermons and Bunyan's Riches of Grace, which led me to speak of religion, the light of the cottage and comfort of the soul. The old woman rose, and taking a Bible brought it to me, saying, "There's a buke ye'll nae be able to read;" and, sure enough, it was in the Gaelic tongue, and worse than Greek to me. Yet it was a real pleasure, in that poor Highland home, to find the word of God a refreshment to the dwellers there, and to know that they are looking forward to the same sweet home in heaven.

After dinner we rode on, and reached Loch Katrine in an hour. There is no lovelier sheet of water in Scotland than this; sheltered by Ben-a'an and Ben Ledi, and the more majestic Benvenue, and the Trossachs—a wooded bristling region of ragged hills and jagged precipices rises around in pictures of wild and

most romantic beauty. Loch Katrine is the sheet of water on the shore of which Ellen, the "Lady of the Lake," with her skiff, met the gallant Fitz James, when his horse had fallen under him in the chase; and there is the lovely islet on which her father lived, and where she took her guest in the frail shallop. A turreted hotel near the lake invites the traveller to pause for the night; and though the sun was some hours above the crags, we were enamored with the charms of the scenery, and determined to rest. I had thrown myself down on the grassy hillside, to look out on the placid water, and to see the sun roll along down behind Ben-a'an, when I was invited to take a sail in a little boat on the lake. They seated me by the side of an English lady, who might well be called "the Lady of the Lake," and then we pushed out in the midst of the waters, while the boatman, as a part of his business, recited, in broadest Scotch, the passages from Walter Scott's poem which described the scenes now spread before our eyes. In the highest degree of enthusiasm to which a Scotchman attains, he pointed now to the right and then to the left, as he said:

> "High on the South huge Benvenue
> Down on the lake in masses threw
> A wildering forest feathered o'er
> His ruined sides and summit hoar;
> While on the North, in middle air,
> Ben-a'an heaves high his forehead bare."

And just then the sun went down behind that tall hilltop, and his golden rays streamed through his crest on the summit, gilding it with departing glory. Yet it was not dark for some hours yet. At eleven o'clock

that night we could read in the open air, by the lingering light; and so early did the morning light come streaming into the windows, that I did not make half a night of it.

The next morning at nine a little steamer came and took us through the lake, and at the head of it we were conveyed, in all sorts of carts and carriages, five miles over a rugged, broken road, through the mountains. On the hills, thousands of sheep and black cattle are feeding, tended by shepherds with their dogs, and here and there a cottage is planted among the mountains, in which the shepherd has a place he loves to call his home. I went into some of them, as I took my turn in walking over the rough road, and the poverty was even more pitiable than in the hovels I had seen below. And at noon Loch Lomond lay in all its majestic beauty before my eyes, the noblest of all the lakes of Scotland. And as if nothing should be wanting to make the picture complete, the clouds were permitted to gather on the tops of some of these mighty hills, and there to lighten and thunder and pour their torrents down, often enveloping the woods and waters in the thickest gloom, and then clearing away again in brightness, that we might have those peculiar features of a landscape which are only brought out in light and shade. We stopped at various points on the lake; visited Rob Roy's Cave, and rowed out in a boat to get some fine views not to be had on shore, and toward night we had passed the many isles with which the bosom of this lake is studded; we had seen the lofty peaks of Ben Lomond, Ben Duchrey, Ben Arthur, or

the Cobbler, so called from its fancied resemblance; we had seen the heights on which "sublimity sits enthroned," in the view of every traveller who has not seen New Hampshire; and now being landed at Balloch, and passing by Dumbarton Castle, we hastened by rail, then by the river Clyde, to Glasgow.

This city is more like New York, in enterprise and thrift, than any other city in Great Britain. It has, however, few features of interest, except its excellent people, many of whom I met, and greatly enjoyed their company.

The Cathedral is the only one I had ever seen in the hands of Presbyterians; but as they are the *Established* Church of Scotland, this noble edifice came into their possession at the Revolution, and so remains to this day. As I entered it they were taking up the stones in front of the altar, and digging a sepulchre there for a man of distinction, who had recently died. For two hundred years the dust had not been disturbed, and long before that, these aisles had been the burial-place of successive generations. They dug a few feet only into the earth, and began to throw up the bones of some old bishop, who will never know that I put one of his ribs in my pocket, and sent it across the sea. The Rev. Dr. Brown—whose noble work on the "Second Advent" has made his name known in our country—was my guide through the Cathedral, and the NECROPOLIS, a far more beautiful cemetery than Pere la Chaise in Paris, which is famed the world over as the most "charming" residence of the dead.

CHAPTER XVII.

IRELAND.

Crossing the Channel—Belfast—Dublin—Irish Welcome—The Clerk and the Rector.

By rail we ran down, at the close of a fine day, to Ardrossan, and there embarked on the steamer *Fire-Fly* for Ireland. I had been told that every one is sea-sick in crossing these narrow seas. And it would not have been strange if I had shared the fate of many around me, who were soon in the pains of that disgusting malady. One after another dropped off to bed. A few stout Scotchmen sat by the table at which I was writing, drinking their hot whisky punch, and having a good time generally. I was away in the West, where those I love were dreaming; and when every one else on board was still, I turned in, and woke in the harbor of Belfast. It was early, but I dressed and went up to take the first look at Ireland. I declare I thought the steamer must have made a flying trip, and brought me across the Atlantic. The same troop of Irishmen that throng the docks in New York were there, and just as anxious to do you the favor of taking your luggage up-town. They took it. There was no getting rid of their importunity. To trust yourself in the hands of Providence, and your trunks to the porters, was the first gracious exercise

on landing in Ireland. I followed them, and soon had the saddest evidence of the wretched state of morals in the lower parts of this city. Sights of sin met my eyes in five minutes after stepping ashore, that I had not seen or thought of before. I found myself, after breakfast, in a city of vast enterprise, rapid advancement, and commanding position. Its linen trade and manufactures make it the most important city in Ireland; and the literary institutions, and high character of its clergy, place it among the first cities of the kingdom. Dr. Edgar received me with the warmest hospitality, and urged me to stay. But I remained only long enough to ride in various directions over the city, to visit with him the noble University, and take a rapid look at the numerous charitable institutions, and then was off.

My driver was a true Irishman. He presumed, from my bidding him drive me to Dr. Edgar's, that I was a *Protestant;* and when I asked him which were the more numerous in Belfast—the Catholics or Protestants—he said, "The Catholics were the most; but the Protestants were the *respectablest.*" Dr. Edgar gave me much valuable information respecting the great reformation now going on in Ireland, in which thousands of the Roman Catholics are turned from their idols and priests. And afterward, during all my sojourn in this island, I have found that, among the good, this is the grand topic of interest, effort, and prayer. And well it may be. Ireland is stretching forth her hands unto God. After a long

Light shining. Support of popery.

night of ghostly darkness, in which the priest has ruled her with a rod of steel, and held her in the dust of moral, mental, and social degradation, she is at last arising from the dust, and preparing to take her place among civilized and Christian people. The British government is beginning to see the influence of popery, and by degrees will be brought to feel the wickedness of her present policy in supporting a religion that debases man, and makes him a bad subject; while it renders it all but impossible for him to be a Christian. Now this same government, with its Queen, the head of the Church, Dr. Edgar says, "gives free education, board and beer, and twenty pounds sterling a year to popish students, for learning from Dens and Delahogue how to debauch the minds, if not the persons, of females coming to confession, and how to train to seditious bitterness and lawless violence those who come under their influence; and when the system patronized and paid by government has done its work, and issued in rebellion and murder, government can not hang the criminals, for the rebel has too powerful connections, or the jury is afraid or indisposed to convict the murderer." Yet this country, so sunk under a system that makes the misery, and breeds the crime, and blights the happiness of every people cursed by its sway, is one of the fairest islands of the sea. I left Belfast at ten in the morning, and the beauty of the country began to open in rich variety as soon as I left the town. The neat villages through which we passed, with whitewashed cottages overrun with shrubbery and flowers, were so

unexpected, that perhaps they seemed to me more lovely than they were.

At Lisburn I saw the green fields in the distance, dressed in white, and found, on coming near, that the drapery was linen, stretched in long pieces to be bleached, covering whole acres, and appearing like snow-wreaths on the hillsides. But the degradation of Ireland was to be seen even in this favored and prosperous part of the country. I saw women and men working side by side, in the midst of clay, making brick, and in the ditches digging; and I felt as I have so often been compelled before to feel, that no people can be really civilized that permit the female sex to be thus enslaved. The low, boggy lands through which we passed offered poor encouragement to the severest labor; but it was horrid to see fifty women toiling together in one field as so many oxen. I came to Dundalk and Castlebellingham; and a greener, richer looking country I never saw. Call it the Emerald Isle—the Green Isle. It is nothing else. It is a deeper green than England. The verdure is denser and more luxuriant. There is more moisture by far in the atmosphere and soil than in England, and with half the culture of her sister, Ireland would be immeasurably the finest country of the two. But for popery, Ireland to-day would be ahead of England. These wretched cabins I am passing now! who live in them? And in this market-town, this populous village of Drogheda, who are these multitudes? They are Irish Catholics; as good materials as any for Christian citizens, but they will never

be worth any thing while the yoke is on their necks. They have warm hearts—I came through the village on the top of an omnibus; a child of only two years toddled into the street before the horses; we all cried out, and the driver reined off just in time to avoid the child; half a dozen women from as many houses, rushed out, and the joy over that child was as if one had been raised from the dead. Children were plenty there, as they always are in Irish cabins, but each woman seemed to have a mother's interest in that babe, and I loved the whole of them for loving her. Here I met all sorts of donkeys before all sorts of carts, driven by men, women, or children, the most grotesque in their rags, comical looking to me, but doubtless they thought it serious enough to be poor. Beggars were not so numerous as I thought they would be, yet there were many, and so feelingly did they tell their tale, it was hard to refuse them. The poetry of the Irish character came out even in their rags and wretchedness. One old woman, bent under eighty years at least, came up to me as I was walking, and said, "Plase to give a poor old widow a penny for the love of God, and I will pray for you, when I am dying, that God may be your friend, and heaven your home."

"What, all that for a penny?" I said, as I dropped the copper in her shriveled skeleton hand.

"Yes," she added, "and a thousand blessings besides;" and I heard a dozen of them before I was out of her reach.

Seldom have I had a more diversified excursion than I made that day from Belfast to Dublin. The

frequent breaks in the line of railways made it necessary to stop often; and I had more time to talk with the people, and learn what they are thinking of. Every body has friends in America, and wants to go there to join them. The head waiter in one of the chief hotels asked me what he could do in America to earn a living, and be something more than a waiter. And he begged me to give him my address in New York, that he might look to me for advice in case he should come. I have often been applied to by men and women for the same favor, which I could not well refuse, and if I should yield to many more, I may as well open an intelligence office on my return.

We have now passed the Skerries, and are approaching Dublin. For some time we have been running along in full view of the sea, and I have been looking away out in the deep blue sky that skirts down upon it, longing for wings to skim over the waves and pierce that horizon, and find the land of my birth beyond. But here we are in Dublin.

And a fine, noble, beautiful city Dublin is: more brilliant and attractive, at the first view, than any one I have yet seen abroad. This is a jaunting-car that I am mounted on, and if you have never seen one, it will be hard for me to give you a picture. The Irishman said it is a cab with the wheels inside; it is an uncovered cab for four persons to sit sideways, two and two, with their backs to each other, while the driver sits in front; the wheels run directly under the seat; and a man, when mounted, feels as if he

was all out-doors. If there is but one passenger, the driver sits on the opposite side to keep the balance; and away you go, right merrily if you are easy, and if not, you must be as easy as you can. That splendid dome, on the highest ground in the city, is on the great "Exhibition" building, now open, and these crowds of elegantly-dressed and fine-looking women have been there. We are meeting them, and I said to my driver, "You have the finest looking women here I have seen in the kingdom."

"Ay, sir, fine looking; but never buy a book by the cover." I went directly to the "Exhibition," as it was Saturday, and I would have a sight of it, if possible, before the Sabbath. But the hour for closing had arrived, and I could only see the throng that was pouring out. It was no fancy, but a fact, that the people, men and women, and whom I saw by hundreds, were the best looking I had yet seen since I came into England or Scotland. I speak of them as a whole. I may have met individual instances of greater beauty, of better forms, and well-developed figures, but, take them as a whole, I give the palm to Ireland. This was the half-crown day, and the better class of people were at the Exhibition, though I afterward was there on the shilling day, and my opinion of the general appearance of the *Irish* was not changed.

Not far from Dublin, and on the shores of its beautiful bay, is the village of Booterstown, where the gentry have elegant villas; where Lord Gough, the hero of the British wars in India, and Sidney Her-

bert, one of her Majesty's ministers, and other distinguished men reside. For rural beauty, picturesque and charming scenery, the place is one of the loveliest that has fallen in my way thus far. Some twelve or fifteen years ago the rector of this parish, the Rev. Robert Herbert Nixon, who was a reader of the *New York Observer*, sent a letter over the water directed to "IRENÆUS," and inviting him, whoever he might be, to come and see him. That invitation was followed up by successive letters and frequent exchanges of good feeling, and now that I was in Dublin, and near the house of my unseen correspondent, I determined to have the pleasure of meeting him face to face. I walked out to the parish church. It was an ancient, Gothic building with a lofty spire, in the midst of grounds most charmingly laid out in gravel walks, with trees and shrubbery and flowers, adorned as I love to see the church-yard, making it the most attractive spot. A lovely morning in June it was when I entered this sacred field—"God's acre," as our forefathers would say—and walked up the winding pathways till I came to the church. It was an hour before the time for service, and I was quite alone, admiring and enjoying the calm beauty of the Sabbath, the house of prayer, and the music of the birds that sang God's sweet praise in melodies which instruments can not imitate. I was in the midst of such musings, when a man with books in his hands came near, and in reply to my inquiries about the service, said, "You are a stranger?" I told him I was, and from America. "Ah," said he, "and do you know

Mr. Prime in America?" "What Mr. Prime do you mean," I asked. "Mr. Irenæus Prime," he replied. I told him I did, and desired to know why he had asked for him. "Oh, he is a very particular friend of the rector; I am clerk of the parish, and have often heard him speak of Mr. Prime, and he will be glad to hear from him." It was a blessed pleasure to meet such an incident, in such a spot, and I was glad to bid the clerk inform the rector, as soon as he should come, that Mr. Prime was in the church, and would see him at the close of service. I was not allowed to wait. The rector gave me a cordial welcome in the vestry; took me into the desk with him, though I had no gown or bands, and there in that church of the Establishment, I enjoyed the pure gospel, uniting in the prayers and the creed with all my heart, and rejoicing that in Christ Jesus the people of God are one, the world over. And that was the beginning of one of the pleasantest visits of my life. We went from church to the house of one of his parishioners, where we lunched, and I added another family to that list of friends whose names I write in letters of gold. This delightful family had been greatly interested and widely useful in the distribution of provisions among the poor in the time of the famine, and they mentioned many facts of thrilling power that I have not room to repeat. The Indian meal from America was an abomination to the starving Irish, and Miss H. said to me, that it was a common thing for them to ask when it was given them, "And what will you give us to take after it?" They thought it a disagree-

able medicine, and wished something to take out of their mouths the taste of the "yaller male."

The Rev. Dr. Urwick joined us the next day, and with him and the rector I went to Kingstown, and, by the Atmospheric railway, to Dalkey, and thence to Killiney Hill top, where a view of Dublin, its bay, the Hill of Howth, the shipping in the harbor, the Sugar Loaf, Wicklow and Dublin mountains, form as glorious a panorama as the eye desires to rest on. The verdure was so rich, the gardens and parks at my feet were so luxuriant with flowers and fruits and umbrageous trees, that I said to my friends, "Can this be Ireland? It certainly is not that miserable, God-forsaken island I thought it: it is indeed the Gem of the Sea." On this height is a lofty obelisk, which was reared a hundred and ten years ago, in a time of famine, at the cost of a worthy gentleman, who thus provided work for the poor, and raised an ornamental monument that preserves his name and a noble deed.

Returning from this excursion, I attended a public meeting in relation to the great Protestant reformation in Ireland, when Mr. O'Callahan and others made speeches, relating facts of the progress of the work that must fill heaven with gladness, if the angels rejoice when only one sinner turns to God. Mr. O'Callahan was educated at Maynooth, and he said that when he was entered there, he took the oath in company with a number of other young men, and he asserted that when these youth pretended to repeat the words of the oath, they would substitute

others, and solemnly swear to just the reverse of what they were professing to say. Such hypocrisy and perjury shocked him, and his conversion began at that hour of initiation into the mysteries and wickedness of Jesuitism.

The next day I spent at the "Exhibition." Its gallery of paintings and its "tableaux vivants" were the most attractive features, but the vastness of the edifice, the wonderful variety, beauty, ingenuity, and perfection of the manufactures, reflect the highest credit upon Ireland, and show what she can, and will do, when the incubus under which she groans is driven away.

Dublin has many splendid buildings—its Bank, its University, its palace for the Lord Lieutenant, St. Patrick's Cathedral, are all worth seeing. In the latter, I was so fortunate as to find the clergy of the Diocese all assembled in their robes, surrounding Archbishop Whateley, who was giving them his Charge at the Annual Visitation. Whateley's name and works are familiar in America, and I was glad to see and hear him.

The rest of my time in Dublin was spent in riding through the great park where the Lord Lieutenant resides, and the Wellington monument stands; in making short excursions into the interior, while my evenings were more than occupied with those warm hospitalities which are always attendant on an Irish welcome. In one of my tours into the country, I had occasion to spend the night in a village where there was no public house. A little sign of "lodgings"

caught my eye, and I asked the old woman at the door if she could give me a bed. She could, and showing me to a neat little chamber, she made me sit down by the open window and look out to see what a lovely view was to be had in front; then she expatiated on the attractions of the spot, till I told her to let me be quiet and I would take the room. I drew out my writing materials, wrote a letter home, and went to bed. Just then I thought seriously where I was: alone in an Irish village, not knowing even the name of the people I am with; nobody knows I am here, and if I am robbed and murdered before morning, nobody will know of it. But it was too late now to do better, so I put my watch and a purse of twenty sovereigns under my pillow, and slept soundly. In the morning, after a cup of tea in my little chamber, I went on my way rejoicing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WALES.

Crossing the Channel—Holyhead—The Tubular Bridge—Old Chester—Wales—The Vale of Llangollen—The old Woman and no Children—The old Sailor—Liverpool and Dr. Raffles.

If I left Scotland with regret, I parted from Ireland with more. Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed; yet I expected little in Ireland, and found so much more than I anticipated, that I was indeed agreeably disappointed. Yet I must go. I had always a great desire to see Wales. I would not leave for the Continent till I had made a short excursion into that land of mountains and valleys, and honest-hearted souls. A very pleasant incident marked my leaving Ireland. At dinner on Wednesday, I met a clergyman from Wales, who expressed great regret that he was now going off on a journey, and could not greet me at home. He gave me his card and his residence, and insisted on my going to his house, where his family would receive me with the greatest pleasure. The next morning he came to the railway station to see me, but I had gone. He took the next train and followed me ten miles, where I was to go on board the steamer. There he overtook me, and this trouble and expense he had incurred to give me a letter of introduction to his wife,

lest I should not be willing to call with only his card in my hand. Such kindness—and I have had nothing else in all my ways—was touching to my heart, and though with that man I had spent only two hours, I now parted from him as from a friend of years.

Of course it was a fine day when I crossed the channel from Dublin to Holyhead. I say, of course, for I had nothing but fine weather through the whole of that tour in Great Britain and Ireland: not one day of rain: sunshine and smiles always and every where. There was a high wind, dead ahead, and motion enough, as we rode in its teeth, to give excitement to the scene. Not a soul was on board whom I knew; and with my Scotch blanket for a bed, I lay on the quarter-deck, loving the sea and the sky. Some of the ladies, and some gentlemen too, were very sea-sick. I do not understand that principle in human nature which enables us to find amusement in looking at the agonies of other people under the operation of this irresistible gag-law. But you see half a dozen delicate women, and two or three stout men, lying around the deck, each with a bowl, and looking as if they never had any friends and had lost them all, and my word for it you will turn your head away, and laugh in your sleeve. I did, though I was alone, and lonesome too. The run across was made in three or four hours, when the bluff promontory of Holyhead rose to view—an immense precipice, with riven cliffs and caverns, into which the ocean heaves its angry waves, and, far above, the sea birds make their nests and are safe. A beautiful suspension bridge unites

this rock to the isle of Anglesey. We landed at Holyhead, and there the railway took us on along the coast, giving us a view of the sea on one hand, and a fine rolling country on the other. But there was nothing of interest to speak of till we came to the Tubular Bridge over the Menai straits. This I regard as the greatest mechanical wonder of the world, and if my admiration of it had been great when reading the many and graphic descriptions we have had of it, my wonder and pleasure were vastly increased when I came to see it. The cars swept through the tube, fifteen hundred and thirteen feet in length, and we had no other sensation than that of passing through any other covered bridge; but as soon as we reached Bangor, and the train paused, I left it, and let it go on without me, while I returned to study this stupendous work. The problem to be solved by the architect was this—to build a bridge 1500 feet over an arm of the sea, so high in air as to permit the loftiest masts to pass under it, and without piers to obstruct the navigation. The point on the straits selected for the purpose was fortunately provided with a rock rising from the water, and nearly in the midst of the straits. This was the base of a pier; but then the bridge, without a draw, must stretch 472 feet to one shore, and 460 to the other, and at the height of at least 100 feet above the sea. Mr. Stephenson, the architect, devised, and under his superintendence was executed this work, which promises to stand an enduring monument of ingenuity, enterprise, and perseverance, under difficulties the most disheartening, and to ordinary

minds insurmountable. To the work he brought, as the first and chief element of success, his own genius and courage, and to these he added eighteen hundred men, for whom cottages were built along the shore, as the labor of years was before them. The bridge is to be of iron, nothing else: it is to hold itself up without an arch, and without steel cables to bind it to the rocky shores. It is to be built on the shore, to be floated on the water, and then raised perpendicularly, and stretched horizontally from land to land. Can it be done? The world laughed, and wise men said, No, it could not be done, and it would fall of its own weight if it were done. The man of *science* pushed on the mighty work. Plates of iron were riveted together, and a tube, not round, as most people suppose, but rectangular, thirty feet high and fourteen feet wide, was built. The labor of this army extended through four and a half years. Two millions of rivets hold these iron plates in their tenacious grasp, and the tubes weigh no less than eleven thousand three hundred and sixty-six tons! During these years, these shores presented the busiest and most exciting of peaceful scenes. Schools and churches were built for the families gathered here. The arts of life were drawn around the settlement, and it was as if a new city had been suddenly planted on the straits of Menai. Sickness was rare, for the air is pure and healthful; but when it did come, and death with it, the consolations of religion were not wanting to the dying or the living. More were born than died. The work went on, and at last it was done. Hydraulic presses were made

to raise the mighty weights, and inch by inch they rose, till in three weeks from the time they began to ascend, they were planted on the lofty pier, and stood sublime. They did not break of their own weight. They did not bend. But would they bear the pressure of a train loaded, thundering over this awful chasm; or would the mass of iron crush and fall in ruins, like a rent world, when the first train of rail cars, with its living burden, should trust itself on the treacherous bridge? The train was ready; not with a burden of live men and fair women, to re-enact the Norwalk tragedy, but loaded with iron and stone, to four times the weight of any train that would ever be required to pass over the trembling structure. Mr. Stephenson, the architect, mounts the locomotive, himself the engineer and solitary passenger. He moves on, and, reaching midway of the longest tube, he arrests the train and pauses there, that the heaviest pressure may at once be felt, and the grand experiment be tested once for all. It was not a rash and a hairbrained feat. It was the calm confidence of a man of calculation, who knew what he was doing, and that he was safe. The sinking of that long line, with the tremendous weight to which it was then subjected, was less than half an inch! The experiment was tested. It cost five millions of dollars, and was cheap at that.

I walked through it; and then, by a flight of narrow steps, ascended to the top of it, and walked out on the flat roof, on which the strain comes; and when I saw the power of those concatenated plates, it was impossible to have the sensation of fear, while I felt

sure the structure will stand till some convulsion of nature shakes the sea and earth.

A mile below is the suspension wire bridge for carriages—very beautiful as it hangs over the deeps, and reminding me of the one over the Niagara, though this is a far more substantial structure than that. The carriage path is paved, so as to give it all the look of a solid road; but I was told that the whole bridge sways so much in a high gale of wind, that the path has sometimes been broken up by its vibratory motion. The scenery from this bridge, and from the great park which stretches from one to the other, is so lovely that it was a joy to linger and look on it. There, in full view, is the summit of SNOWDON, 3570 feet above the sea, which is lying at your side, and shining in this glorious sun; while old Snowdon, hoary with age and with snow, sends back the same reflected beams. The pass of Llanberis opens in front of you, and invites to the most romantic pilgrimage to be made in Wales. Climb that peak, and you may see, in this clear day, a part of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and the Isle of Man. That castle over the straits is one of the seats of the Marquis of Anglesea, and the whole country side belongs to him—a picturesque and noble domain, which shows the hand of taste, and the lavish use of wealth to beautify the world, without making the earth the more productive. It was getting late in the day: another train came on, and stopping at the bridge, it took me in, and I was borne along on the shore of the sea, with the mountains rising on

my right hand. The old town of Conway was soon reached, with its massive walls, crumbling, but still strong, with four vast gateways, and eight embattled towers on the remains of the castle, on a rock at whose base the river Conway flows. The "Pass of Blood" we saw—so called from a fearful scene in the times of Henry II., near Gwyrch Castle, which is now restored by its present owner, making a very fine appearance under the wooded cliffs that hang above it. A neat church, and sweet white cottages among the hills, give that calm and sacred aspect to the evening scene that the heart loves. Holywell is now in sight, and here is St. Winnifred's Well, the legend of which is familiar. Prince Caradoc pursued her, and cut her head off; it rolled down to the spring which now bears her name; and there her uncle, the Abbé, picked it up, and putting it on her neck again, it grew fast, and she lived as well as ever. To this wonderful spring the lame have long resorted; and the useless crutches that lie around, are so many witnesses of the miraculous cures that St. Winnifred's Well has made. Not far from this I was borne along through a charming valley, in which were neat villages, and the well-dressed people were walking out in the green fields, enjoying the cool of the evening: the young men were playing cricket, after the labors of the day were over; and scenes of rural pleasure, of gentle and domestic happiness, seemed to lie all around me. Doubtless there are sorrows here, as there are wherever sin has been; but it seemed to me that these Welsh people were really enjoying life. They looked

on the train, as it went smoking and thundering by, as if it were an intrusion on the stillness of their vales: but it was soon gone, and they would resume their walks and sports, contented to be where, and what they are, and let the world go by. Happy people! never step into those cars, if you would be happy still.

That distant mountain peak has a lofty column on it, which was reared to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of George III. It is seen from all directions; and I could even catch a glimpse of it, as the last rays of daylight played on its summit; and crossing the river Dee, I reached the ancient city of CHESTER.

A rare old town this Chester is; and I wandered the next day all over it—visited its cathedral before breakfast, and attended morning service there. The bishop's throne was once the shrine of St. Werburgh, and so awfully solemn was the place that it invited worship, as I planted my feet within the choir. And then I ascended to the top of the wall, on the heights of which dwelling-houses stand, and their inhabitants come out of the door upon the wall, walk around to the stairways, and descend into the streets. I strolled along till I came to a tower, on which it is written in old letters, "King Charles stood on this tower, September 24, 1645, and saw his army defeated on Rowlow Moor." From these same walls a hundred battles have been seen, and the plains all round about them are rich with the blood of civil wars. Here is Trinity Church, in which lie the ashes of Matthew

Henry, the best of Commentators on God's word; and here, too, Parnell, the sweet poet, is buried. Here is a spring by the side of a wall, and this beautiful inscription over it: "Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again." It is even so—I feel it in this far land. Blessed Jesus! give me to drink of the river of the water of thy love, and I shall thirst no more. I strolled out of the town, and inquired for a family on whom a friend had requested me to call. I found the house on the banks of the Dee; and writing his name on my card as an introduction, sent it in by the servant. With handsome hospitality I was welcomed; invited, by all means, to spend a few days in Chester, and to make their house my home; and when I declined these grateful courtesies, they insisted on my partaking of refreshments, which were soon spread before me. I love to mention these little things. Life is made up of little things, and a stranger feels them as luxuries not to be despised.

Still I wanted to see more of Wales. I had heard of the enchanting vale of Llangollen, and I resolved to go off there and see it for myself. From Chester I took the train of cars that runs toward Shrewsbury, and passing through Gresford, where the scenery was more lovely even than at the Menai straits, and Wrexham, where there is a splendid church of the fifteenth century, I came to the town which rejoices in the euphonious title of Rhossllanerchrugog. At Rosbun, a deep wooded ravine arrests the eye, and a lovely valley and wide-stretched plain, where stands an old castle famed for its hospitality, so much so, that

no peasant who goes there even on an errand with the servants in the hall, returns without being loaded with meats!

And now I was in Llangollen vale. Its beauties had not been half told me. The sweetly flowing stream on its bosom, the rich verdure of the woods and the deep green of the meadows, with the forest hillsides rising all around, secluding it from the world, made it just the spot in which I desired to wander and learn the ways of Wales. I left the railway and struck off into the country eight or ten miles, footing it here and there, and getting a postboy to take me in his cart when I was tired of walking. I went on to Chirk, a town of rural beauty unsurpassed in this whole region. Its church-yard has the most venerable yews I have seen since I came from those which Gray in his Elegy has made ever green. Under their dense shades I sat down and copied an epitaph or two, in Welch and in English; some of them were very homely, and others quaint but expressive:

> "Oh blest exchange, seraphic flight,
> From earth to heaven, from faith to sight;
> Let youth prepare, for oh how soon
> The morning flower may fade at noon!"

A stone at the grave of a man and wife, ninety-five and seventy-two years of age, had this doggerel:

> "Long have we lived and labored like the bee,
> Blest with contentment and from misfortune free;"

and the grave of a youth of twenty preached to me in these words:

A lodge. Childless wife.

"Watch and pray without delay,
For you don't know the time;
For I was one that soon was gone,
And cut down in my *prime*."

Half a mile beyond the church I came to one of the prettiest lodges that could be made, completely embowered, and fragrant with jessamine, roses, and honey-suckle; the door was open, and an old woman sat within reading. I paused at the door, and gave her a friendly salutation. She asked me in, but I sat down on the door-step, and talked with her in English, which she spoke quite well. It was the Bible she was reading; and as soon as I said to her that I loved that book more than all the rest in the world, she went on to tell me how much she had learned from it, and what a comfort it had been to her in youth and age. "I'm not much of a scholard," she said, "but I can spell out the words, and I love them all. My man says he don't think much of the Old Testament; but I tell him I do. I git a great deal of enlightenment out of it. You see I have had two husbands and never had no children at all; and it used to make me feel bad, and the neighbors laughed at me sometimes, but when I read the story of Sarah, you know, and Rebekah, you know, I found it was the Lord's will, and that made me content."

From this lovely spot I walked on Lord Dunganon's grounds, and then to the estates of Myddleton Biddulph, Esq., who owns an immense tract of country here. His splendid castle is on a more commanding point than any other in the kingdom, no less than sev-

enteen counties being spread before the eye in a single view. So vast a prospect, with such lofty mountains and so many forests, uncounted villages, and spires, could only be excelled by that which was seen when all the kingdoms of the world were shown to Him who would not worship Satan for them all. Alas, how many serve the devil and get no pay!

An old man of at least seventy years was coming out of a field, and as he shut the gate, I stopped and spoke with him of the scene I had been gazing on. He listened with pleasure, and I asked him if he thought he should look on a brighter scene when heaven opened to his view, and what prospects he saw when he looked over Jordan into the promised land. That set him to talking, and I took a seat on the wall, while he went on and gave me, as old men love to give, a history of his life. When I told him I was from America, "I have been there," said he; "I was in the Endymion when she took the President, and I landed on the west end of Long Island, and at New London, in Connecticut, and I wish I had stayed there: but my parents were living then, and I came home to them." He gave me his religious views, sound, Scriptural, and so evangelical, that I thought of old Kirtland Warner, an elder in my father's church at the "Old White meeting-house," who used to talk religion to me when I was ten years old. It was the same gospel, and the same terms, and the same trembling hands and shaken voice, and then the same tears as the love of Him who died for us both was the theme of two strangers to each other, but friends

in Christ, in the midst of the mountains of Wales. The old man was sick, and bowed on his large staff; and when I put my hand in his, he said we should not meet again; but I pointed to the sun, which was going down in the west, and told him that, like the sun, I hoped he would rise in a brighter world, where we would meet again.

There was a calm contentment about these Welsh people which pleased me. The world seems to have crowded less upon them, and they are willing to live for God and each other, minding their own business, and wisely answering the chief end of man. One scene that occurred a few days before I was there, I should have been greatly delighted to see. A painted pole was standing in the midst of a green field, and I asked a boy to tell me why it was there. He said that the oldest son of the Squire had come of age, and they had a dance on the green. Barrels of beer had been brought out there, and every man and woman drank as much as they liked, while the young people danced around the pole, and all sorts of amusements made the welkin ring. This was over the line in England, but the customs and the language do not materially differ in these parts of Wales from those of the other country. And I was now on the line of the railway again. A few hours would take me through Chester to Birkenhead and Liverpool. I had made the entire circuit of these countries, and had not yet been to Liverpool, from which nine-tenths of travellers start on their tour. So taking sudden leave of the Welch, I ran up to Liverpool; and, about

eleven at night, found quarters in one of the many spacious hotels.

No man in the English pulpit stands deservedly higher than Rev. Dr. Raffles. For half a century he has been pastor of the principal Independent congregation in Liverpool; and by the power of his talents, the philanthropy and piety of his heart, his eminent social qualities and manners, he has gained an ascendency in the church which gives him a position of commanding influence and usefulness. I had been told that I must look among the ministers of the Establishment for the highest style of manners—for finished gentlemen; but there are shining exceptions to the truth of that remark, and Dr. Raffles is one. His villa was once quite in the country, but the city has now grown out to him, and surrounded him on every side; and he has kept unbroken a lawn in front of his house, which overlooks the rising town. He received me with great cordiality, and made many inquiries after his numerous friends in America, the most of whom were my friends also, and of whom it was a pleasure to speak. The doctor has amused himself for a life-time in the collection of autographs and curiosities relating to distinguished, and, especially, literary men. In handsomely bound and neatly arranged volumes, he has more than fifteen thousand original letters from men and women of illustrious name, including every sovereign of England from Henry VII. down to a beautiful private letter from Queen Victoria: Archbishop Cranmer, and all the prelates, whose sign-manual one would ask to see;

Signers. Originals.

John Calvin and Martin Luther, and other Reformers, and a host of great names in church and state, which it would be vain to attempt to repeat. But to an American visitor he exhibits a book of deeper interest than any of these. In a beautiful box he has inclosed a volume, elegantly bound in Turkey morocco and gilt, containing an original letter from each one of the Signers of the Declaration of American Independence, and each one of the successive Presidents of the United States. These are illustrated also with engraved portraits of most of them, making a collection of intense interest to every American. To find such a collection as this in England—and I think it must be the only one extant, unless our friend, Dr. Sprague, has the other—was peculiarly grateful, as a silent but expressive tribute to the founders and fathers of the young Republic, paid by a loyal subject and a warm admirer of England's Queen.

Dr. Raffles showed me also the identical table on which Lord Byron wrote Childe Harold and other poems; and the doctor has put it to a better use in writing many a good sermon on it. The table shuts up, so as to be conveniently stowed away in a carriage, and was Byron's travelling secretary while he was in Italy. Here, too, I saw the original of Montgomery's Pelican Island, the first edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, and many curious preservations of this sort sacred in the eyes of literature.

Liverpool is almost as well known to American readers as one of their own towns, and I shall not trouble them with sketches.

CHAPTER XIX.

FRANCE.

Leaving England—Southampton—Havre—Rouen—Incidents by the Way—Arrive at Paris.

It was at the close of the day, June 22, when I reached Southampton. I walked out on the beach, and saw the spot where Canute planted his chair and ordered the waves of the sea to retire, that he might rebuke his courtiers, who had told him that they would obey his voice. There was time before dark to go to Nettley Abbey, and it was a lovely ride on the sea shore to that old ruin, more imposing, picturesque, and impressive than many others far more celebrated than this. We came back, and that was the last visit we were to make in England. We had paid two-pence apiece for going on the wharf to the steamer with our luggage, and now we paid two-pence again when we returned, and thus had the pleasure of having our pockets picked for pennies up to the very latest moment of our wandering in this mighty kingdom. These little extortions are so mean, compared with the liberal arrangement for travellers in our country, that it is hard even for a good-natured man to keep his temper when he meets them at every turn. You pay to go in, and you pay to go out—you pay to sit down, and you pay to stand up; a man offers

to help you, and then compels you to pay him; and another man gets in your way and hinders you, till you pay him to get rid of him; and this system of plucking travellers is pursued, till you feel that you are in the midst of some of the greatest, richest, meanest of mankind.

But I should be sorry to leave England with such an arrow sticking in its back. No one feels more sensibly than I, how far short of doing justice to that great people these pages have come. There are elements of strength and prosperity in Britain which we have not in America, and I fear never will have; but he will do a good service to his country who fearlessly sets them forth for the reproof of his fellow-countrymen, even if he is abused, and his lessons are rejected with contempt. I respect England, I admire Scotland, I love Ireland more than I did three months ago—far more; and if now, instead of stepping on board this steamer for the Continent, I should return to my own land I so long to see, it would be enough to repay me for this journey, that I have studied Great Britain on her own soil, and have learned to esteem the father-land as I never should, if I had not come to see for myself. And it was with such feelings of gratitude for the kindness I had experienced, and admiration of much that I saw, that I was now leaving her shores.

The "Grand Turk" was the name of the steamer that was to convey us, and we gathered on deck in the stern, and watched the coast of England as long as we could see it: which was not long, for we left at half-

past ten in the evening, and it was raining besides. Our accommodations were none of the best. The steamer made great professions, yet the first class passengers had not even a berth, but had to stretch themselves on the sofas or the floor; and when I was preparing, as usual, to disrobe, the steward told me it was customary for passengers to sleep in their clothes! So I slept in mine, and very well too. Supper was served alongside of my *extempore* bed, and I lay with the glaring lamps in my eyes till after midnight, and then dropped off till morning. I was awakened by a shrill call for the steward. On the opposite side of the cabin, and by a small window, a beautiful boy of twelve or fourteen was sitting up in his bed: I was struck with the transparency of his complexion, and was reminded of another boy, whose face I should be glad to see. He called out again for the steward, and I now saw that the little fellow was deadly sick. Others were also. An epidemic was prevailing, evidently. It was the old complaint of the sea. It was spreading rapidly. The chambermaid was assisting the ladies on deck. Stout men were bowing meekly over their bowls. Yet even in this misery the ruling passion of a selfish man revealed itself. A newspaper was on the table, near where a fierce John Bull was lying in the pangs of sea-sickness. It had been there all night, and I thought I would look it over this morning. I asked the waiter to hand it to me, but the sick and crusty Englishman ordered him to let it alone, saying, "That's my paper." He could not read it, if he would; he would not, if he could:

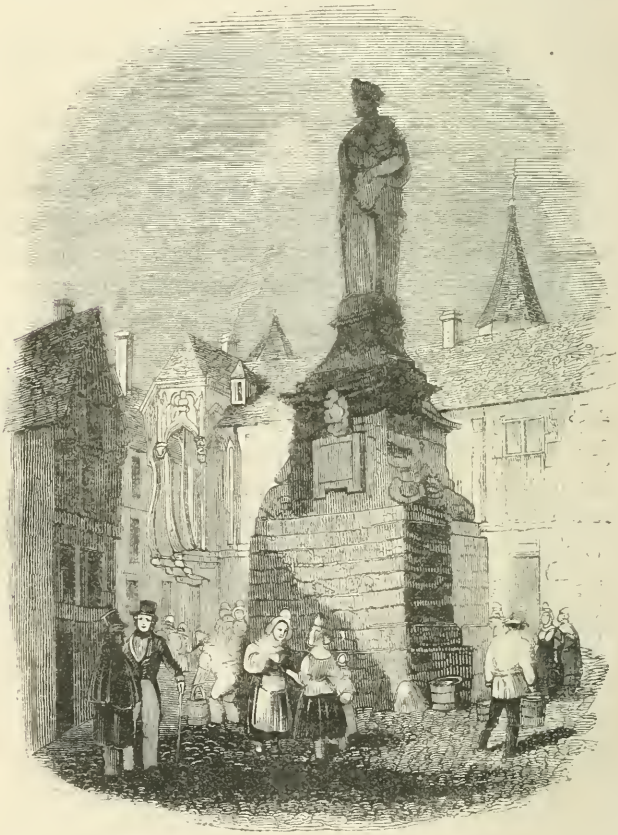
yet he would not let another man look at it on any account. A pleasanter incident occurred the next moment. I saw a gentleman standing in the door of the cabin, whom I judged to be an American. I intimated the same to him. He said it was so, and we exchanged cards, when I found to my surprise and pleasure that he was the Rev. Mr. E., of New York. Such meetings are very refreshing in a foreign land. We had never met at home, but now we were friends and brothers.

In the early morning we saw the shores of France. Of the several routes from London to Paris this is the longest, but on some accounts the best. It enables you to see more of France for less money than any other way, and gives you some pleasant resting-places. We were now coasting along in full sight of land, and were pleased to look for the first time on a new continent. At length the city of Havre appeared, and we ran up to the wharf. The officer of the Customs instantly came on board: our passports were taken from us, our luggage committed to the tender mercies of the French empire, and we were ordered to call at the Custom-house at two, and at the Police Office at four, P. M. A lady in the party had to submit to a personal examination, that it might be ascertained that she had no contraband goods concealed. All these little delays and vexations will yield to the advances of Christian civilization, as the free intercourse of all nations is discovered to be the dictate of universal good brotherhood. We had the most of the day before us, and now set out to see Havre. It

Havre. Flowers. Trimming trees.

is a beautiful city, after you get away from the wharf, and climb the hill, on which the new part of the town is built. The handsome houses of the wealthy people are finely surrounded with trees, and the passion for flowers, so decidedly French, reveals itself at every crook and turn. It is June now, and France is one wide flower-garden. Around the railway stations, before and around every house, in pots in the windows, the whole country is made to smile with these beauties of God's fair world. And when we had seen this city, and had rescued our passports, and had our baggage searched by rough hands, and carelessly pitched back into trunks which we had spent hours in packing, we were enabled at six in the afternoon to set off by rail for Paris. And now this love for the beautiful showed itself, not in flowers only but in the trimming of the trees, and the arrangement of gardens, walks, and forests. Where we would leave a tree to spread itself in all directions, and would admire it more for its size and density of shade, the French trim them in fantastic shapes, or leave them so stripped of their lower limbs, that the view of a landscape is not intercepted, but its general effect is enlivened by the gay and lithe appearance of the tall, leaf-capped trees that are left. And in Havre, as in the country, the people seemed to be as lively as the face of the world around them. We met, as we were riding, a procession of men, women, and children, with banners and badges, and were told that they were out on a strike for wages; but a better-natured set of people it would be hard to find. This was the more

striking in contrast with the English, who do not laugh. It was rare to see a knot of men in lively, merry talk in London. Merry England is a gloomy sort of merry; but the French laugh and dance, and



MONUMENT OF JOAN OF ARC.

take no thought of the morrow—not a bit of it. You see it in the street and the market; you see it in the coffee-room and the garden; you see it in the trees and flowers, that partake of the careless joyousness that fills the air, and inspires the universal heart of France.

ROUEN is the first place of any importance we touched on our route to Paris. But this old town is worth studying a day or two. Joan of Arc was burned here, and a monument to her memory marked the spot where she suffered. The Cathedral and other public buildings repay a visit, but I was in too great haste to see *the* city of Europe. The province of Normandy, through which we are passing, is one of the finest portions of France, and now that the sun is in the west, and these banks of the Seine by which we are rushing are lighted and gilded by his rays, I must say that no scenery in England has filled me with more delight. The peasants are going homeward from their toil, and the cheerful air that pervades them, and the picture before me, produces a charm that I greatly enjoy. Night shut in upon me as I approached Paris, and I had no time to see it before another day.

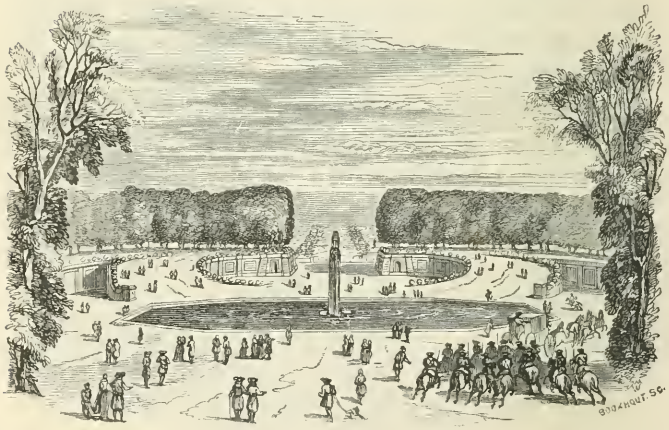
CHAPTER XX.

PARIS.

Place de la Concorde—Napoleon's Tomb—The Emperor and Empress—The Louvre—The Tuileries.

"And on this spot Marie Antoinette was butchered," I said to a young lady with whom I was walking through the Place de la Concorde. She shuddered slightly, and I continued: "Here the guillotine stood, and the thousands of the victims of successive tyrannies poured out their blood like water."

"In this beautiful place?" she asked, incredulously.



GRAND AVENUE OF THE TUILERIES.

"Even here; and the blood ran off in streams, when the savages did not sop it up with their napkins, as too precious to be lost." Now the Obelisk of Luxor, the most beautiful shaft from Egypt, with its mysterious emblems, stands up here; and the many columns around it, and leaping fountains, and the magnificent buildings in sight from it, and the constant roll of splendid equipages through it, and the tide of humanity of every type—from the Emperor and Empress, who ride over it daily, to the wretched beggar who takes his stand at this much frequented spot —make this the most, or certainly one of the most gorgeous places in Europe. Gay, brilliant, beautiful as Paris is, one must know its history to feel the interest which hangs over every spot he crosses, as he wanders through these streets. It fills me with wonder that successive revolutions leave these splendid buildings unharmed, and that institutions of benevolence or of science live right on and flourish, no matter who is king, president, or emperor. That dome in sight from the Place de la Concorde is on the *Hotel des Invalides;* let us walk over there and take a look at it.

It was founded for old soldiers. A man must be sixty years of age to have the right of admission into this asylum for invalided men who have served their country in the field. An old soldier, with the emblems of his honors on him, received us at the gate, and offered to conduct us through. We are in the long galleries of an immense building, in which nearly three thousand men are lodged and fed at the public ex-

pense. The kitchen is a curious place to visit; and the huge vats of soup, the kettles of boiling vegetables, and the mighty joints of meat, are enough to take away a man's appetite for a fortnight. Yet the order, neatness, and comfort that pervade the vast establishment, give you a sense of grateful pleasure that these old fellows are so well cared for after the hardships of a stormy life. We pass through into the chapel, and stand in the presence of the most magnificent monument in Europe. For the first time in centuries the quarries of Paros were opened by special permission, that the French government might take away marble to make the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, who desired "to sleep on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people." These words are inscribed upon the front of the tomb, and are eloquent of Napoleon's love for the French.

How well they return it! His name has a charm for every Frenchman's ear. The Emperor now on the throne is the only man in the world who owes his position and power to the mere prestige of a name. He is the nephew of his uncle, that's all. But when the name had made him President, he showed that he had more stamina than the world had given him credit for. He took the sceptre and the sword together; and has displayed a degree of coolness, prudence, and energy altogether unexpected.

I saw him frequently while in Paris, and in circumstances to try his nerves. In the Carnival season, for three days the famous *fete* of the *Bœuf Gras* is celebrated. A troop of excited people march the streets

with a car, on which are mounted old men dressed as Druids, and a score of young and handsome women; banners of strange devices are hung out, and masked men in all shapes and forms mingle in the procession. A fat ox, covered with garlands of flowers and gay ribbons, is led along, and appears to be the object of universal attention. The whole city turns out to see the spectacle. My windows were in great demand, for the accommodation of ladies who wished to get a sight of it. The procession comes to a halt before the mansion of each of the chief officers of the city and the state, and these functionaries are expected to present themselves, to be looked at and cheered, if the people are disposed to pay them honor. On the last day, the procession calls upon the Emperor. I plunged into the crowd in the great quadrangle of the Tuileries, where at least fifty thousand men were now standing and waiting for the monarch to make his appearance. Presently he appeared, with the Empress by his side, and stood in the balcony over the central door of the palace. He is better looking than his portraits. The Empress is very pretty — not queenly, but lovely. They were received with faint cheers, and then stood bowing to the people, and responding to an occasional shout that went up from those immediately below them. For the better part of an hour they kept their positions in full view of this multitude; and the remarks of those who were near me, showed plainly what thoughts were passing in the minds of the people.

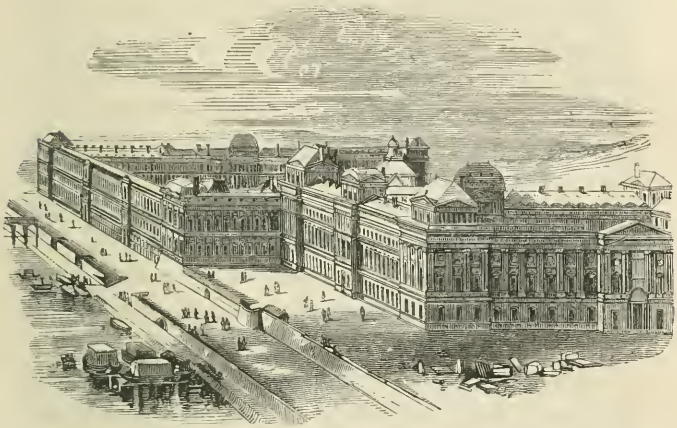
"How easy to shoot him," said one, who looked as if he would be pleased to do it.

Not afraid. Adorns the city.

"He is a brave man," remarked another. And that is very true; and in that fact lies his strength. If he should show the least signs of fear, it would soon be all over with him. Hence he mingles daily and freely with the masses; walks among the workmen who are carrying out his magnificent designs for the embellishment of the city; appears at the opera, and never disappoints a public expectation of his presence. At any one of these appearances, especially when the crowds line the streets through which his carriage is expected to pass at a certain hour, it would be comparatively an easy task to put a bullet through him; but he lives, and bids fairer to live than when he came to the throne.

Brilliant and beautiful as this city is, it is to be indebted to the present emperor for most substantial improvements and splendid embellishments. With a remarkable foresight, evincing admirable policy as well as energy, when famine was threatening the working classes, and laborers had a prospect of being thrown out of employment, he conceived the plan of widening and straightening some of the principal streets, enlarging and beautifying the public buildings; thus giving employment to multitudes who would otherwise be idle, while the pride of the Parisians—their great weakness—is tickled with the improvements constantly going on. With all their clamor about "liberty and equality" the French do love a splendid court, a splendid city, a splendid government. A plain republic is not to their taste. They chafe in the traces when they attempt to pull all together.

We are in the rear of the palace of the Tuileries. A private entrance connects it with the *Louvre*, but



PERSPECTIVE OF THE LOUVRE.

that is for royalty only. If you please, we will enter the *Louvre*, and spend a few hours among its pictures and statuary. But it will be weeks before you will become familiar with the countless works of art which are stored in this wonderful museum. Hour after hour we wander through the successive chambers; the polished floors are difficult to tread, and we become more easily tired on that account. Every department of art is represented. The pictures are arranged in three schools, and the most of them were gathered by Napoleon, who did not hesitate, when a city fell into his power, to seize the choicest paintings it contained, and send them home to adorn this pal-

ace of art. When in turn his Paris fell into the hands of his conquerors, they stripped these walls of many of his plundered treasures, and returned them to their rightful owners. There are no vacant places now. Others have been added from time to time, by purchase, and it is now one of the largest, though far from being one of the most precious, collections of paintings. As it is the first great gallery of art which the traveller encounters, he is the more amazed as he walks through these halls and admires the genius and industry revealed in the stupendous works of the old masters, whose power he begins to appreciate, while his own ignorance of art appears in the presence of these unexpected treasures.

Then he visits the chambers of Greek and Roman, Egyptian, Assyrian, and American antiquities, and the dead past becomes the living present. Or he walks through the halls of design, or ascends to the chamber devoted to naval models—a marine museum—or he goes down into the halls of ancient and of modern sculpture; and wherever he walks or rests, he finds himself in a mighty repository, that would repay him for the study of years.

We may go through the palace of the Tuileries; for on coming to Paris, the first business a thoughtful traveller attends to, is to write the Department of State, and get cards of admission to all the palaces and places that would otherwise be closed against him. We have such a card, and shall enter. How many strange and fearful scenes, as well as brilliant spectacles, have been witnessed in these walls! The

gayest courts have reveled here, and the mob again and again have filled it with violence and blood. It has been a hospital for wounded soldiers, and the Republic determined to make it an asylum for invalid workmen. It is fresh in our memory when Louis Philippe and his family fled from these splendid halls, and the mob rushed in and feasted in its banquet-rooms, and emptied its wine vaults. Marie Antoinette reigned in the apartments where we are passing. We go through the private library of Louis Philippe, and into the royal bedchambers, and through numerous apartments into the chamber where Louis XVIII. died, and thence onward to the throne room. On a platform, raised one or two steps, is a chair, with the initials of the Emperor wrought upon it in gold. The throne of Louis Philippe was pitched out of the window and burned in the Place de la Bastille. Then comes the ball-room, 140 feet long, the scene of as much gayety in the present reign as in any former period of its splendor. Standing in the front central window, we look away through the gardens of the Tuileries, across the Champs de Mars, over the obelisk of Luxor, till the splendid view is arrested at the triumphal Arc de l'Etoile. Probably a more magnificent sight of splendid edifices and public buildings, ornamented grounds, statues and monuments, is not to be had from the windows of any palace in Europe. Yet one feels, as he looks out upon its beauty, blooming under the skies of peace, that a single year may behold the same convulsions which have so often shaken Paris to its centre. Uneasy is the head on

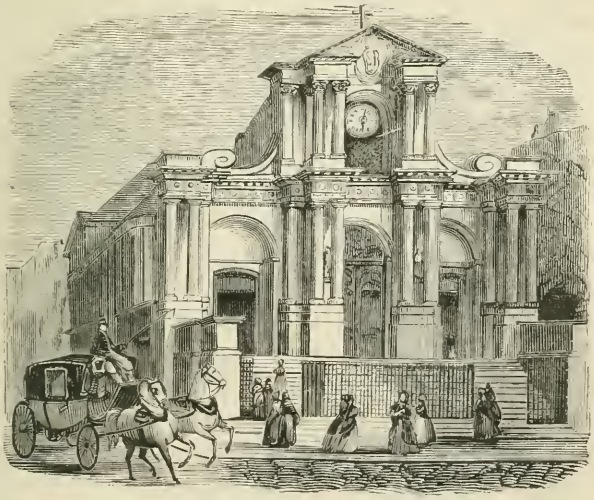
which now rests the imperial crown. I was told by those who have the means of knowing, that the Emperor fully calculates upon a sudden and violent death, and has made all necessary arrangements for the tranquillity of France upon the occurrence of such an event. The life of Napoleon III., when finished, promises to be quite as much like a romance as that of Napoleon I. In 1840, he landed at Boulogne, a mere adventurer, and made a miserable failure in his hair-brained expedition. In 1854, he is at Boulogne, reviewing a mighty army of 100,000 men, himself the object of almost universal homage. Twenty years ago, he was a wanderer and a profligate in strange cities, borrowing a few shillings, and forgetting to pay. Now he entertains kings at his table, and outstrips the splendor of Eastern princes in the luxury of his living.

CHAPTER XXI.

PARIS.

A Sunday in Paris—The Madeleine—San Roche—The Service—Music—Preaching—Worshippers—Paris out of Doors on Sunday.

THERE are more splendid churches in Paris than St. Roche, but not one in which a more imposing service is performed on Sunday and other high days. The Pantheon is a gorgeous temple, where Art has



CHURCH OF ST. ROCHE.

exhausted her skill in adorning a house for the living to pray in, and the dead to be prayed for in. The Madeleine is a Grecian temple of magnificent proportions, and surrounded, on its four sides, by such a row of columns as I did not think to find this side of Athens. Within, it is all but dazzling in the gilded glory of its vaulted roof, and the splendor of its decorations. But St. Roche is one of the most venerable in Paris. It was exposed to the cannons of Napoleon in the days of his power. Though other churches surpass it in their architecture and appointments, this one stands alone in the magnificence of its service, the style of its music, and the supposed efficacy of its prayers.

It is near my lodgings; and at ten o'clock in the morning, I entered, with many others, who were already thronging its gates. An old man near the door offered a brush with holy water, for me to touch: I had washed before going to church, and had no occasion for it. But I was in a large cathedral-like edifice; and Notre Dame, which I had visited the day before, was not more imposing. Many private chapels were along the walls, with a confessional in each, and pictures and statuary, some well worthy of being studied. In marble, the treachery of Judas was well done; the face of Judas, about to kiss the Saviour, was full of the expression that might mark such a wretch as he who would kiss to destroy. I paused at a grand picture of Christ raising the daughter of Jairus: the flesh tints were so true to nature—the serenity of Him who was speaking to the heart of a

sweet girl, on whose pale face the first gleam of life was dawning—the joy of the fond mother were so exquisitely rendered, that I lost myself for a few moments, and then turned to the living and moving scene before me. A great multitude were in the body of the church, before the altar. Some were kneeling on the stone floor in front, but far from the altar; many were in the private chapels, bowing down to the images and pictures there; counting over their beads, as they said their silent prayers. I walked down the centre, and as near to the chancel as I could get, in the vain hope of hearing something that was uttered by the priests. The chairs had, some of them, the names of their owners marked upon them—the seat could be turned up on a hinge, and another place was thus made for the knees. I took a chair, and paid two sous for it, and sat down. Those who did not pay for seats, were standing around in great numbers.—The priests, in their gorgeous robes, were before the altar, with their backs to the people—kneeling, rising, bowing, sitting, as the order of the service required. Every one of them who passed before the altar, paused and made a formal bow. A man in military dress, cap, and sword, with a pike-staff in his hand, marched about, often striking the

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floor heavily with his staff, and acting as master of ceremonies. Half a score of little boys, in white gowns, were busy at the service, some swinging silver censers with burning incense, and skillfully catching them as they came down. The smoke went up in front of the altar, and the fragrance pervaded the temple. Some of them held the priests' flowing robes as they moved, or raised them carefully as they sat down, and flew about like little spirits clad in white. The service was read by the priests in that sing-song tone called *intoning*, which our hermaphrodite Catholics, the Puseyites, try to imitate, and make such a ridiculous affair of it, as all imitations are. It would have been unintelligible in English, and was worse in Latin. Suddenly, in the midst of it, the people began to move up to the altar, a row of sixty or seventy women, not one man among them, unless you count a boy of sixteen. They knelt at the feet of the priests; one held a golden plate beneath the chin of each woman, while another laid a consecrated wafer on her tongue. The plate would catch the crumbs that might fall; and as each crumb is blasphemously called the body of God Almighty, it would be a horrid profanation to suffer one to drop on the ground. When this was over, the morning service was ended, but High Mass was yet to be celebrated. In the interval I walked further into the church. Behind the chief altar, in the extreme rear of the church, I saw an open door, and ventured in, with a bow to one of the vergers, who bade me enter. I was never in a place that filled me so suddenly with awe. In

the midst of the chapel which I was now standing in, a congregation of silent worshippers were on their knees: not a word was uttered, till a single priest, in a mournful wail, poured out the lamentation as of a broken heart, and then the people answered with a sad *Amen*. On one side of the chapel a marble statue of the dying Saviour hung on a cross of wood, of the full size of the real crucifixion scene, and these were raised upon the hill of Calvary, and great rocks were burst asunder at its foot.

Hard by, another group in marble were laying the dead body of Jesus in a new tomb, hewn out of a solid rock in which no man had lain. The prayers of penitential grief, not a word of which could I catch to understand, broke so tenderly in their tones upon my soul, that I was melted into tears.

I returned to the church where mass was to be celebrated. A larger congregation than before was assembled. The vergers, the white-clad boys, the gorgeous priests, preceded by the choir and the officer with his sword, formed a procession, marched from the altar, and made the whole circuit of the church, slowly and solemnly. Just as they reached the altar again, a voice in the far distant orchestra near the organ, like the voice of a female singer of the finest mould, and silver sweetness, came on the ear as a seraph might sing who had lost her way, and was longing to get back to heaven. It was startling first, and then I longed for it to prolong the single strain that died almost as soon as it was born. It came stealing in upon my senses, thrilling along my nerves, and nest-

ling somewhere in my heart, with a strange mingling of pleasure and of grief. And then when the last of those sad notes had ceased, the full choir in one grand gush of melody, in tones of triumphant majesty, caught up the song, as if the grave was bursting, and the Son of God was coming forth: but this was only to stir the heart for a moment, ere the waves of penitential sorrow swept over it again, and the desponding, crushed, and aching soul cried out, "All thy billows have gone over me."

A priest now ascended the pulpit, in the body of the church, a splendid picture of the Saviour hanging over it, and delivered a sermon in the French language, of which I understood but little. His animated manner, graceful gesticulation, plaintive tones, the pathos which he threw into it, touched me, strange as was the tongue in which he spoke. Again we turned to the altar, and after an anthem, two boys came by, bearing on their shoulders a table with three flat cakes of bread upon it, and wax candles burning. In front of the altar they presented them to the priests, who gave each of the boys a silver plate to kiss, wiping the plate with a napkin after each had kissed it. The boys then swung their golden censers high in air, the choir broke out in their loftiest strains, the priest raised the host or sacrifice above his head, and soon the boys came around again with baskets of the bread cut up into small pieces, of which each person took one piece, and some took a handful. And when these ceremonies had been completed, with far more minutiæ than I have mentioned, the service

was over. The attention of the people was profound and solemn. Some were greatly affected. A young lady sitting and kneeling near me, genteel in dress and manner, sobbed and shook as if stirred with some strong passion, and all gave signs of serious meditation on the scene that passed before them. This was Paris at church; Paris at prayer; Paris on its knees. Let us see how long Paris weeps before the altar.

Returning from the restaurant where I dine, I came through the garden of the *Tuileries*, the *Place de la Concorde*, and into the *Champs Elysées*, and saw Paris keeping Sunday afternoon. Paris has no Sabbath, but Sunday is the greatest day of the week; and as the Christian loves it more than any day, so does the Parisian love the Sunday the gayest of the seven. You can not see Paris out of doors on any other day. True, the shops are not closed in the morning, and many work all day. Some were painting houses, digging trenches, buying and selling as usual, but there must be thousands who do not *work* on that day, for the streets, gardens, parks, palaces of pleasure, and all places of amusement, are thronged with votaries more devout in their worship than those I met at St. Roche this morning. The Champs Elysées is a vast plain, with avenues shaded with trees, and called the Elysian Fields, with that truly French idea that heaven is a place of perpetual amusement. Here every imaginable species of entertainment is going forward; booths, tents, canopies, and neat sheds being fitted up; some open, and those who enter pay

or not; some closed, and a few sous open the door; here is the Empress' Circus, and there is a theatre; and what is more attractive than either, a *Café* concert—a free concert, on a plan quite unknown in our free country. The proprietor of a *Café*, or coffee-house, erects a splendid pavilion with a stage in front; garnished with mirrors, and decked with curtains and flowers. On this platform sit four or five finely-dressed young women, and on a seat raised above them, one more beautiful than the rest, as queen of the hour. The orchestra sit at their feet below the stage. A large space in front, railed off, is filled with chairs and little tables, and a thousand people are sitting there, and eating or drinking whatever they have ordered; and the pay for this is the pay for the concert, which these girls are giving. A greater crowd is standing outside the rail, to catch the songs that are poured out freely for them, as well as for those who pay. In the intervals of the concert the presiding genius descends from her throne, and with a basket in her hand, goes about among the multitude and gathers the bits of silver or copper they might be pleased to drop in, and, of course, being joked by the gay young fellows, who would have a laugh with her as they gave her a trifle for her songs. And this is one chapter of life in Paris. Other chapters are opened all around—the Punch and Judy and dancing Jacks, the swings and circular rides on wooden horses, the pantomimes, and harlequins, and fortune-telling; gambling for candies, fiddling, and fun of all sorts, too numerous to mention, and much of it too silly to see.

Poor Paris! you will laugh and grow fat; I fear you will laugh and be damned.

But I ought to say that I saw no man or woman drunk, heard no boisterous laugh, not an angry word, saw no indecent action, or improper look, but a happier, gentler crowd of amused and merry people I never did see in all my life, and wish never to see on Sunday again.

In a little room, near the Madeleine, I found what is called the Wesleyan chapel, where a hundred and perhaps a few more were assembled to worship God, and to hear his word in the English tongue. The preacher, not the stated minister, was very dull, and the service cold, and the audience retired with impressions of regret that they had received so little instruction, and of the pleasure that in a foreign land a band of brethren had been allowed to meet around a common altar, and worship God in their own tongue. It is greatly desired that an American chapel should be opened and maintained in Paris. On subsequent Sabbaths I heard the Coquerels, father and son; the Monods, brothers, both of them able and eloquent preachers. So is Mr. Grand Pierre. These pastors devote one evening of each week to the reception of friends. At these social and delightful re-unions one meets Christian and intelligent persons from various lands, and forms acquaintances it is pleasant to cherish afterward. A very simple repast and a word of prayer brought the assemblies to a close.

CHAPTER XXII.

PARIS.

Sights in Paris—The Jardin Mabile—The Children's Ball—The Bal Masque—Academy of Science—Hotel Dieu—The Morgue.

PARIS is a city of sights, and I saw the most of them. Murray, in his "Hand-book" of France, omits Paris altogether—as the manager omitted the part of Hamlet from the play of Hamlet—so shall I pass over Paris, on which many a book has been made, and more will be. I do not promise not to add to their number hereafter.

I was here in the summer, and again in winter. At both seasons I found Paris dancing. The French have a passion for it; and to see Paris without seeing the dancing, is to see that play of Hamlet with its principal part left out "by special request."

The *Jardin Mabile* is one of several summer gardens opened for music and dancing in the open air; the price of admission varies according to the evening, and females are always admitted free. Nothing in Europe is more Oriental in its magnificence than the fitting up of this and the other gardens of Paris. As you enter late in the evening, you are instantly in the midst of arbored walks, and among beds of flowers brilliantly illuminated with gas lights, which are led along the shrubbery, up into the trees, and even in

the ground, so as to be lighted near the surface, and reveal the beauties of the flowers that are blooming there. These winding walks conduct you to the central area, where a great pavilion is erected for the orchestra, composed of some fifty performers on various instruments, discoursing the liveliest and stirring airs. Around the pavilion the earth is hard and smooth—a perfect floor for dancing—and the moment when the music begins two or three couple, and soon others, enter the circle and dance. The greatest freedom in choosing partners is allowed: those who never saw each other before are now whirling in the polka or waltz, in such embraces as no society but that of France and the fashionable circles of New York would allow. The passion is contagious. Parties rush into the gay circle, and are swept along in the giddy maze, intoxicated with the excitement of the hour, and drowning in this semblance of pleasure the thoughts of sorrow that labor or sin has planted in the soul. Not one of those fair creatures but is frail and lost. They came for the maddening pleasure of this gay scene; and these thousands looking on here come, as I did, to see how a ruined heart can beat below a smiling brow. Now walk away from the dancing-ground, and wander among the little bowers: each one of them has a seat where you may sit with your friend and converse in the soft summer evening—by the light of the moon, if that is shining, or by the softer light that is diffused among the foliage so gently that you can scarcely tell whence it comes. All this entertainment is so strictly watched and guarded by

the police, that nothing meets the eye to offend; the greatest propriety of dress and manner is required; and a stranger, who had not been told the mysteries of the place, would suppose that he was in the midst of a gay and splendid party of friends, who had met to spend an evening in this peculiarly French amusement. It is French. If the government should shut up these places, there would be a revolution in a week. Paris must dance, if it does not dine. The people will have music, if they have not bread.

What a strange, inconsistent, unaccountable people these Parisians are! Looking through the picture-galleries of the Luxembourg palace, and the Louvre, and Fontainebleau, and Versailles, I was struck with this fact, that so many of the paintings—glorious as they are, life-like, and all but living and breathing—are scenes of lust or of blood. The French love to look at women, and they love to fight. What is the principle that reconciles the tastes? Was it always so with a chivalrous people? and is French love of glory worthy of the name of chivalry?

In the winter, or rather in the month of March, for it was in the last days of the Carnival, I was in Paris, and attended a children's ball: decidedly the most intensely French of any thing I saw in France. It was given in the Jardin d'Iver, a winter garden, a Crystal Palace, where tropical plants and flowers and the genial warmth impart a summer feeling to the place, and make it a charming resort.

In the centre of the palace an arena is floored, and vast enough for a thousand children to wander and

play in. From the sides of this area seats for spectators rise, and the plants and trees of the garden stand among the seats and extend back to the crystal walls. When I reached the gates, a long line of carriages was discharging their precious burdens: elegantly dressed children, with their governess or mamma, and in such haste that it was difficult to keep the little ones from rushing into the crowd and out of the reach of their protectors. I entered, and they were now pouring down in gay and beautiful troops upon the floor, their guardians accompanying them to the door of the arena, and there being obliged to leave them, as none but the young people could intrude upon that ground. The children ranged in ages from three to sixteen. They were of the first families, and dressed in the most elegant yet tasteful style. Some of them were in the costume of the last century—children in the dress of their grandparents, with powdered hair and patches on their rosy cheeks; the boys in short breeches and broad-tailed coats, yet all in the handsomest patterns and colors. For half an hour they promenaded in couples, and although they had no one to give them any instructions, they went at it as orderly and politely as if they were men and women grown. Introductions would be given with perfect gravity and easy politeness. Gradually the great mass of little folks became amalgamated, and the performances of the day were ready to begin.

A large orchestra in attendance struck up lively music, and instantly the company seized their respective partners, and the dancing commenced. Then

followed the liveliest, laughablest, and prettiest scene that I ever saw among the children. It was a burlesque on balls. It was the folly of dancing illustrated. It was child's play, and seemed just fit for that. Little girls and boys, certainly not more than three, and some said not more than two and a half years old, would go through the motions with profound propriety, holding to one another, and jumping as well as they could, as if unconscious that a thousand others were around them, and two or three thousand looking at them. The larger children had, of course, been taught to dance, and to them this was a great day to show off their airs, in the presence of the fashion and beauty of Paris.

The change of the music was instantly seen in the movement of the gay young multitude. And when it ceased, they dissolved into their several parties, marching and counter-marching, in the easiest and most agreeable manner conceivable, the gayest party that could be found that day in the Emperor's dominions.

Their parents and friends, sitting among the broad-leafed plants and orange-trees, seemed to be quite as much pleased as their children. A fine passage in the dance was applauded with great glee. The fond mother was pointing out to a group of friends her own dear child on the floor. Others received the compliments of their acquaintances on the beauty and grace of their children; and all appeared to enter into the occasion with the greatest zest, thinking it—as I presume it was, for young and old—one of the proudest days of their lives. What can be expected of a peo-

ple thus trained, but that they will be frivolous, thoughtless, vain, and dissipated? What kind of women will these girls make, who are taught to seek distinction in such a scene? The greatest need of France is *mothers*—as much now as ever; and the prospect is not promising that France will have them soon.

I saw the bills posted for a *Children's Theatre*, and was told that they are attended by great crowds, the performances being given in the early part of the evening, that the nurses, with their infantile charges, may get home in season for bed. The little folks ought to have some rest, and must not be kept out too late.

The masked balls of Paris are described as the most picturesque and extraordinary of any of the night-scenes of Paris. As they are usually given on Saturday nights, and the dancing does not commence till midnight, those who have scruples of conscience on the matter of holy time will not attend to see what is to be seen, even if their scruples did not hinder them from going at any other time. A gentleman, who was present at the grand *Bal Masque* at the close of the Carnival, describes the scene:

"It was given in the Opera-house, the pit being floored over, making an arena for dancing for three or four thousand persons. The boxes are appropriated to spectators. Every conceivable character in the line of the ludicrous was exhibited by the men, and the gayest and frailest costumes imaginable were worn by the women. Men dressed as women, and women as men; and some, in imitation of animals,

with horns and feathers, would come suddenly upon the floor, and be received with shouts of laughter, and mingle in the dance. Hundreds of the women were dressed in loose silk pantaloons, and a looser linen waist, so as to have the greatest possible freedom of action on the floor. And when the exciting strains of music summoned them to the work, a scene of bewilderment and revelry ensued that no pen of mine can essay to paint. The most extravagant figures were attempted, but no prescribed extravagance was sufficient for the frenzy of the actors in this extraordinary scene. They leaped, they whirled, they embraced, they raved in the wildness of the hour, as if they had lost all reason, and were now let loose to play the fool with thousands like themselves. After half an hour of the most violent and outlandish dancing, the whole company would promenade, and this was the time for the amusement of the masks with each other. The men wore none, except those who were dressed in some *outre* style, and the women had usually but a piece of black silk covering half the face, and this they were soon quite willing to drop, especially if they were handsome. The excitement increased as the night wore on. Madder and more mad appeared the dancers. The rooms for refreshments were crowded with men and women, who sought in strong drink the means of recruiting their failing strength. This was fuel to the flame. The restraints of decency became weaker, and then followed scenes more like pandemonium than any thing earthly ought to parallel."

The writer goes on to detail what he saw on the floor and behind the scenes; but I am willing to stop here. Such sights must be described to give the reader an idea of life in Paris. This was low life; but it was to the taste of hundreds of thousands of Parisians.

It will be a sudden transition from a bal masque to a hospital, from life to death, from all gayety to all misery, from the extreme of brilliant revelry to the extreme of human suffering. But the contrast will do us good. I suppose that all the women we have seen at the Jardin Mabile, and all who were at this masked ball, are bad women; and "the ways of them are the ways of death: their steps take hold on hell."

It was my good fortune in Paris to meet Dr. Adams, a physician from New York, who has spent some years in this city, is familiar with its men, and has access to all its walks of science and benevolence. He was so kind as to conduct me to the Academy of Sciences, of which Arago was late the Secretary; and here I had the pleasure of seeing a large number of the most eminent and learned men of France, and to hear them in earnest discussion on the subjects of their investigation. Charles Bonaparte, great in Ornithology, read a paper on birds. Biot, the Naturalist; Sevres, distinguished in Comparative Anatomy; Coste, who afterward showed me his success in artificial fish-breeding; Velpeau, the surgeon, and many others, were present, and took part in the debates. I waited some time for Leverrier, but he did not appear. This Academy meets once a week,

and devote themselves with enthusiasm to the advancement of human knowledge. Their meetings are open to all who are suitably introduced; and a stranger is courteously received. Dr. Adams made an appointment with Dr. Jubert, the surgeon of the Emperor, to attend with me at the *Hotel Dieu*, the oldest and most important hospital of Paris. We met him the next morning at eight o'clock, and went the rounds of the wards, observing the admirable arrangements of the hospital, the skill of the surgeon, and the sufferings of the patients. After the rounds had been completed, the patients who had been marked for surgical operations were brought into the room, where the table and instruments were ready. The first was a girl of fifteen. One of her limbs was to be cauterized with a hot iron. Chloroform was administered, but it had no effect whatever; and in the midst of her screams, which pierced my unaccustomed heart, the operation was performed, and the poor frail thing was put back to die, I doubt not, for her nervous system would hardly survive the shock. Then followed other cases which I will not describe—they are not fit to be described—though a young lady, studying surgery, stood by my side and looked on admiringly, while I grew sick, and was obliged to retire. But I was soon in a more awful place than this. My young friends who were with me, and had enough of this, were glad to escape; and we called a carriage to hasten back to our lodgings to breakfast, for all this had been seen on an empty stomach. We rode on but a short distance, when the coachman asked if we

would look in at the *Morgue*. I had heard of it so often, and was so familiar with its object, that I wonder at myself for wishing to stop. There is a strange propensity in human nature to run after that which reason and taste condemn; and I confess I should think better of a man who refuses to look into such a place as this. It was not a large building, but square-built and strong. A number of people were around it, and a throng was in it when I entered. They were all silent, as Frenchmen rarely are, and there was no laughing. It might be a funeral; but it was not, though dead men were there. The house had only two rooms in it, and a glass partition between them. A hundred living men were in one of them, four dead men in the other. The dead were naked, stretched upon inclined slabs, with their forms and faces in full view of the gazing throng. They were put there to be seen; if perchance any one might recognize them, and claim them as their friends. They had been found dead in the streets, or in the river; and being unknown, were thus publicly exposed for recognition. The clothes of each were hung at his head. And there they lay in their ghastliness, telling an awful tale, and asking every one, "Do you know me, sir?" One of them had been murdered. His head was broken in, as with a hatchet; and though his wounds had been washed, and his face patched up as well as it could be, he lay there a murdered man; a hideous, painful spectacle. The next had received a blow on one eye, which was swollen and bloodshot; and perhaps he had fallen

into the river and perished there. The third was the most digusting sight I ever looked on. The largest framed of the group, he had been lying in the water till he was swollen to twice the size of an ordinary man. The work of corruption had already begun, and recognition, in his case, would be impossible. He was a dead man; but who, or what he was when living, it would be vain to conjecture. The fourth was sleeping quietly, as one would wish to sleep in death. No feature was disturbed; a fine, classic, rather a handsome face of a young man, with thick, black hair, now strongly contrasted with the white marble of his smooth brow, was turned toward me, and I studied it with the thought, "I have seen you before." What could be the fascination of this scene? I do not look at the dead, even at the burial of my friends. The memories of life and loveliness I cherish, and dread the association of a coffin and a shroud. But I was chained here, and walked up and down this horrid den, looking at one and another of the corpses, till again I was sick, and had to go into the air. About three hundred are thus exposed every year; of whom one-fifth are women. I believe the practice of thus publicly exposing the unknown dead is peculiar to Paris. It has some points to commend it, one of which is, that it must deter women from suicide. But the custom is a horrid one.

This was enough for one morning, and I hurried on to my lodgings and a cup of coffee.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BELGIUM.

Leave Paris—Amiens—Douay—Mons—Hal—Arrive at Brussels—Field of Waterloo.

I SPENT a month in Paris and about it. Six months would not exhaust it. We went out to Fontainebleau, and to Versailles, and St. Denis, and St. Cloud—visited all the palaces and churches, and saw the reviews of troops, the museums, and Jardin des Plantes, and a hundred other things which go to make up this great, brilliant, beautiful city, where the world lives faster, and shines as it does in no other.

Yet I quitted Paris with very little regret. It never had my heart for a moment. It has no heart of its own. Like its great cemetery, Pere la Chaise, it is a whited sepulchre. Men of mere pleasure will find more to amuse them in Paris than elsewhere, but who lives for pleasure only? Let us leave Paris to the pleasure-hunter, and explore the Continent.

On one of the hottest days in July we left Paris by rail for Brussels. We might have found enough to repay us for a visit of a day or two at Amiens, and I have regretted that we followed the bad example of so many others, and passed its glorious cathedral without giving it even a passing glance. There is

little else of interest on the way. The fortified towns were new because they were old. Douay was associated with the Bible which, made of little effect as it is by its notes, the people who made it are still so afraid to circulate. At Valenciennes, the last station in France, our passports were called for, that it might be seen if we had a right to quit the Empire; and as this permission had been graciously granted us by the police at Paris, and duly certified on our passports, we were allowed to pass. The same farce was performed at Quiverain, a little place a few miles on, where we entered the Belgium kingdom, and his majesty's officers called upon us for our papers again, and also overhauled our baggage. These petty annoyances are a part of the penalty a man pays for travelling, and there is no need of being put out of humor by them. A smile and a pleasant word make the process short, and no charge is made. Mons would have paid for a visit of an hour, to see its fortifications and the battle-fields that lie about it. Strange that we should live to look at fields thus stained, while peace makes no meadow memorable for a day. At Hal, I saw the first of the thousand canals which have since been in my eye all over this country, and strange to say, at least a hundred and fifty men and boys were bathing in it. The tow-path was the evening promenade, and the odd mixture of swimmers and walkers was amusing. But I was coming into a new world, certainly. In the church of Notre Dame in this little village, is an image of the Virgin, that is said to work miracles, and one of the greatest of these was catching thirty-

three cannon-balls in her apron, when the town was bombarded. It was a nice operation that, and the priests very wisely keep the balls, and the apron which must have been very stout. Like Holland, the country here is flat, and as we drew nigh to Brussels, an avenue of trees, with a railway, a carriage path, and a canal in the midst of them, made a magnificent approach to the brilliant capital of Belgium. We were soon on the top of an omnibus, winding our way through the most crooked streets and lanes, with well-built houses, but so strangely huddled together, and with so little regard to right lines, it was a wonder any one could find his way home.

We did not wait the next morning to survey the city, for the day was fine, and we would improve it by making an excursion to Waterloo. It lies about ten miles east of Brussels, and may be reached by stages which run out daily, or a party may hire a coach, as we did, for about the same money. A splendid carriage, fit for a king, was the one which was at the door for us, and we rolled away through the streets, and out on the Boulevards of the city, through the gate, and were soon in the midst of the country, regaled by the new mown hay, which loaded the air with its odors. By the side of the forest, which still remains, we were delighted with the ride, as the cool shades refreshed us, and the driver pointed to spots made memorable by events that have since become a part of the world's history. Begging is a business that thrives all over Europe, and now we met it in a new phase: boys and girls would leave the cottages

by the wayside, and run by the side of the carriage, displaying various antics for the amusement of the traveller, and looking for coppers to be thrown to them. I usually selected the feeblest little girl in the group, and giving her a wink to drop behind the rest, dropped her the coin. Then a blind man led by a boy, or an imitation old soldier, or a deformed woman, would put up a plea, and it was hard to go even to a battle-field through such an army of beggars. As we were approaching the village we were beset by the guides, and were fortunate in finding one who did not profess to have been in the great battle; but he stood at a respectful distance, and saw the whole affair, so that he knew far better than those who were actors on the field what part each one had taken. He had recently pointed out to a general officer the very spot on which he was planted, though the officer himself knew nothing of his position! This was very sensible, and we took the old man into the carriage, and bade him tell the story of the day. He was to have a dollar if he told it well. He began at the entrance of the village of Waterloo. Here is the little tavern where Wellington had lodged before the battle. His headquarters were at Brussels, and he heard the news that the French were advancing about three in the afternoon. He and his principal officers were to attend the Duchess of Richmond's ball that evening; and he thought it prudent, to prevent alarm in the city, that they should go, as if nothing was in the wind. He left at twelve, his officers retired earlier; and before morning all the divisions of the army had broken up

Horse eating bread. Triumphal mound.

their encampment, and were under march to meet the foe. The poetry of Byron on the surprise of the British in the gay scene of the ball-room, is only poetry. In the little church we are now passing a great many neat monuments are put up, to the memory of distinguished men who fell on the field, some of whom were buried here, and some were carried away. Just after passing the church we stopped for refreshments, and the driver fed his horses with a loaf of bread, cutting it in slices, and giving it to them as you would to children. This was a novelty to me, and I ate a piece by way of testing the fare. It was a coarse, sour bread, and fit for horses only. We are now in the village of Mont St. Jean, and are passing out into a plain, open country. The monuments we have reached are to the memory of Colonel Gordon, and of the officers of the German Legion who fell on this spot. And now we have come to the triumphal mound, surmounted by a colossal lion, on a pedestal, surveying the field. Beneath this hill—at once a trophy and a tomb—the bones of the slain are buried, friend and foe together. It is a mighty tomb, at least 600 feet across its base, and 200 feet high. Rude steps in the sod permit the ascent to the summit; and sitting down on the granite base of the lion's throne, you have an uninterrupted view of the field of Waterloo. The first thought that strikes the beholder is, that the field was made for the battle of nations; a plain wide as the eye can see—like the ocean view it is bounded by the horizon—lies at your feet. When it was the scene of action the country all

around it was covered with forest, and here this great arena opened, and armies entered to contend for—it would be hard to say what—but certainly for victory. We are sitting now over the spot where the hardest fighting was done, and it was selected as the fitting place for the monumental pile. At our right the Duke of Wellington stood during the early part of the battle, and off there in front of us, where those men are at work, Napoleon issued his orders. That farm-house is the far-famed *La Haye Sainte*, where so many deeds of blood, and therefore of glory, were done: where one man killed nine, and was then slain; and his grave is there. Half a mile south, is the Chateau of *Hougoument*, so hotly contested, so often lost and won, and on whose possession the fate of the day is said to have hung. It shows the marks of the conflict to this hour. The guide was standing a little below me on the mound, and leaning on my knee as he related scene after scene of that dreadful day; and though I had as little enthusiasm in the contemplation of a battle-field as almost any man could have, I confess that he drew tears from my eyes as he waved his hand, and in broken English told of the carnage which that field had seen. He was not an admirer of the English. Decidedly he took the French side, when he fought the battle over for us—and he was not long in showing us that, like all the French whom I have met yet, his admiration of Napoleon, as the great Captain, made him blind to every thing but glory. I know that this is not the place to argue the question; and it would be only going over ground already

often trod, to raise the inquiry as to the probable effect upon the world, had that battle gone the other way. Religious liberty Napoleon did not appreciate; but he did regard the progress of knowledge, and the happiness of the people, second only to his own aggrandizement; and no man who has watched the British government for the last thirty years, has seen the evidence that England is favorable to the advancement of free institutions in Europe.

These reflections are not, perhaps, out of place as we are coming down from this hill. The plains below us are now waving with the richest harvest. The peasants are loading their wagons with the ripened sheaves, and the flowers bloom on "the field of the crushed skeleton." Long may the genial rain of heaven—never again may the blood of brothers, moisten these fields. It is hard to believe that, for ten miles before us, armies stood all over this ground—rushed on to the fatal charge, and hundreds—thousands fell. In the south, for an hour, while we have been sitting here, dark clouds have been gathering: now the long red streaks of lightning glare, and the thunder, like distant cannonading, rushes on the ear. It comes like "the footsteps of the dreadful God, marching upon the storm in vengeance." We must fly, as the French fled in that day, or the storm will overtake us. We hastened down, and while the shower was passing by, we looked over the register of names, where small wits had tried to write smart things, and where we left our autographs for the inspection of posterity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BELGIUM.

Sunday in Brussels—St. Gudule—Pastor Anet—Soldiers overcome with Heat—Antwerp—Rubens' "Descent from the Cross"—Other Pictures.

SUNDAY morning I was determined to find a Protestant place of worship. The last Sabbath in Paris had more than satisfied all my desires to see the forms and ceremonies of Romish worship.

But on my way to the Boulevards for the purpose, I passed the cathedral of *St. Gudule*, altogether the most splendid church in Belgium, and I paused to look at it; perched on the heights of the city, with houses built right up to its windows, as if they were a part of it, while its lofty towers stretch up into the air above the town, as if they were a part of another city coming down out of heaven. Its history dates back to 1273, and the early glass-painting and wood-carving are remarkable for their beauty. The pulpit is surrounded and supported by a group in wood, representing Adam and Eve expelled by the angel from Paradise, while Death is peeking in with a sardonic grin on his skeleton cheek; a monkey is munching an apple on a tree, and other animals are playing around: the whole thing being so beautifully executed as to extort admiration. I looked at the paintings—some

of them are well done; listened the while to the music, which was delightful, and paid very little attention to the services of gorgeously robed priests, attended by the usual train of boys in red caps and white gowns, playing their part as if they were heartily tired of it, and would like to be out at some other play.

On the walls near the door were posted notices of a great *fête* to come off the next Sunday: being the anniversary of a stupendous miracle once performed in this church. It is said that some impious Jews stole the holy wafers from the altar, and subjected them to contempt; but when they stuck their knives into the bread, streams of blood gushed out, and the wretches were struck senseless: they were seized, their flesh torn off by hot pincers, and they were burnt to death. This event is celebrated by an annual procession and glorification, which we were just one week too soon to see.

Quitting this church we walked through the beautiful park in front of the Royal Palace, and pursuing the Boulevards of the Observatory, came at length to a modest chapel, the French Protestant church. A notice at the door informed us that it is founded on Christ and his Apostles; and as we entered, appropriate texts of Scripture in French met the eye on every side—"By Faith are ye saved," "Without Holiness no man shall see the Lord," "God is Love," and such like; and I felt at once that I was at home. The services, of course, were in the French language; but I was able to follow the prayers and the praise, and to enjoy

the earnest discourse of Pastor Anet, on the Christian's triumph over sin, death, and hell. It was refreshing to hear the name of Jesus in that soft language, often repeated, and with a pathetic tenderness that came from the heart, and reached the heart. I followed the pastor into the vestry and delivered a letter of introduction. He took me cordially by the hand, and welcomed me as a brother. He would have me come that evening, as I must leave town in the morning, and see him, that we might have some free communion on the state of religion here and in America. That Sabbath evening in Brussels, with Pastor Anet and his family, and a clerical friend and his wife, whom we met, speaking diverse tongues, but having the same spirit, was a green spot in my pilgrimage through this desert where no water is. These brethren and a few others are struggling under great discouragements to sustain the standard of the cross, in a land almost wholly under the power of Romish superstition, and the Lord gives them success. There are, however, but 70,000 Protestants in Belgium, out of a population of 4,500,000, and fifteen churches are associated in the Evangelical Union, and eight compose a National Reformed church. These last derive support from the government, but the former depend solely upon the people, who are chiefly poor; and but for the aid of Christians in America, some of these feeble churches could not have been sustained to the present hour. When the evening was spent, my new friends accompanied me to my lodgings, and there bade me farewell, begging me to return in August, and attend

Soldiers perishing. Fine parks.

the meeting of their Synod, then to assemble in Brussels.

The weather had been very warm, and a terrible incident occurred in consequence of it. A regiment of soldiers was marched from one station to another by order of one of the officers, who paid no heed to remonstrances on account of the heat, and forty-nine of the men perished. The fact was related to me by a Belgian gentleman, who assured me that the officer would be punished: and I had the pleasure of reading in the newspapers that both the colonel and the surgeon were dismissed from the service.

Brussels is a brilliant city, with many splendid edifices, and the Boulevards afford a fine promenade for the people, who enjoy them greatly. Nothing strikes the traveller's eye with more pleasure in these European cities than the great, and, indeed, munificent arrangements for the pleasure and health of the masses. We think that extensive parks and gardens belonging to government are a burden to the people, who are taxed for the support of all this magnificence. But we must bear in mind that these walks and shades, these fountains and lakes, are free to the laboring classes, who enjoy them when the toils of the day are over, while thousands of mothers and nurses are here, with little children, for air and exercise all the time. If the people pay for them, the people have the good of them. There is nothing in any city in America to compare with the grounds in London, Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and other European cities, all free to all, and constantly resorted

to by the masses, as if they were their own. We have much, besides, which these have not, and I am not depreciating my own country; but it is a reproach to our young nation, with more land than we want, that so little has been reserved for the pleasure of the millions who have no land they can call their own.

On the way to the cars for Antwerp, I called at the Post-office. A crowd was at the window, and being fearful that I should lose the train if I delayed, I said, "Gentlemen, I shall lose my passage in the railway; will you please to give me an opportunity to get my letters before my turn?" Immediately they stepped back, and waited patiently, while the clerk looked for my letters, and then wrote my name and address in a distant city, to which he would send any that might come after I was gone. I thought it hardly probable that the crowd in the morning at the old Dutch Church Post-office in Nassau Street, New York, would step back and give a stranger the precedence for fear he would be too late at the cars! Not they. But at last I did get away from Brussels, though I am very slow in saying so. At the railway station large maps of Europe were suspended, with the railways in black lines, so that they could be seen, and the names of the chief places read at a distance of twenty feet; with tables of time, distance, and fares for the whole Continent. This, too, was a convenience worth imitating at home. It gave the traveller just the information he would wish, and in the best possible form. At *Vilvorde*, through which we soon passed, Tyndale, the first English translator of the Bible, suf-

fered martyrdom in 1536. He was first strangled at the stake, and afterward burnt. The spot where a good and great man spills his blood for truth and liberty becomes holy ground forever. Tyndale's labors deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. Then we passed the house in which Rubens, the great painter, lived, and whose works have given me more pleasure than those of any other man since I came to Europe. I did not stop at Mecklin, whence come the famous laces, though if I were a pilgrim to the shrines of saints, I would have called to see the *Notre Dame*, which is built on the spot where a marble statue of the Virgin Mary lodged, when floating up the river against a strong current. My faith is very weak in these miracles. I have not so much as a distinguished American gentleman had, who was converted to Romanism a few years ago; and being a very sensible, matter-of-fact man, he was asked, "Do you really believe in the doctrine of transubstantiation?" He thought a moment, and replied, "Well, the most I can say is, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'"

And then I got on to Antwerp, once the richest city in Europe, now one of the dullest. We left the cars, and walked in beneath the massive walls which fortify the town, and give it now the outward appearance of being a place of vast importance, as it is not. Two hundred years ago, and its commerce required thousands of ships, whose sails whitened every sea; now its wharves are all but deserted, and the streets are still. The old palaces of its merchant princes are here,

and the magnificent churches, adorned with the masterpieces of the greatest painters, are here. And Antwerp is therefore still a city to be sought by the stranger, not only for what she was in the days of her pride and power, but for those immortal works of art which her great wealth once secured, and are now preserved as her choicest treasures. The most glorious of these are in the Cathedral, and thither I bent my steps before I had even found a place to lodge. The churches are all open in this city every day till twelve, and are then closed. It was now ten, and I must hasten. Service was in progress when I arrived. I stood in the midst of a church 500 feet long and 250 feet wide, adorned with magnificent paintings by the hands of great masters of the art; while the robed priests were at the altar, on which were wreaths of flowers, and burning candles, and before it boys were swinging their burning censers, the mighty organ was pealing through the long drawn aisles and fretted arches, and among rows of massive columns; but I did not see the painting which I was seeking.

"Where is *the* Rubens?" I said to a man standing near me. He pointed to a side door, through which I passed, and came to a *notice* posted that the two great pictures of Rubens were to be seen in a room near the Cathedral: admission *one* franc. I soon found the room, a narrow apartment where they were taken to be framed. The one is the *Elevation of the Cross*, in which the agony of Christ is depicted while the executioners are raising the cross from the ground with the living Saviour nailed upon it. Were it not for the

sympathetic suffering which this picture awakens, it would be one that the beholder would study with intense admiration. It is so eloquent of all it attempts: the energy of the men at work developed in the straining of their muscles and the flush of their cheeks; the sorrow of the women, as they stand at a distance, and with uncontrolled emotion look upon the awful scene; the horses and riders give action and variety to the picture: but the great central figure of Jesus on the cross, which lies obliquely on the canvas and concentrates the attention, is so powerful in its revelation of pain, and so true to one's idea of what the agony of crucifixion must be, that a sensitive mind recoils from its contemplation. At least this was the effect upon me, and I would not speak for others. I turned from it to the picture on the other side of the room, and was instantly absorbed in the view of the most wonderful painting my eyes had yet looked on. I am aware that high authority has criticised this picture with great severity. Sir Joshua Reynolds assailed it with an earnestness that makes his sincerity questionable. But it will be the wonder and admiration of every spectator, whatever critics may pronounce upon the artist's taste and skill. It presents the scene of Joseph and Nicodemus taking the body of Christ from the cross, while the Marys are near, assisting as they may in the pious and painful labor. I sat down and gazed with feelings I did not suppose a painting could excite. Indeed, so ignorant was I, I did not know what human art could execute till this scene was spread before me. The feeling of pain which I had while viewing

the crucifixion is now allayed when I look on the dead Christ, and feel that his heart has ceased to beat; the head hangs so listlessly on one shoulder, I see that death and not suffering is there. The agony is past. The bitter cup has been drained; the cup of blood, and sweat, and tears, and dying pains—all over; and the body of the Son of God, the broken body, but not the suffering body, of my Lord is now in the hands of those who love him, to be let down from the cross. Their tenderness is sweetly seen in the kind care they take, as if they feared he still might feel a pang. The whiteness of the body of Christ on a white sheet—a most difficult task to execute—is so done, that it lies out as a corpse on a bed, palpable and cold. And then those women! Here the painter's grand conceptions of female beauty and affection are developed with an art all but divine. In various attitudes they are grouped, so as to give distinct and characteristic expression to each, appealing to the sympathy of the beholder, by their earnest love and the exquisite contour of their faces, sadly beautiful and sweet. But the Mary stretching forth her hands to receive the feet of the Saviour on her robe, as the body is lowered to the ground, is the most perfect of all Rubens' conceptions of female loveliness. I have seen at least five hundred of his women, but there is no one of them to be compared with this. She is kneeling and looking upward, with tears and love, to her dead Saviour. Those golden locks once wiped those sacred feet, which she had watered with her tears: those lips had kissed those mangled feet, and would kiss them again when

she should receive them on that loving breast. Dear suffering Mary! I wanted to say to her, "thy Saviour shall live again: in three short days he shall stand before thee, and call thee MARY, thrilling thy soul with ecstasy unutterable." Of the various figures in this picture I have not time to speak separately, but they will each of them bear to be examined with critical attention, while the effect of the whole is heightened by this analysis. You do not discover faults, but new beauties, the more the painting is studied; while all the defects are the result of exposure to dampness, by which it has suffered in its coloring. Before it resumes its place in the Cathedral, it will be very nearly as brilliant and perfect as when it came from its maker's hand. And when I had dwelt on this great work as long as it was in my power to remain, I turned again to the other scene, where the cruel executioners were roughly raising the cross on which the living Christ was nailed. My bruised heart was too sore to bear the sight, and I left the room with the prayer upon my lips: My Saviour Jesus, bleeding, dying son of Mary, thou man of sorrows, Lamb of God, my bleeding heart cries out with thee, ELI, ELI, LAMA SABACHTHANI.

The churches of Antwerp are now its chief attraction, from the curious works of art in which they abound. The Dominican, or St. Paul's Church, has an extraordinary production in front of it, which, in spite of the grandeur of the subject, provokes a smile at the grotesque and almost ridiculous style of its execution. Entering the yard, you see over the door

of the church—indeed, it forms the portal of the edifice—a great mound as if of earth and rocks, and on the summit of it stands a cross with a statue of the Saviour on it; a stream of blood is flowing from his side, describing a curve, and falling into a goblet which the Virgin Mary is holding to receive the sacred stream. Others—prophets, saints, and priests—are standing around in various attitudes; and, to a superstitious mind, the scene may be somewhat impressive. But underneath is a grotto which claims to be an imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Here lies a body, for a Christ, wrapped in the vestments of the tomb—a sadly painful sight; and on the sides of the rock are wretched paintings of souls in purgatory, tormented by devils, and writhing in penitential flames. So gloomy, and at the same time so absurd, is the representation, that it fails altogether to make any serious impression on the traveller; but I think it very likely the natives regard it as the most wonderful and pious performance in Antwerp. Over the door, and therefore between the grotto and the hill, is this inscription: "Ero mors tua, O mors. Morsus tuus ero, Inferne."—"I will be thy death, O death. I will be thy destruction, O hell!" A celebrated picture of Teniers, "The Scourging of Christ," is in this church; but it is too painful to be contemplated with any satisfaction. In the church of the Augustins, one of the largest pictures that Rubens ever painted is over the altar. It is "The Marriage of St. Catherine, with the Virgin and Child." And in it the great artist has contrived to introduce a

whole company of prophets, apostles, and virgins with so much effect, that Sir Joshua says it was not till he was removed from its influence that he could acknowledge Rubens to be inferior to any other artist. After spending some hours in going from one church to another, I went to the *Museum*, or the Antwep gallery of art, where the noblest monuments of the Dutch school are gathered. The building once was a convent, and a pleasant garden surrounds it now, affording a cool retreat, and fitting place for the study of the works of men long since dead and gone. The chair of Rubens stands within the door. Many of the pictures here collected were once scattered in convents and churches, and are now hung up for the free instruction of the people. Many of them are of great value, the best productions of men whose names are famous over the world. Titian is here, and Van Dyke, and Quentin Matsis, the blacksmith, who fell in love with a painter's daughter, and was refused by her father, who would not give his daughter to any but a man who could paint. He threw away his hammer, took the pencil, and finally beat the father with his own weapon; married his daughter, and left two monuments of his handiwork—one in an iron canopy over a wall made while he was a blacksmith; and the other a "Descent from the Cross"—a painting worthy of a master. But the grandest of all the pictures here is a Rubens—"The Crucifixion of Christ and the two Thieves." The Saviour is already dead, and the soldier is piercing his side; but the executioner is ascending the ladder to break the legs of the

thieves, who are struggling in their agonies till one has torn his foot loose from the cross. The action of the executioners, the struggles of the dying men, the calm repose of Jesus in death, and the Mary at his feet, are all rendered with the power that Rubens only has in this department of the art. Sir Joshua says of the Mary: "This is by far the most beautiful profile I ever saw of Rubens, or I think of any other painter; the excellence of its coloring is beyond expression."

We might spend days in Antwerp, going from one to another collection of paintings; but there are more to be found in the cities beyond, and after the paintings are seen there is little to detain the traveller. The *citadel* is famous for holding out so long in the siege of 1832; and the *Bourse* is a curious mixture of architecture, in process of renovation when I was there. I was amused with the picturesque head-gear of the women, as they stood in the market-places with their greens to sell; and I strolled through the streets, the *Place de Meir*, and along the *quays*, and saw what Antwerp had been when her merchants were princes, and her ships held the commerce of the world.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOLLAND.

Leaving Antwerp—A great Disease—The Diligence—Roads in Holland — The Custom-house — Beggars — Breda — Smoking — Dort —Rotterdam—Delft—The Hague—Paul Potter's Bull—Leyden and its University — Amsterdam — Canals — Palace—Peasants — Utrecht—The Hollanders.

A VERY large man, and very dull looking withal, sat upon a high stool at his desk in the stage-office at Antwerp. We went there to take our seats for Rotterdam, and having paid for the passage, as the carriage was not to move for half an hour, we inquired for the room in which to sit. The agent made an attempt to reply in English, and managed to tell us they had no such place, adding, "It is a great dis-*ease* that we have no room for the passengers." His *dis*-ease was a want of ease or comfort, and it was not a bad word for the idea, though it had never occurred to me before. Since that, I have met with so many similar *diseases* in this country, that I think it must be epidemic.

A stage coach is called a *Diligence* in these parts; in England they would call it a *machine*, and that would be the better word. It is made in different forms, in different parts of Europe: here there are but two apartments; a long coach cut into two chambers, the front to hold three persons, the other six.

We found three seats still untaken in the *interior*, or after-cabin, and were glad to enter at once on their possession, spending the spare half hour in the stable yard. At the appointed time the vehicle began to move its slow length along, and we were borne along with it. This was my first essay in diligence travelling. I remember reading, I think in his Commentaries, of Cæsar crossing the Alps, *summa diligentia*, and now understood it to mean "on the top of a diligence," showing that this mode of travelling is very ancient, and that I was very far behind the age to make my first trip at this late day. Alas! how soon did I find the most convincing evidence that I was in a land where no rule forbids a man to smoke in public places, however offensive it may be to his neighbors. Our fellow-travellers brought in their pipes, ancient and smelling of old and wretched tobacco; and quietly filling them from little pouches which each one carried, and lighting them with brimstone matches, which would be blown out and lighted again and again, till it was hard to say which was worst, the sulphur or tobacco, they puffed away incontinently. Yet one of these men was so moved by my passionate plea—as he sat next to me, and the odor rose just under my nose in clouds of nauseous disgust—that he actually took his pipe from his mouth, extinguished it, and sat in listless silence! I could not speak a word in Dutch, but my appeal was in signs and looks of loathing that went to his heart.

The make of the country is well known: a vast flat-land, like an ocean at rest, or a prairie—no hill to

be seen any where. The carriage roads are paved with square, heavy stones, and though there is a path for private coaches on the side of it, the diligence must move only on the pavement. This renders the riding very wearisome—like a drive all day through the streets of a city. Jolting and noisy: no gentle roll to soothe a weary traveller, but a continued pounding that is good for dyspeptics, but not agreeable in the taking. Passing a stone pillar which marked the boundary between Belgium and Holland, we came to a large brick house, with the arms and blazonry of the King of the Netherlands. Here his majesty, in the person of his officers, met us, and desired to see that we had nothing dutiable, and we surrendered the keys of our luggage, that he might be satisfied on this point. A motley group of men and boys gathered around us. I took my seat on an empty beer-barrel, and, taking my pencil, made a sketch of the company, while they stood gaping on. There is the same *curiosity* to see strangers in one country as another; and it amuses, never displeases me, to be thus the occasion of a momentary pleasure to these people. The King was soon conscious that we had no contraband articles to smuggle into his dominions; we resumed our seats, and rumbled on.

And now we began to see Holland. These low lands are rich and well tilled. The same crops are grown as along the Hudson, and the rich kitchen gardens constantly meeting the eye, were filled with the same vegetables, growing in the same beds, that I have seen in the gardens of the Van Vechtens, and

Wendells, and Knickerbockers up north of Albany, in those Dutch regions of New York. Some very spacious mansions of rich farmers were to be seen along the road; not aspiring to the distinction of taste, but doubtless very beautiful in the eyes of their owner. He spreads his house over as broad a space as possible, with a large pond in front, which, filled with stagnant water and surrounded with trees, is a miniature lake; and with shrubbery and flowers growing luxuriantly about his mansion, he smokes and is blest. But as this house is some distance from the road side, and the trees in front cut off his view of the passing traveller, he usually builds a neat summer-house, a small cottage with a single room and many windows, close by the road, or on the edge of the canal, and here the family sit during leisure hours, the young folks chatting and knitting, and the old man, of course, smoking. Some of these houses are very pretty, and the scene of quiet enjoyment within is pleasant to a family-man, who loves to see people taking comfort at home. Poor children would sometimes run along by the side of the road, and display their agility in hopes of coppers, which they rarely got; but they served to vary the monotony of a tedious ride, which was terminated at last by the arrival at Breda. A very pretty, rural village was passed, where the taste displayed in the gardens, mansions, and little summer-houses, extorted admiration, and then we reached the fortifications of a walled and moated town, known and occupied once by the Romans, and retaining to this day the monuments of

their presence and power. Yet so lost did it seem to me in the midst of this flat country, and so far out of the way of traffic and travel, that it seemed ridiculous to maintain all these forts, walls, and gates, with as much vigilance and strength as if an enemy were coming in every diligence.

A sleepy looking town it is after you get in. The coach wound along its crooked streets, and finally into the court-yard of the tavern rejoicing in the name of the CROWN Hotel, where we were set down, and a ladder set up by the side of the diligence for the descent of our luggage. A dark, garlic-scented eating-room received us—it was a great *disease* that they had no place for guests to sit down in—and after some delay we were shown to our chambers. Guides were ready to show us the Protestant church, with a doubtful statue by Michael Angelo; but we had strength to resist the temptation, and went to bed. So tired with the ride over the jolting stones were we, that it was very hard to rise at five the next morning, take a poor cup of coffee and an egg, and once more mount that stage. But so it was arranged by the post, and there was no help for it. The journey was as the day before, and a little worse, as we were less in spirits, and our travelling company was not improved by the accession of a fat and fussy woman, who brought more boxes and bags into the machine than two men would think of. Our men-folks, of course, would smoke. My considerate neighbor who had kindly knocked off the night before, because I disliked the smell of his pipe, could not resist any longer, and filling his bowl.

piped away, till happily he fell asleep: his head fell back, his pipe still hung from his lips, and died out like an extinct volcano. It was early in the morning, cool, and drizzling, and a sorrier set of pleasure travellers I have not lately seen than we were, as we rode on, with nothing to vary the scene, but occasionally passing some stout Dutch girls wheeling their barrows to market, loaded with berries and cherries. With no bonnets, but with caps and big ear-rings, and some flying kerchief about their necks, they were not bad to look at, as they trudged along and exchanged a word or two with the driver, who seemed to know them all. This diligence riding brought us at last to one of the four streams by which the Rhine disembogues itself into the sea. The Waal is the largest, but it was the Lek that we reached, and found the steamer *Cornelius De Witt* awaiting our arrival. This boat was short, broad, clumsy, and dirty. The pilot *sat*, not stood at his wheel, which, for his easy steering while he sat on his chair, was arranged horizontally instead of perpendicularly, as with us; and there the lazy and steady old fellow could take his comfort and enjoy his pipe, while he guided the destinies of his ugly craft. Why not? The boat smokes, and the passengers smoke; the boat has a pipe and the pilot has a pipe—they all have pipes, and they all smoke; who has a better right?

Four hundred years ago the sea broke in upon this region, and swallowed up 100,000 human beings. When the tempest subsided, and the waves retired, an island was left, on which now stands the city of

Dort, or Dordrecht, famous for its Synod of 1618–19, which lasted six months, and adopted a glorious Confession which will be remembered till the end of time. Our steamboat touched at the wharf, and gave us half an hour to walk into the town. A crowd embraced us instantly. We tried to read the inscription over a public building on the dock: "Custos esto mihi Deus Jehovah." But the crowd thickened—every man and boy of them demanding the pleasure of escorting us through the city for a bit of silver. We took the oldest man, and bade him lead us to the *Kloveniers Doelen*, an old tavern, once the hall in which the Synod sat. This was the first real Dutch city we had been in; canals for streets, and every man's ship or boat at his own door. We walked along the narrow and crooked ways, and in ten minutes reached the hall. It is now an auction room, where weekly sales are made. The old building is in the decline of life, and will soon be a ruin: probably it will not be replaced by another, for Dort is not growing now.

All around Dort, and along the banks of the river, are windmills, which do the work of steam and waterfalls. The low, flat country seems to be just under water, or rather just above it, and in danger of submersion constantly. The rise of the river Rhine a very few inches would be a terrible calamity; and the people who live on the sides of Vesuvius are not more in danger of fire than these Hollanders of water. The banks of the river we are now upon are as noble in their scenery as the Passaic, where it approaches the

city of Newark, in New Jersey; and, indeed, that whole district of country between New York and its neighbor—if you would take away Bergen and Snake Hills, widen the ditches a little, and cover them with canal-boats—would make a miniature Holland.

We went ashore at *Rotterdam*, escorted by a police-officer in military dress, who demanded our passports; and as we did not propose to tarry longer in this city than just to see the statue of ERASMUS, and the gin-shop which was once the house in which that elegant scholar and reformer lived, we invited him to take a seat in the carriage with us, that we might keep him and our passports near to us while we staid. He rode on the box to the police-office, and there we were regularly certified as suitable persons to travel in Holland. A few hours suffice to see all that is of any account in this place. The houses stand along on the edge of the water in a way quite curious to a foreigner; and the great ships are moored at the doors of private residences, from which a man may step into the vessel that will transport him around the globe. The tide ebbs and flows in the canals, that are nearly as many as the streets, and thus the waters are preserved in purity. But taking the whole combination of shipmasts and trees, bridges and boats, houses and horses, the view is decidedly interesting. The men and women from the country, and all the lower classes of people, go clamping along with wooden shoes on their feet, and cart-loads of these shoes are carried by for sale. It is a wonder to me how they can wear them at all; and if they can, one pair would last

them for successive generations. Erasmus has two statues here—one of bronze in the market-place, and a little one on the shop where he dwelt, with the inscription, "Haec est parva domus, magnus qua natus Erasmus;" which meaneth, "This is the small house in which the great Erasmus was born." Short as was my stay in Rotterdam, it was long enough, and I was glad to be on the railway out of it.

The dull old town of DELFT was the next place at which we stopped, and there only to look at the leaning tower of the old church, in which is a monument to the famous Admiral Von Tromp, who sailed through the British Channel with a broom at his mast-head, to show that he had swept it of the English, whom he had defeated under Blake; though they afterward swept him and his ships out of the world together. The new church has a splendid statue to the Prince of Orange, who was murdered here: at his feet is the figure of a little dog who once saved his master's life, and when his master was afterward killed, pined away and died. But a greater than the Prince is buried here—the learned GROTIUS, to whom a modest stone is raised.

The departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from Delft to New England will make this antiquated town of real interest to every descendant of that race of men and women "of whom the world was not worthy;" who were driven out of one continent that they might be the germ of a mighty people in another; and there plant a *principle* that, like the mustard-seed of the parable, has produced a tree under which the nations of the earth are finding shelter.

The most attractive city in Holland is the HAGUE; and we spent some time in it, wandering among the palaces, and the great forest which lies near—intersected with walks and canals, crossed by numerous bridges, and resorted to in the evening by the people who find the numerous cafés and music saloons which are opened in it. I went to the old Hall in the Blunenhof—the most ancient in the Hague—in which the Grand Pensionary of Holland, Barneveldt, was beheaded in 1618, when he was seventy-two years old; and the prison from which John and Cornelius De Witt were dragged by the populace and torn to pieces. The *Museum* is richly worth studying: one of the finest collections of Chinese and Japanese curiosities in all Europe is gathered here; and among the pictures, strange to say, that of a bull by Paul Potter is not only the best in the gallery, but one of the best in the world. That is incredible; but so it is: the animal is there the most life-like, the most like a bull, of any thing ever put on canvas. Napoleon—a great thief!—carried off this bull, and confined him in the Louvre, in Paris; where he was reckoned the fourth in value of that collection, one of the largest in the world. The Dutch government sought to keep it by offering Napoleon a hundred thousand dollars if he would leave it. The scientific observer will look longer than I did at a picture of some surgeons dissecting a dead man—the *subject* may be a very good one for dissection, but a very poor one it is for painting, though it did cost fifteen thousand dollars.

The railroad to Leyden, which took us on in the

morning, runs by the side of the canals, on which a lonesome boat was now and then drawn along by a melancholy horse; and I seriously thought of leaving the rail, and taking to the "raging canal," as the mode of travelling so admirably adapted to the country I was in. Leyden is celebrated for its University, which I visited; it has five hundred students, and thirty professors. The Hall is adorned with more than one hundred portraits of men who have occupied chairs in the Institution, among whom are Scaliger the critic, Boorhaave, Arminius, and Gomarus. Grotius was here, but I asked in vain for his portrait. The lecture-rooms were very plain—rough seats, with a rest for taking notes; and the cutting and carving which the benches had suffered, showed that whittling is not a Yankee practice exclusively. We looked about among the gardens and museums, with rich and extensive cabinets in various departments of science, traversed the streets of this ancient and quiet town, where nothing was going forward but time; a troop of boys coming out of school followed us as the New York boys would a company of Chinese; and when I turned upon them, and ordered them to form a line and march in order, they took to their heels. Many of the houses were standing with their gable ends to the street, and so still was the town that I thought it must be a Sunday with them, only that Sunday is the liveliest day in the week all over Europe. The old Stadt House is very curious; the room in which the Burgomasters sit and study out the legislation of the town is hung with some re-

markable paintings; one of them represents Peter Van Derwerf refusing to surrender the city when besieged, though starving women and children at his feet are beseeching him to yield. The *Last Judgment* is the scene of a humorous picture—a disgrace to the city that so profane a painting is allowed to hang on the walls; among other extravagant conceptions, the devil, with a pitchfork, is tossing three women dressed *à la mode* Eve in her antelapsarian state, into the flames that are coming out of the mouth of a monster. The walks about the town on the banks of the Rhine are pleasant, but every thing appeared to be dull, damp, and dead.

Amsterdam, the largest city in Holland, and one of the richest cities in the world, received us next, and we unfortunately put up at the *Hotel de Pays Bas*, which I mention only to warn others against it. The city itself we studied from the top of the palace, and wandered widely among its canals and its public buildings, finding little of interest after seeing the other towns of Holland. The great ship canal, fifty miles long, from Amsterdam to the Helder, is a mighty work, which was finished in 1825 at a cost of $5,000,000. We spent half a day in the palace. While waiting for a porter to show us through, a party of Hollanders from the country came in to take a survey of the King's house. Their dress and manners amused us greatly, but we had decency enough to reserve our remarks till we were alone. The women had straw bonnets with wide rims, projecting upward in front like a scoop-shovel, lined with black, and behind they

came to a point, giving them a very comical look. The men wore black woolen coats, with very short waists and shorter tails, as if made for boys of twelve. They had come to Amsterdam, as we did, to see sights—and we met at the King's door. The porter led us up the great stairway of white marble—the pillars and walls of the same—and through the various chambers of state, which were less magnificent than those we had seen in France and England, but still rich and massive: less tinsel and more gold—less plaster and more marble. It was pleasant to notice the awe with which our rustic company looked on the great pictures, and statues, and hangings, and the castellan entered into the thing pleasantly, saying to them, "Here is one small room," as he threw open the door, and ushered us into a vast ball-room, a hundred feet in diameter. We came to the throne room, and approached the platform on which is the throne, a gorgeous, scarlet-covered chair, with the King's initial embroidered on it. I gave the guide a wink, to which he responded with a nod, and I mounted the throne of Holland, flourishing my cane for a sceptre.

This vast building, like all the other buildings of Amsterdam, stands on piles, so that Erasmus said of the people they live like crows on the tops of trees. One is filled with surprise that a city so situated should have reached such a pitch of commercial prosperity.

Holland is one of the most remarkable countries in Europe. No other has triumphed over such difficulties in achieving wealth, influence, and happiness. Below the level of the sea, and liable to be the victim

of a deluge at any moment, the enterprise and industry of the people have shut out the ocean with barriers, and sometimes have let it in to drown an enemy who could not be driven from the land. The annual repair of these dykes costs two or three millions of dollars, but their neglect would be the ruin of the country in a single year. Compelled to struggle thus for existence, the Hollanders have yet maintained a reputation for thrift, intelligence, and virtue, that is not exceeded by any other people on the Continent. The more I studied their character in their institutions of learning, and saw what a position Holland had made for herself among the nations of the earth, in spite of her natural disadvantages, and more than all, what a race of men she had sent out to the new world, to amalgamate there with the more progressive, but not so sure-footed races settling America, it was impossible to have other feelings than those of respect for the country, however one is offended with much that meets his senses in travelling through it. Our Guide-book says: "Having entered Holland, the traveller must be prepared for extortion: during his stay in Holland he must expect but little civility." But it was the testimony of our party that matters began to mend as soon as we left Amsterdam. The ride by rail to *Utrecht* was the pleasantest we had made in Holland. Neat farm-houses, surrounded by gardens filled with fruits and flowers, enlivened the scene; and often the substantial villa of some opulent Amsterdam banker displayed the Dutch taste in horticulture. We were in an open car, and really

enjoyed the ride through the rich green fields, among the canals, in the cool of the afternoon. The infinite platitude of Holland began to disappear, and the country presented a more undulating surface as we approached *Utrecht.*

Take two Latin words, *Ultra trajectum*, and make them into one Dutch word, *U-trecht*, and you see the origin of the name of this ancient city, which was once called by the Romans the "Ford of the Rhine." We found a right pleasant house, outside the walls and near the railway station, where we were established in fine rooms, in the midst of cool shades and green fields and trees. In front of the house, a dwarf, but little larger than Tom Thumb, was driving a retail trade in cigars; a half-witted fellow with two withered arms was constantly besieging our steps for alms; and we could scarcely move in any direction without being followed by the natives, who were either unused to the sight of strangers, or saw something peculiar in the present company. A harlequin, fantastically dressed, was playing on a broken fiddle, with two children dancing to his wretched scraping, a crowd grinning their great satisfaction at the performance. We tore ourselves from pressing invitations to stay and enjoy these amusements, for an excursion into and through the town. As this is walled and moated, we crossed a bridge and paid two-pence toll to enter the gates. It might have been a New England Sabbath, so still were the streets, through many of which we walked without meeting a soul. The *barrack*, with quarters for two thousand soldiers

stands on the site of the house in which the famous Treaty of Utrecht was signed in 1713, giving peace to Europe, and stranger things have happened than the signing another treaty in Holland in the course of another five years, to give peace again to exhausted Europe.

The tower of the Cathedral stands on one side of the street, and the church itself on the other; the nave of the church having been swept away by a storm some two hundred years ago. From the top of the tower, 388 feet high, a wide prospect is had, taking in nearly the whole of Holland; and the sexton and his family must have a fine chance of studying their country, for they live half way up the steeple. The children born there may boast of a loftier birth than the sons of princes; but it seemed to me, as in the case of much of high life in this world, that there is not half so much comfort in it as among the lowly. The Cathedral itself is only interesting for the tombs of its early bishops and a few Gothic pillars of remarkable proportions. As long ago as in the seventh century, an Englishman who was honored with the name of St. Willebrod came here to convert the heathen, and, having baptized many thousands of them, the Pope made him Bishop, and Charles Martel gave him the castle of Utrecht for his abode. Pope Adrian VI. was born here, and the Governor's house still goes by the name of the Pope's. The walks around the city are very beautiful; the ramparts having been converted into *Boulevards*, and planted with trees. On one side the canals make it lively, as boats are

constantly coming in, oftentimes towed along by *women*, a singular practice, which is not easily explained —it is the way they do things here—and they seemed to think it proper enough, though for Americans who are not accustomed to the degradation of woman on the Continent, it is painful to see her converted into an ox or an ass, as is often the case all over Europe. In some of these boats we saw families who have no other home: they drive a profitable trade in pickles, from place to place on the canals, and seemed to have many of the comforts of home about them: taking the shore when they wished for a change, but living chiefly in their floating house, with the babies and kittens. Then we walked through the Mall, an avenue of shade-trees, eight rows deep, so beautiful and rare, that when the army of Louis XIV. was ravaging the country, they were specially ordered to let this grove stand. On the borders of the canals, and surrounded by grateful shades, were lovely residences, so peaceful that the inscriptions were fitting which we read on the door posts or the walls, "Lust en Rust," "Pleasure and Ease:" "Wel te vreden," "Well contented;" the practice of thus hanging out the sign of contentment, being somewhat ostentatious, but well meant. When we returned to our lodgings after this stroll about the town, we found the little tables around the house, filled with parties of ladies and gentlemen, eating ice creams and drinking, while a band of musicians were playing with remarkable skill. Our concerts often furnish music far less worthy of hearing than we had that night on the

piazza of our Dutch Gastoff, and yet we had to pay only what we pleased for the entertainment, the hat being passed around for the stivers and guilders. A very good time they had there that evening; the Dutch are not given to merriment; they take fun moderately and dance slowly—but there was a quiet humor pervading all the groups as they ate and drank, and when the clock struck nine they left the house as still as a church, and went into the city. Its gates are closed at that hour, and all our fears of a noisy night and no sleep were at an end, and we were left in silence quite as profound as we should have had a hundred miles away in the country.

And this was the last night we spent in Holland. The next day we set off at noon and, without stopping at *Zeist*, a Moravian colony, near which is a mound which employed 30,000 French troops thirty-two days in making, when Napoleon came to be Emperor of France, we pursued our journey. The universal practice of smoking in the cars was annoying as usual, the smokers carrying with them a little punk in a tin case, which they would set fire to and crowd into their pipes with the tobacco. A charming rural place on the road was called a "Dutch Paradise," and so calm and beautiful it was, we did not question the taste of the people who had chosen to give it the name. And so we were hurried on, not tempted to stop at Zeist to see the Moravians, nor even to enter Paradise by the wayside, but pushed along to Arnheim, where we took the steamer and commenced the ascent of the Rhine.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE RHINE.

First Class Passengers—Dusseldorf and its Paintings—Cologne—Its Smells—Cathedral—St. Peter's—Eleven thousand Virgins—Relics—The Cathedral—A Lady on the Rhine—An Anthem.

At Arnheim we were told that the steamer would be off for Cologne in fifteen minutes, and we must rush to the river. Nothing in the town, though its environs were pleasant, invited us to linger, and we made our way rapidly to the boat. It proved to be a very decent steamer; and as we had often heard that only princes and fools travel by the first class in Germany, we took our passage in the second, as did all the rest of the passengers. In the stern of the boat was a small cabin, called the *pavilion*, dedicated to the first class, should any of that quality appear; and as none did, the captain proposed to us to pay him something extra, and take exclusive possession. This we agreed to, and he delivered us the key. But if we were treated as princes, we did not find it out, and were certainly fools for paying any thing for the honor. The table was the same for all on board, and the beds were the same; that is, there were none at all. Our passage to Cologne was not to be made in less than eighteen hours; and we soon found that our beds for the night, were to be the softest place we

could find on the floor or the locker, with our bags for pillows. It was now two in the afternoon, and when the fifteen minutes had been extended into two hours, we were off.

We were assured that we should be landed at Cologne by eight o'clock the next morning; and were, therefore, not complaining that there was nothing along shore worth seeing, as we could not see it, had there been ever so much of attraction there. After dinner we came to *Emmerick*, on the frontiers of Prussia, and were boarded at once by the officers of the Customs—our trunks and bags ordered on deck, and overhauled, and our passports examined. No rudeness attended this search, and the officers seemed to regret the necessity they were under, of subjecting us even to momentary inconvenience. One of the passengers, a Hollander, had come on with the intention of making a tour of the Rhine, and had neglected to procure a passport, thinking he could get along well enough without it. His case consumed half an hour, and his distress in view of the sudden interruption of his journey, excited the sympathies of the company; some of whom interfered to help him through with his troubles. He had two or three acquaintances on board, who gave testimony to his good character, and to the fact that he was travelling for pleasure, and had come off without a passport, more from ignorance than from design; and he and we were finally allowed to proceed.

It was slow work getting up stream against a strong current. We were not long in learning that,

as usual, we had been deceived by the statement that we were to reach Cologne in the early morning. If the half of the next day brought us there, we should do well. So we stretched ourselves on the locker and waited for the night to wear away, as the longest night will, whether sleep shortens it or not. And the morning came and found us at DUSSELDORF. It would have been well for us to have left the steamer here, and gone by rail to Cologne, but we had paid through, and having an hour or two here, we determined to stay by the boat. This town of about 30,000 people, has given its name to a school of painting, now very popular in America, more so there than in England or on the continent. Munich has the gallery of pictures which was once collected here, and formed the chief attraction of this part of Germany, but the removal of the pictures was followed by the formation of a school of art, which once a year makes a great exhibition, and is kept open during the summer months. There is a family likeness in all the pictures of this school, that great genius does not know. Exquisite as many of its paintings are, it is deficient in strength and invention. The bronze statue in the market-place is the Elector John William, who built the palace on the Rhine, of which only one wing remains. It has been a favorite residence of members of the royal family of Prussia; and in the vicinity of Dusseldorf, in former times, the great men of Germany, such as Goethe, Herder, and others, were fond of making their haunts.

The river winds its way through a low and uninter-

esting country; the banks sometimes so high that we could see only the spires of churches on the other side of them. And it was more than a relief—it was positively a joy to us when the towers of Cologne at last were in sight, and at two in the afternoon we were at the wharf.

This city of 60,000 inhabitants, and diminishing in numbers by emigration to America, is celebrated for its fine cathedral, its abominable smells, and its manufacture of that liquid for the toilet known the world over by the name of the town. As the city is planted on a hill-side having a steep descent to the river, it is strange indeed that its reputation for filthiness should be so well deserved. Coleridge says that he counted seventy-two distinct smells in his walks about town. Yet nasty as the place is, from defective sewerage, it has some twenty churches and the grandest cathedral out of Italy, sufficient to detain the traveller a day on his journey. The church of St. Peter was thronged by an eager crowd filling all the courts and avenues, and the mighty mass of people were singing in concert when I sought admission. They were kind enough to open a passage for us, and we slowly picked our way onward to the region of the altar, to get sight of the famous Rubens' picture of *St. Peter*, suffering crucifixion with his head downward. Painful as the picture must be, its power is such that the beholder feels a sort of pleasure in the work of art, that can hardly be appreciated by a reader who has not studied a martyr-scene. On the back of this picture is a *copy*, which is exposed to view except on fête days and

Sundays, but the sacristan for a fee will turn it in a moment, and show the original.

Churches dedicated to particular Saints, and to All Saints, we had often seen, but here in Cologne, just inside of the wall of the town, stands the church of *St. Ursula, and of eleven thousand Virgins!* The great attraction of the church, which is a remarkably plain building, is in the bones of these young ladies exposed to view within the walls of the holy edifice. In glass cases, in the walls, in the choir, even in the pavement, and wherever the eye turns as you walk about the church, you see the bones in piles: here is a heap of legs and arms, there a row of ghastly skulls; here a heap of ribs, and there a promiscuous jumble of lady limbs, presented to the admiring gaze of the faithful, and the derision of all unbelievers. A series of very poor paintings on the wall, at the right of the door as you enter, tells the dreadful tale of the martyrdom of these damsels, whose premature death has been celebrated by the erection of this church and the gathering of their veritable bones. The Lady Ursula was a British princess, and, sailing from England to Armorica with a troop of young women, was driven into the Rhine by a tempest. The Huns, the barbarians, made love to the girls, and as their advances were repelled with indignation, the savages murdered the virgins, who have been immortalized in this church. The princess sleeps in a sarcophagus behind the altar. The heads of a few of the young ladies are done in silver, and shown in the Golden Chamber, where one of the water-pots stands which

held the water made into wine at Cana, but there is no wine in it now. Here, too, is one of the links of the chain with which Peter was bound in prison. Some persons pretend that this story of the eleven thousand virgins has grown from a mistake of some stupid writer, who has confounded the Latin name of one of Lady Ursula's attendants, *Undecimilla*, with the Latin for eleven thousand; and so they would reject the history as a fable. I prefer the greatest number. It makes a better story; and when you are getting up a wonder, it is not best to stop for trifles. There is an inscription on the wall which would be spoiled utterly, if we gave way to the doctrine that only one poor girl was put to death with the princess; "I will bless the Lord who adorned this place with the bones of eleven thousand virgins, in the year of martyrdom, 237."

We seemed to be in the way of bones, for in a few minutes we found ourselves in St. Gereon's Kirche, where the skeletons of the whole Theban Legion of martyrs, who suffered under Diocletian, are preserved. An immense sarcophagus with a Latin inscription, tells us that the bones of these saints are here. The church is a magnificent building, dating as far back as the 10th century. The Protestants have possession now of the oldest Christian building in Cologne, the Church of St. *Pantaleon*. *Duns Scotus* has his tomb in the chapel of the Minorites: tradition says that he was buried alive, burst out of his coffin, but could not get out of the vault, where he perished and was afterward found, having eaten his fingers for hunger.

There are other churches of interest which we visited; paused at the house in which Rubens was born, and in which Maria de Medicis died; looked in at the Rath Haus or Town Hall, a fine old thing, that has stood for centuries; called at the Kaufhas, where the Diets of the empire have been held, and emperors have feasted; explored the remains of Roman architecture in walls and towers still standing in the strength and grandeur of their early days—memorials of Trajan, who received the imperial purple at Cologne, and of Vitellius and Sylvanus, who were proclaimed emperors of Rome on this very hill; as Clovis was made king of the Franks on the same spot in 508. Thus renowned in history, Cologne has been no less important in commerce; but the days of its glory, when it had as many steeples as there are days in a year, have passed away, and now it stakes its chief claim to the attention of the traveller on its great cathedral.

The *Dom*—so the cathedral is called in many parts of Europe—the Domus, the House, the Lord's House, the Chief Church, is not yet completed, and probably never will be; though it is believed that four millions of dollars would do it. But if it is so beautiful in its present fragmentary state, with the scaffold and crane still standing, what will it be when the topstone is laid? What a vision of grandeur, beauty, and architectural glory burst upon my eyes when I entered the choir, and stood in the midst of this temple, pronounced the finest specimen of a Gothic edifice in the whole world! I looked up one hundred and sixty

feet, through the massive columns and the splendid arches; and as the whole scene was tempered by the gentle and variously-colored hues that fell through the splendid stained windows, I felt the power of human art, and was glad it was employed for so noble a purpose as the erection of a house for God. Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands. The plan of this cathedral is shown in prints and in models which are exhibited in foreign lands: it is to be 511 feet long, the towers to be the same number of feet high! Not less remarkable is this cathedral for the value of the relics it contains. Among them are the bones of the three wise men of the East, who brought gifts to the infant Saviour. Their skulls are exhibited through a window behind the altar, and I walked in a procession of believers to take a look at them and the rubies in which they are set. They estimate the value of the precious stones, without the skulls—which, of course, are priceless—at a million of dollars. I would rather have the money.

On the day following my visit to this cathedral, I was in a steamer on the Rhine; one of an English family on board was a young lady, an invalid. She was lovely to look on, though thin and pale; the brightness of her dark eyes, and her expression so *spirituelle*, had often caught my attention, and when I could be of any service to her, there was a pleasure in ministering to a stranger who seemed to be a stranger in this world, and near a better. It was at sunset; we had been admiring the castled hills and

picturesque scenery of the Rhine, when she quoted Longfellow, and I said "It was pleasant to hear the bards of my own country repeated in a foreign land."

"I think him," said she, "the first of living poets. And as you are an American, tell me your impressions of Europe. You have been at Cologne, what do you think of the cathedral?"

"Beautiful exceedingly," I said, "even glorious, and a thing to be remembered a lifetime. But we Americans are worshippers of *utility;* and I fear that many of us, on that account, do not admire, as you do, the vastness and grandeur of a temple that is not demanded by the wants of the people."

She replied with soft but earnest tones, "I do not associate *utility* with such a temple. It is not merely to worship in: it is worship itself—it is an anthem—praising God, as it stands, silently like the stars that have no speech, but are heard in their evening songs, 'forever singing as they shine.'" Her pale face was half-crimsoned as she spoke, and, gathering strength, she added, "I shall never see any thing so beautiful."

"Never!" I asked, "do you mean *never?*"

She looked at me thoughtfully, and comprehending my question, said, "Ah, yes; I hope to see it—heaven! heaven!"

"The building," I continued, "*not* made with hands: its walls are of precious stones; its gates are pearl; its dome is a sun; and every pinnacle is a star. How mean these earthly temples are when once compared with heaven! And the *anthem*—to hear it in the choir of that house; the anthem of an-

gels, and the spirits of the pure who have gone up there to join in the song of— But you will think I am preaching."

"No, no," she cried; "if that is preaching, I would hear more of it. They tell me that I am gaining health and strength; but I know better: my thoughts are more up there than here: tell me of heaven."

And in my poor way—in an under-tone of voice, that the gay around us might not hear—I talked with this gentle spirit, of the spirit-world, till the curtain of evening fell, and we came to the end of our journey for the day. The next morning, stepping into the cars, I saw her, leaning on the arm of her father, about to take a train in another direction. She waved her hand to me as a farewell, and then *she pointed upward.* I never saw her again.

How many such meetings travel makes—brief, pleasing, memorable! How many pleasant people there are in this world, if we could only find them! How many more in heaven!

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE RHINE.

Bonn—University—Sacred Stairs—Dried Monks—German Students on a Frolic—Taking a Horn—Drachenfels—Castles on the Rhine—Vineyards—Legends of the Rhine.

As we were leaving Cologne on Monday morning, the good host of the Disch introduced us to Herr Schmidt, or in our English, to Mr. Smith, who keeps the Golden Star at Bonn. When we came to that city of some 15,000 souls, Herr Schmidt invited us to his house, and offered to entertain us as his guests. But as we had no time to stay, he insisted on sending us in his carriage about the town, a ride which we greatly enjoyed that fine morning. The University of Bonn, which boasts in its line of Professors such men as Niebuhr and Schlegel, and among its students Prince Albert, of England, is one of the most popular on the Continent, and now numbers more than one thousand members. The building was once the royal palace, nearly a quarter of a mile long, and has spacious apartments for the library of 100,000 volumes, and the Academical Hall, adorned with fresco portraits, in which the four faculties of Philosophy, Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Theology are drawn in the faces of the most distinguished teachers of these several sciences; a German idea and very fitting. Luther

and Loyola figure in the Theological group. Here, as in all German towns, long avenues of fine shade trees adorn the environs, and give a charm to the place, making the traveller wish that he could find the same about the cities of his own land. One of the finest excursions about Bonn, for the sake of the view, is to the church on the summit of the *Kreutsberg*, behind Popelsdorf. It has a copy in Italian marble of the *Sacred Stairs* which led to Pilate's Judgment Hall, and which still bear the marks of the blood which fell from the wounds in the Saviour's head when it was crowned with thorns. No one goes up or down them but on his knees. Under this church are the bodies of the monks who formerly lived in a convent on this site. Now they lie in their coffins, with cowl and cassock on, exposing to the gaze of the visitor their shriveled skins and dried anatomies, the mummies of the Rhine. The pious peasantry look on them with holy awe; the traveller turns away in disgust.

A small steamer was thronged with passengers, pleasure travellers like ourselves, speaking so many languages that we might have been taken for emigrants from Babel, and on one of the finest days of the year we set off from Bonn to ascend the Rhine. A party of students from the University had taken passage by the same vessel, for their annual excursion, and with music and banners, with songs and wine, they came on board as we were about to start. This was one of the phases of German student life we had not thought to see, but it gave variety to the enter-

Students on a spree. Taking a horn.

tainments of the day. They were mostly from sixteen to twenty years of age; the leaders of the party were distinguished by a sash and red cap, and all of them dressed in the free-and-easy style of students on a spree. It is their custom to make an excursion like this once or twice in every summer, going off to some retired spot among the mountains, and spending a few days in revelry, more or less innocent, according to the tastes of the company. Our boys were largely provided with wine and beer, which they brought in kegs; one was speedily hoisted on a table and tapped, and the rich liquor drawn into long *horns*, from which all drank with the greatest gust. Now, for the first time, I saw the origin of the phrase "taking a horn" for taking a drink. The students were constantly circulating among the passengers, and insisting upon every one's drinking from the horn, as a pledge of confraternity; even the most delicate ladies on board, who rather shrank from drinking sour wine in a bullock's horn, were urged with so much persistence, that refusal was impossible, and they were obliged at least to honor the offer with the touch of their lips. Their singing was good. They had the songs printed and distributed, so that all who read German could join in the choruses. Every half hour or so, the whole company would form a ring, and with the flute and violin, and a score of fine voices, they would give their national songs, and some in praise of Bonn, rather as the home of fair women than a seat of learning, till the vine-clad hills of the Rhine sent back the echoes of the music and the applause of the listening

travellers. And then the horn went around again. I declined it, saying that I had had enough, to which the pressing student replied, "You can never have enough, only too much."

We passed the Seven Mountains shortly after leaving Bonn, the highest of all the hills of the Rhine, and quite as romantic in their make as any others—tossed up into these fantastic forms by volcanic eruptions, in an age to which history does not reach. On their summits the ruins of a castle or a chapel, a house of war or of prayer, are standing, memorials of the past, and with each of them, as all along the banks of this poet-travelled stream, tradition has handed to succeeding generations legends that invest them with far more interest than they would command if we passed them without a knowledge of their history. This abruptly-rising precipice, starting from the river's edge, and standing one thousand feet high, crowned with an old castle, once formidable, now crumbling, is the Dragon Rock—the *Drachenfels;* so called from the cave in its bosom, in which the dragon was killed by the horned Siegfried. The shattered fortress on the top was once the haunt of the Robbers of the Rhine, who from this eyrie could see afar the approach of the vessel they designed to capture, or to plunder, under pretence of exacting toll for the passage of the river. On other peaks the Archbishops of Cologne built castles and dwelt in them. Here Melancthon and Bucer, heroes of the Reformation, came to see Archbishop Wied, who was converted to their faith; and here his successor, Gebbard

Truchess, had a hiding-place with his beautiful wife, Agnes Von Mansfeldt, in the troublous times that succeeded. A charming place of refuge it must be with such company.

Another robber nest is on the ridge of a range, in which is the crater of an ancient volcano, long since gone out; but the crater is here yet, a quarter of a mile across; but now grain grows richly over the beds of ashes and heaps of lava. The nephew of Charlemagne is said to have fortified this spot with the Castle of *Rolandseck*, because he could see from its turrets the Convent of Nonnenworth, where his bride was confined. *Schiller* has made his story the theme of one of his ballads, transferring the scene, by poet's license, to Switzerland. This convent—now a spacious house of entertainment—is on an island in the midst of the river, shaded sweetly, and inviting the traveller to rest in view of these frowning hills and ancient castles, no longer feared by those who wish to pass. The nuns, however, are not here now. They did hold possession through the kind offices of the Empress Josephine, long after the French broke up the other asylums of the sort on the Rhine. Their little cells are now profaned by the presence of all sorts of travellers, who sleep in them as if no nuns, demure and grave, had once wasted their lives in these calm retreats.

On the right, as we are ascending the river, is the *Unkelstein*, a hill so precipitous and columnar in its rocky formation that it reminds you of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. These basaltic pillars are laid

in various directions, and extend even into the bed of the river, which rushes through them furiously. A noble Gothic church is on the heights at *Apollinarisberg*, and at the foot of the hill is the village of *Remagen*, where are some singular remains of the Romans, who once had possession. The signs of the zodiac are carved on a curious gateway near the church. Across the river, I was charmed with one of the many vineyards that adorn the banks of the Rhine; for here the industry and perseverance of the peasant have made the vines grow in spite of the steepness of the mountains, which will allow no soil to rest on their rocky sides. It is too steep even for terraces; but they put soil into baskets, and set them as firmly as possible among the stones, and thus preserve it from being washed away by the showers and the rushing rivulets that come from above. Here we have literally a hanging vineyard—not a basket of grapes merely, but the vines growing in baskets, and bearing abundantly to reward the toil that thus contends with difficulties and overcomes them.

These hanging vineyards—the terraced hillsides clothed with luxuriant vines, in which the peasants, men and women, are always at work, impart a charm to the scenery we are passing through. The vines are not trained on arbors or on walls, as with us, but on short poles, not higher than within reach, and the hills thus covered are so gay and smiling, that we are ready to believe all that poetry tells us of the happy countries where the fields are fruitful in corn and wine. We are now in the wine country. I have

travelled over all the wine countries of Europe, and spent some months in the cities where wine is far more abundant and common as a beverage than cider is with us in America; and have seen *far less* intemperance in these countries than in my own. A drunken man is a rare sight on the continent of Europe. The common wine is no better than vinegar and water, but is drunk freely by the people; and we are assured by the gatherers of statistics that there is a vast amount of intoxication, far more than in those lands where wine is not cheap. I have no statistics to set up against this opinion, and do not deny it; yet I must say, that while drinking is more public, and more common here than at home, much less intemperance is to be seen.

We were at Ockenfels—but we found nothing there to see, except the blackened walls of a ruined castle; and we did not stop to look at them, nor at the town of Linz, which lies near the river, where one of the Cologne archbishops once built that tower near the gate, to defend the town, and compel the toll from the sailors of the Rhine. These priestly rulers seem to have been tyrants for two worlds, and to have made the most of their power while they had it.

On the other side of the Rhine, and a mile or so from the water, is the spot where tradition says that Constantine saw the sign of the cross in the sky, when he was marching from Britain to Rome. The glorious vision was hailed with enthusiastic joy, and the promise held out to him, which was indeed fulfilled, that he should triumph over paganism, and es-

HEAD OF CONSTANTINE.

tablish Christianity at Rome on its ruins. At *Brohl*, vast quantities of tuff-stone are found, which is ground up for cement—hardening under water, and therefore in great demand, especially in Holland. This stone was formerly used for coffins; and as it absorbs the moisture of the body, the coffin is called a *sarcophagus*, or flesh-consumer, and this is the term now given to all coffins made of stone.

We are now entering the most majestic passage of the Rhine, where the shores approach each other, and on both sides the mountains rise so suddenly that we feel oppressed with the sublimity of the scenery. Here is *Andernach*, and across the river, the ruined castle of *Frienriehstein*, to which the peasants gave the name of the Devil's House, as they were com-

pelled to build it by their feudal tyrants. Emerging from this pass, we come upon a part of the Rhine where there is little that is interesting—the shores are now low, and no places of importance on them till we come to Weissenturn, the White Tower, on the frontier of Treves. Here the French crossed the Rhine in 1797, while their passage was fiercely contested by the Austrians; and a monument to the French leader, General Hoche, commemorates the exploit. But I was far more interested in the spot, when told that here, two thousand years ago, Julius Cæsar crossed the Rhine on that curious bridge which he made for the purpose, and described in his Commentaries—a most perplexing passage to the young student, as the passage of the river was most perplexing to the Roman general.

Ancient, crumbling, deserted, ivy-grown, romantic castles had been rising and falling on every peak of the many hills we had been passing, and suddenly we came upon something that had signs of life and power and the 19th century in it—we were at the Gibraltar of the Rhine: *Coblenz* stands at the junction of the Mosel and the Rhine. Prussia has spent vast sums of money in fortifying it, and it is considered, as many other fortresses are, impregnable. A hundred thousand men can be quartered in the works, and the fortress of *Ehrenbreitstein* (honor's broad stone) alone can hold fourteen thousand men, with provisions for eight thousand for ten years. A wild and wonderfully varied scene is spread before the eye, whatever way you turn, on the bridge that connects the for-

tress with the city, or from any of the commanding points on either side of the Rhine. The history of the fortress is full of the romance and stern reality of war. Armies have sat down in front of it, and retired after vain sieges. The great parade-ground on the top of the rock, is over huge cisterns capable of holding a three years supply of water, while a well, 400 feet deep in the solid rock, communicates with the Rhine. And after leaving this fortified town, we enter upon the most interesting scenery of the river. In its natural beauties the Rhine is not equal to the Hudson or the St. Lawrence. But art has so strangely triumphed over nature, and the power of man is so displayed in these old castles perched on the peaks of the most precipitous mountains, where it would seem almost impossible for a man to climb, much more to build a fortress—and these are meeting you at every bend of the winding river, and starting up as if by magic every moment, so that you have not read the story of one before you come to another—and each one of them has its story, sometimes childish, often quite incredible—these with the associations of history, ancient and modern, make the Rhine the most interesting river in the world. Now we are at *Stolzenfels*, a castle that hangs above the water on a projecting rock, where the prelatical monarchs of the river once resided; but the French blew it to pieces, and the city of Coblenz gave it to the King of Prussia, having in vain tried to sell it for fifty or sixty dollars. The king has fitted it up with great taste, and now it is a charming spot. Pass we

along and see the ruins of the church of St. John, which decayed while a lawsuit about it was flourishing for forty years; and the wrecks of old castles and chapels are scattered all around here—the bones of the feudal system that once was in power all over this land. The *Castle of Marksburg* is better preserved than any other on the river, a grand specimen of the fortresses of the middle ages, and if we had time to climb up to it and explore its mysteries, we should shudder at the discoveries. It is even now used as a prison, and in the days of its glory, the victims of petty tyranny were led through dark passages and winding stairways into dungeons where the light of day never comes; or let down in a bucket through a deep and narrow well-hole into a pit called *Hundloch* or *Hound-hole.* The Roman General Drusus, built a castle here which became the nucleus of the town of Boppart, with the Convent of Marienburg, which afterward became a cotton-mill, and is now a Water-cure establishment! What a changing world even the old world is! Surely the millennium is coming apace, when convents become cotton-mills, and robber castles are converted into inns for the pilgrim. Those twin towers on neighborly rocks over which the vines are growing so lovingly, are called the "Brothers," and tradition has a legend which we have not time to tell; nor can we more than mention "the Mouse" and "the Cat," formidable rivals, which received their names from the jealousy and hostility which long prevailed between them. The fortress of Rheinfels was once the most

dreaded, as it was the most extensive and powerful of the strongholds of the Rhine. The master, by his increasing demands for tribute, provoked the ire of his neighbor robbers, and this led to a union of the cities of the Rhine, whose armies finally laid waste this and all the other castles.

Bewitchingly beautiful was the scenery as we came to St. Goar. The neat cottage rising among the hills, the ruins of Rheinfels throwing a sadly pleasing aspect over the view, the precipitous, broken and romantic hills on both sides of the river, make this one of the most charming and attractive spots on the river. Here our German students went ashore, and with music and banners marched through a welcoming crowd into a public house, where preparations had evidently been made for their reception. The old hermit, St. Goar, who long time ago converted to Christianity the rude dwellers in these wilds, has left his name to the place and the church in which his help is to this day sought by the sailors, who are exposed to dangers in the whirlpool called the "Gewirr," haunted by a water-witch, whose beauty tempts many a poor boatman to his ruin. A small chapel on the walls of Oberwesel preserves the memory of a boy named Werner, who is said to have been crucified by the Jews, and thrown into the Rhine, when his body, instead of floating down, was carried up to Bacharah some five or six miles above, where it was found and buried. This old town, with its twelve towers and surrounding scenery, lingers in my memory as one of the most exquisite pictures. Yet this picture was

but extended as we passed along by the old castle of Stahleck, and Nollingen, and Fuesteneck, and still farther up the ruin of Sonneck, till we came to the neighborhood of Bingen, the number of these ancient fortresses increasing so rapidly, starting into such forms of picturesque beauty, so suddenly and often breaking upon the eye, that I was constantly excited with the scene. Perhaps in some early age of the world these mountains interposed a barrier to a mighty lake, which had the Alps on its southern shore. An earthquake, of which there is frequent evidence in this region, may have opened for the river a pathway to the sea. As we emerge from the gorge near the junction of the Nahe, stands the small square tower which Southey has immortalized by clothing its legend in rhyme. An old bishop had garnered vast quantities of grain in time of famine, and when the people clamored for it, he invited a great multitude into one of his barns, with the promise of giving them a winter's supply.

> "Then when he saw it could hold no more
> Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
> And while for mercy on Christ they call,
> He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.
>
> "I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire! quoth he,
> And the country is greatly indebted to me,
> For ridding it in these times forlorn,
> Of rats that only consume the corn."

But for this dastardly act the bishop suffered a terrible penalty—he heard that droves of rats and mice were coming after him, he fled to his tower on

the Rhine, but on they came, swam the water, climbed the walls, entered the windows, penetrated his chamber, and gnawed the flesh from his bones. Whence the tower was called the *Mouse* tower. So says tradition, but history tells us it was built two hundred years after the death of Bishop Hatto, who was one of the wisest statesmen of his time.

We wanted to stop at "Bingen on the Rhine." Every one should go ashore here, and spend a day or two in the lap of such beauty as he will find in this enchanting region—it seemed wrong to pass it with only a passing glance, and thinking too that we would probably never look on it again. Yet who that has once seen it will forget? But in the close of a lovely day in summer, we made the passage of all these "glories," telling the "legends of the Rhine" to those who have never heard them, and wishing that every body with a taste for the beautiful was with us.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GERMANY.

German Watering-places—Wiesbaden—A Bath—Gambling-house—Women among the Gamblers—Women in the Fields—Frankfort-on-the-Main—Rothschild Brothers—Their Mother.

It was early in the morning when I woke and rung the bell. The night before we had arrived at Wiesbaden, one of the great watering-places of Germany. Well for us that one or two of the houses at which we first applied were full; for we were thus directed to the *English* hotel—a name we rarely took as a commendation, but in this case it proved to be the very thing.

I wanted a bath. The best time to enjoy that luxury is before breakfast: to save the trouble of going abroad, the water is brought by pipes into all the hotels, and is there cooled to the temperature required. I was not sure that this was the arrangement, and rang the bell for a servant, while I was yet in bed. He came promptly, and stood in silence waiting my pleasure. In as fair German as I could frame to pronounce, I asked him if they had baths in the house. He looked stupidly: did not understand German. I made the same inquiry in French, and he gave me the same answer. In despair, I said in good English, "Have you baths in the house?"

"Yes, sir," he said; and I found that he was an English servant, who could speak no language but mine and his. He then threw a blanket around me, and led the way through the long corridors, and down two or three pair of stairs into the basement, where was a double row of cells, in each of which was a bath let into the centre of the floor, some of them of marble, others of brick cemented, all of them large enough for a man to spread himself in, and hot enough to stew him. Here I was committed to the tender care of an old woman, who threw open the door of one of the little cells, and there was a bath like a sarcophagus full of water, with a scum as thick as cream over it. This scum is the proof that the water is fresh and pure; and the old lady assured me that it is natural to the water, and I need not be afraid of it. Having let on the cold water till the bath was cool enough for me to enter in, she retired, and left me to my morning exercises. I slipped in; and soon the sweet influences of the warm bath stole over me and into me, and I sank away into luxurious repose. Ten or fifteen minutes would have been long enough for a man to lie in such a bath; but so languid and contented did I feel, that half an hour was dreamed away before I awoke to the propriety of hastening out; and having dried myself with a hot sheet which was handed in, I returned to my bed-chamber and bed. A cup of coffee was now brought, and having refreshed myself by the rest of another half hour, I dressed, and set off to see the company who flock before breakfast to the fountain.

The people. Walks about town.

We are now at the nick of time to see the people who have come to drink the waters; for they are to be drunk only at this early hour, and the drinkers are in crowds in the square, pressing around the fountain, where half a dozen girls are busy in filling tumblers and handing them up as rapidly as possible. The groups that are gathered are as motley as at a carnival, but mostly well-dressed: few of the magnates of the duchy are up as early as this; but the invalids are out, and hundreds who have come for fear of being invalids, and must drink because they have come to the Spa.

Through long rows of acacias, we have walked to the Rockbrunnen, or boiling spring; for the water is at 156 degrees of Fahrenheit; clouds of vapor are rising from it continually, and from various places along the sides of the town; adding not a little to the warmth of the place, in this broiling hot weather. Besides this central and principal spring, there are twelve or fourteen others, scattered around the town; but they are of the same medical properties with this, and nearly the same temperature. The water tastes like a weak chicken broth—and so much like it, that it would be taken for it, by any one who had called for broth, and did not know the taste of the water. You will not drink a dozen tumblers of it before breakfast, as the topers at Saratoga do, converting their stomachs into cisterns, and filling them to an overflow. But three or four glasses are quite sufficient for a morning draught; and if a walk is taken between each of these, the effect is all the pleasanter.

Beautiful walks invite the stranger through dense groves, and among flowering gardens; and frequent seats afford him a place to rest, if he would refresh himself by the way.

Wiesbaden is the chief city of Nassau; and its Grand Duke has his palace, and many of the nobility their elegant residences here. The old Romans knew these springs, and erected tablets to testify their gratitude for wonderful cures which were wrought by the waters. It is said that Nero once had a mansion here; and the hill, north of the town, was the site of a Roman castle, as is proved by the inscriptions still legible on the stones found there. And now let us drop in at the KURSAAL, a long and imposing building on one side of the square, while colonnades line other two sides, with all manner of shops for the display of fancy articles for sale. This Kursaal is the temple of Wiesbaden, the greatest gambling-house of Germany, and having something of a national establishment character about it. With that strange, but very common fallacy, by which governments, as well as individuals, often deceive themselves into the belief that what can not be prevented must be licensed in order to regulate it, the government sells a license to a company to set up gambling-tables here; and a handsome revenue is indeed secured to the Grand Duke by the operation. The company pay to the government about $25,000 a year for the license; and, besides this, they are obliged to lay out a large sum in keeping the houses and grounds in order. Will you walk in?

"What, into a gambling-house?"

"Why, every body seems to be going in, and it is now about time to dine: this is the great eating-house of the place."

These two magnificent saloons are, twice a week, the scene of gay balls, where princes, and nobles, and commons mingle in the merriest dances in which Germans ever engage, with a sprinkling of French and English, with titles and without. But now these halls are silent, though hundreds of men and women are in them. They are all crowded around a large table—one in the centre of each room. Not a word is heard. On the sofas around the walls, a few listless loungers are sitting; but the rest are standing at the tables, while perhaps twenty are seated. None may sit down but those who play. The game is *rouge-et-noir*. The manager, at the table where we are standing, sits by a wheel; the players place their money, as much as they please, but not less than a dollar, on whatever numbers or color they choose; the wheel is whirled, a little ball flies out, and falls upon a number; the manager announces it, and the fate of each player is instantly decided. Some have won, some have lost—more of the latter than the former, of course; for the bank must win, in the long run, or it could not pay the great sum demanded for the license, and make fortunes for the managers besides. I am intensely interested in studying the game and the company. Here, just in front of me, is a genteel looking man, with red mustache and clear, white skin, rather too much dressed to be a

gentleman: he is playing high—not with silver; he never lays down less than a Napoleon; and often five, and sometimes more of them at once. He wins every time; and thrusting out his little wooden *scraper*, draws in his double pile, and adds it to the heap at his side. He loses this time: he plays but a single coin the next; loses that, and rises at once from his seat, and leaves the house. That man never plays when he thinks luck is turning against him. The next one to him, on the same side of the table, seems to be a fixture. But he does not play always. His doctrine of chances must be a secret; and he watches the game as if he could tell just when the right time comes to venture his silver—for he never risks gold. For an hour he has made no gains, but he is hoping to do better; and seems to be very sure that he will begin to win soon; for he has been losing so long the tide must change.

You never saw ladies in a gambling-house, did you? There are several around this table. Here is one standing at my shoulder, pleading in an undertone of voice with an elderly man, who may be her father, or husband, or, more likely than either, her friend, for a fresh supply of florins, as her purse is empty. He pretends to be absorbed in the game that the rest are playing, but she is importunate, and he turns; she then has his eye, and looks so imploringly that he yields and fills her purse. I saw her lay down these florins, two or three of them at a time, fluttering like a frightened pigeon sometimes, revealing her disappointment when she lost, and her joy as

A beauty. Who was she?

clearly when she won; but the tide was against her, and before she quit the table the purse was emptied again; and there was no smiling when she took her old man's arm and marched out of the hall as mad as a March hare. But I have been watching a woman of rare beauty at the corner of the table in front of me. Five hours ago she was there; she may have been out in that time for refreshments, but she is a *habitué* of this house. Dressed in rich black silk, and with a neat collar, stomacher, and scarf, she would be taken for a lady, had she less jewelry; but those bracelets, and chains, and charms are rather too rich and many for such a place. No gentleman is here who seems to stand in any relationship to that splendid creature. She plays on her own account. But women will show their feelings, and with all her effort at calmness and indifference, the tell-tale blood, as it flies into her face, or rushes back to her heart, leaving her white as marble, discloses the struggle that is heaving her bosom. She has not played for five or six minutes; her head has rested on her hand; and her ivory arm, as it stands up there, has been glanced at even by those who seem to be engrossed in the game. She plays again, and loses; and now she has placed her hand quickly on her forehead, as if it ached. It was for a moment only; she recovered, and instantly threw out double her usual stakes, and saw them swept away without a sigh. It was exciting to see her. Who was she? Nobody but a gay, ruined, wretched woman; one of thousands thronging these watering places, bankrupt in fortune and reputation: the least of their vices is

gambling, and if the love of money was the worst of their passions, they would be pure as they are beautiful. With the dukes and duchesses, the lords and ladies, the sharpers, blacklegs, and pedlars of all sorts, and travellers, who resort in summer time to these fountains of health and pleasure, come these gay women; and as they roll through the streets in their splendid carriages, or sail into the ball-room at midnight, you might mistake them for the greatest ladies of the land. "Never buy a book by the cover," said my Irish coachman at Dublin, and the advice is quite as good in Germany.

"Frankfort-on-the-Main" is the long name that we read in the Geography, long time ago—a German city of great renown, on the river Main, and less than a couple of hours from Wiesbaden.

The ride was lovely, among the vineyards, and through finely-cultivated fields, in which men and women were working side by side in the hay. One woman was pulling away, by the wayside, at one end of a saw, while the other end was worked by a man, and thus they were cutting through a log of wood. Nothing more painfully impresses one with a sense of the degradation of woman in these countries, than the sight of women engaged in the most menial and oppressive services. At times she seems condemned to a severer drudgery than man; and in some parts of the Continent I have wondered where the men have gone, as women only are to be seen in the fields, and at the roadside, doing the work which in our country we consider as belonging solely to the rougher sex.

Frankfort is girt about with a forest of shade trees, through which we wandered an hour or two before we crossed the bridge over the Main, and entered the town. The walks are so broad, with such tempting seats in the midst of patches of flowers and among the shrubbery, statues often surprising us as we came to some secluded spot, that it seemed we could not be in the immediate vicinity of a city of 60,000 souls. The fortifications of the town once covered the grounds that are now so charmingly converted into a garden promenade for the citizens, and we are walking near to the edge of the deep moat, and in sight of the massive walls, which could be quickly put into a state of defence. Time was, when Frankfort needed strong walls and armies to man them; but it is sleepy enough now, when the Germanic Diet is not in session. It is a free city, makes its own laws, manages its own commerce, and minds its own business; having one vote in the Congress of the German powers that assembles here, keeping up a sort of union between Prussia, Austria, Saxony, Hanover, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and thirty-two other independent States, in one confederation, with a constitution by which they are pledged to maintain each other in independence. The history of this city has been the history of Germany for a thousand years. This is the city where the emperors were crowned; and here is the venerable cathedral in which the elections were held. A chapel is still called the Election Chapel, and the coronations took place before the high altar. The lowly dwellings of the poor press hard against the sides of

the old *Dom*, and it was long before we could get a good sight of the venerable pile. It was not much to see when we did, but strong emotions will come over a man when he surveys a temple in which a long line of illustrious princes have been made; where the monuments of some of them are standing, and where the most distinguished leaders of the moral movements of the last five hundred years have displayed their powers of rousing the passions and controlling the judgments of men. And we left the cathedral and entered the Town Hall, where the emperors and their attending retinue proceeded from the temple in which they were crowned, and reveled in the banquet-hall—the emperors sitting, and kings and princes waiting on them. The imperial portraits from Conrad to Francis I., with whom the line went out, adorn the walls of this great hall. The museum has a rich collection of pictures, but none to make a note of, except a Holy Family, by Raphael. You will find something worth looking at, whichever way you turn. In the public library, if you have no taste for reading German books, you can pause long enough to see two pairs of Luther's shoes, and a statue of *Goethe*, who was born in this city, and the house remains with his father's coat of arms, three lyres, still over the door.

The Jews are numerous in Frankfort, and have been treated in former times with great severity, the quarter of the town which they occupy being closed every night after an early hour, so that they could not get out or in. The ROTHSCHILD family had its origin here in Frankfort—a family of Jews, as every

The brothers. Their mother.

one knows—and now the most powerful of any family in the world. One brother resides here, another in London, another in Paris, another in Vienna, and a fifth in Naples. Widely scattered as they are, no great financial transaction is undertaken by one without the entire agreement of the five. Their business is with kings and States. Monarchs may declare war, but the sinews must be furnished by the Rothschilds. In an humble dwelling where these men were born, and in the same style in which she had lived for nearly a century, the mother of these princely bankers continued to reside, until her death, two years ago. It was their desire that she should have a palace, or a house at least in some measure corresponding to the increased fortune of the family. The son who lives here said, that if his mother, then far beyond ninety, lived to be one hundred years old, he would give a half million of florins, equal to about a quarter million of dollars, to the poor. She died at the age of ninety-nine. It would have been very easy for him to have made the thank offering as it was, but he did not.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HAUNTS OF LUTHER.

Old Castles—Luther and Zwingle—Hesse Cassel—A German Bed—The Hessian Tyrant—Meeting the King—Luther and the Devil—The Erfurt Monastery.

THE old castle and the Gothic churches of Friedburg met our eyes very soon after leaving Frankfort, and the salt-works for some time baffled our attempts to find out what they were. As the road wound its way around the hills, and through fertile valleys, the scenery was now beautiful and then grand. The sky was clear when we left Frankfort, but the clouds suddenly gathered, and a thunder-storm swept over us. When the sun returned, there stood over against the eastern sky one of those great rainbows, which one loves to see in a foreign land. And as if to make it just the most perfect of its kind, one foot of it rested upon a castle-crowned hill, and, spanning a wide and charming vale, the other rested upon another hill top and tower. From these rural homes that are scattered among these hills, thousands of German girls have been induced to wander away to London and Paris, and not a few to New York, under the pretence of being furnished with places at service: and so extensive did the trade become, that the government now forbids any man to take a female off, except as his wife.

At Giessen is a university. The well-known LIEBIG teaches chemistry here. And a few miles off is the scene of the "Sorrows of Werther." All along we are on classic ground, and have only to look off to the right and left to see proud castles, not in such ruins as on the Rhine, the memorials of grandeur and power not wholly passed away. It was sunset when we reached *Marburg*, where the train halted for refreshments. I left it and walked out to survey this spot, which is made memorable by the residence of Luther and Zwingle, who here discussed the points on which they differed in the great Reformation. The Schlossburg height is still surmounted by the castle of the Landgraves of Hesse: now it is a prison; but the associations render it an object of peculiar interest to the Protestant traveller. To me it was exciting to see the houses where these wonderful men had lived; to look up at the walls of the old castle in which they battled for their faith before the Landgrave; to know that over these fields they had often walked, and meditated those mighty truths that have since so revolutionized the current of thought in church and state throughout the civilized world. The church of *St. Elizabeth*, which was half a century in building, in the pointed Gothic style, is a beautiful edifice, but is more remarkable for the tablet within to the memory of the Landgravine of Hesse, the pious lady whose holy life is commemorated in the name of the church, and this marble, on which she is represented lying upon the coffin, surrounded by the sick and wretched whom it was her delight to relieve while she lived.

Her soul is also seen ascending to heaven, whence the Saviour is extending his hand to take her in. More lovely than these works of art, the doubtful taste of which is never pleasing, was the landscape which these regions spread before me, and, as I stood gazing on them, a French gentleman stepped up to me, and said,

"You are delighted with this fine view—how much more you will be when you come to Switzerland."

"Perhaps so," I said to him, "but let me have the pleasure of this without thinking there can be any thing more beautiful beyond."

It was evening, and the peasant women were returning from the fields of their daily toil, each of them with a rude hoe over her shoulder, trudging along as the coarsest men: sometimes nearly twenty of them would be in single file, not chatting as if they were happy, but silently and moodily wending their way home.

The villages on the way, as we drew near CASSELL, gave signs of some festivity, and we were pleased to learn that to-morrow the King of Prussia was to arrive on a visit to the Elector of Hesse Cassell, who resides near the capital, at WILHELMSHOHE, the Versailles of Germany. On the slope of a lofty hill, in the midst of gardens, and groves, and fountains that leap higher than any other in Europe, this prince has a magnificent palace, commanding an inland view of unsurpassed splendor and beauty. The railway station here was hung with festoons, and every preparation in readiness to give a right regal reception to the royal guest, so soon to honor these rural retreats with

his presence. We passed on to Cassell, where we put up at the *Konig von Preussen*, the hotel on the great oval Platz, in the heart of the city. The house was full, as the expected visit of the king had brought together many strangers, especially the military, from other parts of the Electorate. But they contrived to find a spare room for us, up in the attic, very large, with three beds, the number we needed. A German bed is unlike that thing which goes by the same name in any other country. It is not so long that a man may stretch himself in, nor so wide that he may safely turn in. The covering consists of a light feather bed, which may be very pleasant in cool weather, but in summer is intolerable. Coleridge says he would rather carry his own blanket and sleep like an Indian, than to be condemned to swelter between these two beds. A German stove is not less a curiosity than a bed: the iron interior is surrounded and surmounted by a porcelain tower of successive stories.

The next morning we ran rapidly over the town, taking a view of the palace on Frederick Platz, the largest square in any German town, and in the middle of which stands the statue of the Elector FREDERICK. This prince will be remembered as the man who made his money, and heaps of it too, by trafficking in his people, whom he hired to the King of England in that war which was designed to crush the rising hopes of freedom in the Western world. Standing before the statue of the man who thus enriched his coffers, we execrated his memory as that of a tyrant. Our opinions were expressed very freely, as we spoke

in English and did not think any one would understand us; but two gentlemen near joined in, and said that although *they were Englishmen*, they felt the same detestation which we had expressed, at the character and conduct of the man before us. Passing through the square into the *Augarten*, the public garden, and by the foundation of a new palace not likely to be soon built, we were let into the Marble Bath, a most extravagant and foolishly elaborate apartment. In the centre is a marble bath in which one may swim, and all around the room are groups of marble statuary—the subjects sensual, and some of them decidedly vulgar: as works of art not claiming praise, but suggestive of the morals and manners of the prince who squandered the money of his subjects in this erection.

But Cassell with its museum and picture gallery was soon exhausted, and we set off in the course of the forenoon on our journey eastward. The Elector joined us: a noble-looking man—six feet high and well-proportioned—affable and free from ostentation. He stopped at *Altmorschen*, the last station in his dominions, and there awaited the arrival of the King his expected guest, who was thus to be met immediately on crossing the frontier, and escorted to the palace of the Elector. A rich carpet was stretched from the rail to the house, and the piazzas were beautifully loaded with evergreens. A dense crowd of the peasantry were pressing their heads closely against the bars of the fence which shut them out of the inclosure, and the contrast was striking between the

mute and distant throng, and the uproarious concourse which in a free country would greet the coming of a chief. After the delay of an hour he did come, and was received with every demonstration of respect. A tall, spare man, in half military dress, with a countenance expressive of some energy and intelligence, the King of Prussia was welcomed by the Elector or King of Hesse Cassell, and the military who had been assembled there to do him honor. The King had come in the royal car, magnificently fitted up with white silk hangings and cushions, and every luxurious appliance that could be added to a travelling carriage. A large party of ladies and gentlemen of his court were with him. The people of all classes who gathered to see the show were respectful, not enthusiastic, and were rather relieved than otherwise when it was over.

A few hours brought us to Eisenach, the scene of Luther's imprisonment and conflict with the devil.

From the Diet at Worms—where the great Reformer would go, though there were as many devils as tiles on the house-tops to oppose him—Luther returned to Eisenach. The die had been cast. In the presence of the Emperor, Charles V., and the emissaries of the Pope, he had avowed the great truths which underlie the Reformation; and although the word of the Emperor gave him safe conduct from Worms, the decree for his arrest was instantly sent after him, and the sentence of death was only delayed till he should be brought to the bar. At Eisenach, where twenty-three years before he had sung songs

in the street for bread, he was received as a conqueror by a host of friends. He was carried in triumph to the church, and there proclaimed the truths that have ever since been making progress in the world.

Not far from Eisenach—a short day's ride—in the village of Mora, the aged grandmother of Luther was then living; and to pay a last visit to her and to his uncle, Luther bent his steps thither. The old lady embraced and blessed him; and having spent a day with his relatives there, he was proceeding on his journey through the forest of Thuringia, when five armed men, with visors down, rushed upon him, seized him, and bore him off on a horse which they had brought for the purpose.

On the summit of a crag, overlooking the town of Eisenach, and commanding a wide and noble view of the mighty Thuringerwald, or Thuringian forest, is an old castle—a strong-hold—to which Luther was now carried by his captors. Little did the Reformer imagine, less did his friends suppose, that his sudden arrest was the work of the friendly Elector of Saxony, who thus determined to hide Luther from the first fury of his foes, till the storm should pass by. For us it was a toilsome walk out of the town and up this steep ascent, which we overcame in an hour, and then entered the frowning gates of the old fortress. My friend, the Rev. Dr. K——, was overcome by the exertion. He sank down upon a bench —his lips were white, his breath was short and quick —we thought he was dying, and so did a German

party who had preceded us up the hill, and were refreshing themselves with beer in one of the rooms of the castle. We laid our good friend on his back, and put "strong drink" to his lips as to one "ready to perish." He refused the draught—gradually revived—and in half an hour was able to explore the winding and many recesses of this strange old tower. Luther's lonely imprisonment here for ten long months imparts its highest interest to the castle; but it would be well worth a visit, and a more toilsome tug up hill, if Luther had never been here. We hurried through the lower apartments, and were impatient to get to the chamber where the stern Reformer wrote his Patmos, and continued his translation of the Holy Scriptures, and composed those flaming epistles which, while his hiding-place was yet unknown, gleamed out upon the darkness of Germany like lightning, to scathe the strongholds of Popery, and sounded, too, like voices from the dead. In this chamber we found the bedstead yet standing on which he slept. The walls were hung with his portrait, and those of his father and his mother. This room was the scene of his conflict with Satan, for Luther believed in his personal appearance to torment his enemies. And when the devil, in giant form, stood in this chamber, gnashing his teeth, and threatening him with vengeance, that stout-hearted man, who had not quailed before the powers of earth, was not to be scared at hell. And as he baffled his foes among men with his pen and ink, he gave the demon the benefit of the inkstand, which he seized, and hurled at his head. The

vision vanished as the inkstand struck the wall. The hole that it made in the wall was shown to us, and I brought away a bit of the plaster, a relic more valuable to me than the pretended toe of Abraham, or a tooth of Moses.

In another part of the castle is a hall of knights in armor, a collection of great rarity and value, exceeded in interest by only two or three in the world. Some of them are dated in the 13th century. The giant Kunz, of Kaufungen, is remarkable for size and weight, and others seem to be more than a man could stagger under, to say nothing of going out to fight with such steel casements on. A large painting preserves the memory of St. Elizabeth, of Thuringia, whose husband was as close-fisted as she was charitable to the poor. One day she had her apron filled with food which she was about to give away, when her husband demanded what she had there. "*Flowers*," she said; and he tore open the apron to see for himself, when lo, by a miracle the bread and cheese had been changed to roses and lilies. Here she stands in the picture holding out the flowers to her brute of a husband; and she looks as if she were afraid the flowers might turn back again in a minute.

But more interesting than any other spot in the castle, was the chapel where the great Reformer had often celebrated the worship of God, and where he had met his brethren who came up hither to confer with him on the work to which they were called. The names of illustrious visitors were inscribed on

the walls, as though it were an event of their lives to have stood in that hallowed spot.

It was not so hard to come down—it never is—as to go up. And after a delightful walk to the town, and having called for a moment at the old church, we were off for Gotha, where Napoleon rested in his flight from Leipsic. The hills are often surmounted by old fortresses: three in the same neighborhood, called *Drei Gleichen*, were struck by lightning in the same year, 1250. Beautiful for situation they all are, and one of them, Wachsburg, is still kept up and occupied. We are now over the line, and in the kingdom of Prussia. This strong citadel is *Cyryaksberg*, and passing it we are soon in the old and venerable and historical city of Erfurt.

Here was born of God, the author, under God, of the great Reformation. The town was gay with green garlands, festooning the walls and windows, and sometimes stretching from side to side of the narrow streets. The king had slept there last night, and the sleepy old town had actully waked up and put on a holiday suit in honor of the great event. The shades of evening were on us when we reached Erfurt, but our impatience would not allow us to wait till the morning before we saw the empty cell, the sight of which had brought us here. The landlord of our hotel gave us a lantern and a guide who led us through many a winding street, and under old archways, that had been passages for centuries, till, wearied with our walk, and fearing that we had been misled, we were at length conducted to a gate in the

wall that surrounds an Orphan-house, once the Augustine Convent.

Again and again we pulled the bell, till an old woman from the house came forth with a candle in her hand, and admitted us into the court. It was too late, she said, for strangers to enter, but after a little persuasion, she led the way through the outer courts of the convent into the long and narrow wall, each side of which was hung with a series of historical paintings. Out of this hall, on either side, many doors opened into narrow cells, one of which is made illustrious by the fact that in this apartment, still preserved as when it was his abode, Luther entered as a monk, July 17th, 1504, having made a vow a fortnight before, that he would thus devote himself, when a friend of his had been struck dead by lightning at his side.

Here is the table at which he studied and wrote, the inkstand in which he dipped his pen, but more than all, the most precious relic is the Bible, THE Bible, which he found in the library of the convent, and which revealed to him his need of a righteousness which no works of his own could procure. Here the troubles of his soul began. Here he crucified his flesh by fastings and vigils. And when no help came, here on the stone floor of his cell he sank down insensible, and was found by his friend, who came to seek him, and to cheer him in his solitude with the voices of the choir whom he had brought with him. Their music stole into his soul and recalled him to life, but his anguish was too deep to be soothed by

Names of visitors. German bed.

the concord of sweet sounds. And here too he found peace in believing.

Various relics of the Reformer are preserved, and the record of visitors' names shows with what interest this little room is regarded by travellers from distant lands. We recognized the names of many of our friends, and adding our own to the list retired. Under the feather-bed, which, however, often refused to do its duty, and slid off upon the floor, I tried to sleep, but the thoughts of the scenes I had visited were so exciting that, wearied as I was by a hard day's work, I watched the most of the night.

CHAPTER XXX.

GRAVES OF GREAT MEN.

Weimar—Graves of Schiller and Goethe—Halle—Orphan Asylum of Franke—Tomb of Gesenius—To prevent premature Burials—Wittenberg—The Old Church—Grave of Luther and Melancthon—Burning the Bull.

We took an early start form Erfurt, and set off for Weimar.

The Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar resides in this charming town. The palace is a splendid building in the midst of noble groves and handsome grounds, and before I was told that Weimar had been often called the *Athens* of Germany, it had struck me as a fitting spot for the residence of men of letters and men of leisure. Passing through the crowded market-place, where the chief article seemed to be pottery, and women the traders, we found the house, with the inscription over the door, "Hier Wohnte Schiller." We were longer in finding another poet's dwelling—but we did find it—where Goethe lived and died. Here is the study and its fixtures as he left them, preserved with a respect for literature and genius that does honor to the country. This house has not been purchased by the government, though a proposal to that effect has been made, and the price at which it is held, $70,000, shows the estimate put upon a dwelling that has no such intrinsic worth. The furniture

is in keeping with the house. It is said that the old man never had an arm-chair till he was eighty years of age. The common table at which he wrote, and which was once Schiller's too—thus made doubly valuable—his desk and stool, are all preserved with religious care, and will be—for they do not let such remains of great men perish in Germany. Goethe died here in 1822, and his memory is yet fresh among the older people.

The Grand Duke was, in his way, a small Augustus, and derived more honor than he conferred by drawing around him such men as Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland, and Herder, who lived upon his bounty, but needed no such patronage to make them great. Out of the town is the *New Church-yard*, a truly German cemetery, completely covered with flowers of many hues, the roses the more abundant, and now in full bloom; the monuments chiefly small, but many of them in exquisite taste, and the inscriptions very German. The walks were graveled, and through the beds of fragrant flowers in which the bees and birds were rejoicing, we went up to the chapel on the summit of the rising ground, where the royal family is interred. Here the late Grand Duke lies. In one corner of the ducal vault repose the bodies of the two great poets *Goethe* and *Schiller*. The Grand Duke had designed to have them lie one on each side of him, but royal etiquette forbade such familiarity even in the grave, and so the poets sleep by themselves. But the pilgrims of successive generations will come here to stand by the ashes of the men of

genius, and will care very little where the Grand Duke is buried.

In the *Schloss Kirche*, I found the nearly wasted names on their monuments of Musæus and Bodæus. Lucas Cranach was a painter of great celebrity in the time of Luther. He was a warm friend of the Reformer, and has left us several portraits of him, which are more to be prized than his numerous pictures of Adam and Eve, which are to be found in the galleries of all the chief cities of Europe. He was buried in this church-yard; and his epitaph describes him as a *pictor celerrimus*—a mistake, probably, for *celeberrimus*. In the town church—the *Stadt Kirche*—is one of his most noted pictures, a crucifixion scene, into which the artist has introduced, by a pardonable anachronism, the portraits of Luther, Melancthon, and himself, among the spectators near the cross.

Herder is buried beneath a tablet in the pavement, and some forty members of the ducal family lie here. In the public library may be seen the black gown of Luther, which he wore when he was a monk, and other matters of equal value to the relic hunter.

Riding on from Weimar, I fell in with a German professor in an ancient and remarkable school, in the village of Schulpforta. The institution occupies the buildings and grounds of an old monastery. Since the Reformation its funds have been appropriated to the support of young men in the early stages of their education. Some three hundred are now within the walls, few of whom are required to provide any thing for themselves but their clothes. The tall spires of

Naumburg rise from the midst of a most beautiful valley, around which the hills are covered with vineyards and crowned with castles and country houses. On the 28th of July the inhabitants have a grand festival called the "Cherry Feast," in memory of the deliverance of the city in 1432. When the people were about to be put to death after a long siege, the children of the town came out and threw themselves down before the leader of the enemy, who was so much affected by their innocent entreaties, that he turned away from his purpose.

The very dullest, deadest town that I ever did see is *Halle*. Verily, if there had been no people in it for half a century, it could scarcely have been more dilapidated. Yet Halle is a great place, and has two institutions that are not excelled by any others of their kind in Europe. The University is justly celebrated among the eminent halls of learning, which are the boast of Germany. Gesenius was professor here until his death; and Tholuck is still in the prime of life, one of the great lights of the age. The University has from a thousand to fifteen hundred students. Its noble buildings were thrown open to us with readiness, though unfortunately it was not term time, and the students were absent.

The Orphan House of *Franke* is celebrated the world over. It is a long, plain, capacious building, reared through the exertions of the clergyman and professor whose name it bears, for the maintenance and education of 2220 children of both sexes, and most of whom are poor. The institution also has a printing

establishment for the manufacture of cheap Bibles, and a dispensary of medicines, so that the mind, the soul, and the body of the orphan and the indigent are all cared for by this immense and wide-reaching charity. Professor Voght led us to the grave of *Gesenius*, in the cemetery outside of the town; and to a very simple stone, with his name on it, to mark the spot where this eminent scholar is laid. Many vaults are made with open fronts, so that we look in and see the coffins, covered with wreaths of roses renewed by the hand of affection, even after the lapse of years from the burial. The coffins are not flat on the top as ours, but rise like the roof of a house. In one vault was a young mother with a babe on each side of her; they had been recently laid there; the first flowers were withering over them, and a silk cushion on the mother's coffin bore her name and the record of the grief of those who lived to weep.

To the cemetery of every large town in Germany is attached an apparatus to prevent that most horrible of all fates, almost equally horrible to the victim and the friends, *the burial of the living.* I inquired of the old sexton of the grave-yard in Halle, if there was the same arrangement there, and he led us at once to a small house adjoining the gate by which we entered the grounds. In one room was a couch on which the person presumed to be dead is laid; and the body is then covered as in sickness, and the room in all weathers kept at a temperature favorable to health. On each finger is placed a thimble, and from each thimble extends a thread, and these are at-

tached to a common thread which passes through the wall into an adjoining room, where it is fastened to a bell most delicately hung. Here is an attendant always in waiting, and the slightest pulsation in one of the fingers will set the bell ringing, and bring the attendant to the relief and rescue of the reviving. All who wish to test the death of their friends may employ these means, on paying a small sum to defray the expenses. About seventy in the course of a year are thus proved, and not one, the sexton told me, has yet been found to be alive. But he said that he had heard of a case in Erfurt, where a man was thus saved from premature interment.

From *Halle* we went to *Cothen*, where the road forks, one route leading to Leipzig, and the other more directly to Berlin. *Dessau*, the residence of the Duke of Anhalt Dessau, and the capital of his little dukedom, has the appearance of a newly-built town, with its gardens, walks, groves, flowers, and summer houses. A school of boys, some of them English, more of them French, gathered about the cars, and answered all my inquiries with great politeness; brought me some flowers, as I wished a souvenir of the spot where *Mendelssohn*, the composer, was born, wished us a pleasant journey, and touched their caps politely when we left them. Soon after leaving Dessau, we crossed the *Elbe* on a magnificent bridge, and pushed on to the old town of Wittenberg, where we arrived quite late in the evening.

In the morning, while at breakfast, we sent out for the sexton of the church to show us the cradle of the

Reformation. He led us by the market-place, where is a Gothic temple of iron, and under it a bronze statue of Luther, with this inscription in German: "*If it be the word of God, it will endure;* if of man, it will perish." Then to the Town Hall, where is kept the Rosary and the Chalice for the Lord's Supper which Luther used while yet in bondage to Rome. And now we went to the Augustine Convent, where he thought out the Reformation, and nerved himself for the great battle. With feelings akin to awe, we sat down in *his* chair at *his* table, and gazed upon the manuscripts which he wrote, and handled the pitcher from which the stalwart German took many a drink of beer, for his was not the temperance reformation. Kings and emperors have stood in this cell, and left their names as memorials of their visit. Peter the Great wrote his with a bit of chalk over the door, and a piece of glass protects it from the curious touch. Outside of the eastern gate stands an oak tree, surrounded by a railing, which marks the spot where, in 1520, Luther, in presence of the professors and students of the University, and a cloud of witnesses, committed to the flames the Canon Law, the Decretals, the Clementines, the papal Extravagants, and finally that famous Bull of the Pope which had been recently issued against him, giving him sixty days for repentance, and then pronouncing his sentence of condemnation, if in that time he did not send in his recantation. "Since thou hast vexed the Holy One of the Lord, may everlasting fire vex and consume thee," he said, as he threw the documents

into the ascending flames. That fire has not yet gone out.

Returning, we passed the house where Luther's coadjutor dwelt; and we paused in front to read the record over the door—"Here lived, and taught, and died, Melancthon." It is a better house than Schiller's, or Goethe's, or the one that Tholuck now resides in at Halle. The Schloss Kirche, is the church at whose door Luther hung up his ninety-five propositions against the Church of Rome, and offered to defend them against the world. The altar has been removed; and in its place is erected the pulpit in which Luther often preached, and made these venerable walls resound with his sweet, sonorous voice. In front of the pulpit are the tombs of Frederick the Wise and John the Steadfast, Electors of Saxony, and great friends of the Reformation. Long inscriptions record their virtues and their deeds. Farther down the aisle, nearly under the centre of the church, are laid the bones of Melancthon and Luther; and on tablets of bronze are brief epitaphs to the memory of men whose words and works will never be forgotten. On Luther's is engraved:

MARTINI LUTERI: S. Theologiæ: D. Corpus. H. L.: S. E. Qui an. Christi M. D. XLVI—XII—Cal—Martii Eyslebin in Patria —S—M—O. C. V. Ann. LXIII. M. 11. D. X.

Luther died at Eisleben, his native place; but his friend, the Elector, desired his body to be buried in this church, the theatre of his mightiest efforts in the cause to which his life was given; and here we trust

his ashes will be suffered to repose, till rekindled by the sun of the resurrection morning.

On our way from Wittenberg to Berlin, we pass the region of country where *Tetzel* was waylaid and robbed of the money he had taken from the sale of Indulgences; and in the church at Juterbogh, the identical box is kept which Hans Van Hacke took from him after his famous trick upon the priest. Hans had applied to him, to know if he could be pardoned for a sin he was about to commit, as well as for his past crimes; and having obtained from Tetzel the desired indulgence, the wily knight lay in wait for the travelling trafficker in the sins of men, and robbed him of his box, then filled with gold. A few hours further on we came to the city of BERLIN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BERLIN AND DRESDEN.

Berlin—Unter der Linden—Thier Garten—Charlottenberg—An exquisite Tomb—The Palace—Museum—Pictures—Potsdam—Royal Visitors—Tomb of Frederick the Great—Sans-Souci—The Wind-mill—Humboldt—Dresden—Pictures—Green Vaults.

BERLIN is a city built to order. Frederick the Great, in his ambition to have a city to correspond with his dominions, gave directions to surround a certain space with walls, and fill it with houses. Hence Berlin.

So flat that the water scarcely flows out of it; in the midst of a vast and sandy plain, so that no mountains near it relieve the eye, it is not to be admired for the odors that pervade its streets in hot weather, nor the breezes that should fan it at even-tide. The houses are chiefly only two stories high, and are so built as to stretch over as much ground as possible. Some of them are higher. The Embassador of the United States was living on the fourth story of a splendid house; but the single flat probably furnished all the room required.

And there is truth in the remark that no city in Europe presents so many magnificent buildings on a single street as this. That street is the famous *Unter der Linden*, so called from a double row of lime

trees in the middle of it, making a shady and lovely promenade, with the carriage-path on both sides of it. At the head of this street one may stand near the colossal equestrian bronze statue of Frederick the Great, and study in one view the stupendous Palace, the Museum—which is adorned with some beautiful frescoes on the walls of the portico—the University, the Arsenal, the Royal Library—a building severely criticised, but a splendid edifice—and several churches and other public buildings: a greater number than the eye can take in at a single view in any other city. Follow this wide street for two miles, and it brings you to the Brandenburg Gate, the boast of Berlin, with the brazen horses before the car of victory standing above it. Napoleon carried the horses to Paris to grace his triumph, but after Waterloo the Prussians brought them back, and placing the French eagle in the hands of the Goddess of Victory, restored her to her throne over the entrance to the city. Outside of this gate is the *Thier Garten*, a vast wood, with finely-graded walks, in the midst of stagnant ponds, supposed to be very pretty lakes, around which, of a fine day, the people amuse themselves, and on Sundays the population is out in crowds, taking refreshments in the shade, or thronging the houses of entertainment and dancing, which are frequent on the borders of the grove. And now that we are out in this direction, let us keep on for five miles through this forest, till we come to *Charlottenberg*, a rural summer retreat of the nobles of Berlin, and where Frederick I. built a charming summer palace for the English

Princess, Sophia Charlotte, whom he married. The pleasure-grounds are enlivened with an English taste, contrasting favorably with what we have seen in Germany. We strolled along through the walks in the extensive and elegant gardens, till we came to an exquisite Doric marble temple, in a most secluded spot: so silent, so lonely, so hidden did it seem, that we could scarcely think it other than a work of nature in the midst of all the rest of her beautiful productions, with which it was surrounded.

We entered it as if stepping on holy ground. The stained glass admitted a softened light, which fell upon the recumbent statue of a lovely woman sleeping—in death. We are in the tomb of Louisa, Queen of Prussia, "the most beautiful and amiable, and, at the same time, the most unfortunate princess of her day." This temple was built by her husband, the king, as her monument and tomb. The sculptor, *Rauch*, has given a perfect likeness of the queen, not in death, but asleep. And as she lies here with the drapery of night around her, we might think of her as enjoying pleasant dreams. No epitaph records her virtues. A few texts of Holy Scripture are on the walls; several wreaths of withered leaves and flowers, which her seven children, with filial love, laid here when she was buried, are still the touching memorials of that sad hour. By her side now lies the king. He was brought here by night, the long avenues being lined with the sorrowing multitudes, who chanted dirges as his remains were borne along. A recumbent statue, by Rauch, is now placed in this tomb, not far

from that of the queen. It is out of my power to give to others a fitting impression of the beauty, propriety, harmony, and perfect taste of this temple. Its altar, its walls, its windows, its columns, its two statues, the withered garlands, its twilight, so like the feeling one has when standing here, all linger in my memory as one of the rarest creations of art. The tombs of kings and queens are common enough all over Europe; and I have stood by the most illustrious, from that of Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey, to the Sultan's in Stamboul, and in all of them wealth and genius have labored to make the resting-place of the dead to bear some fitting relation to the glory of the living. But this simple, yet perfect mausoleum, is richer and more beautiful than any of them.

The royal palace, the Schloss, is a gloomy-looking palace; yet so vast as to be imposing, and the splendid furniture and historic associations give it more than the ordinary interest that hangs about palaces. Here Frederick the Great had his throne, and in these old walls the *White Lady* ghost was wont to appear to announce the approaching death of any one of the royal family.

In these royal collections of curiosities, you may see the very hat that Napoleon left in the carriage from which he fled in haste after the battle of Waterloo; Baron Trenck's drinking-cup; and Luther's beer mug—two or three of which I have found, and all genuine; for the Reformer doubtless had more than one.

Nearly thirty miles from Berlin, at Furstenwald,

from time immemorial a mighty boulder stone of granite was lying; with incredible labor it was dug out and fashioned into a *vase* more than sixty feet in circumference, and floated by the river Spree to Berlin—polished, and now placed in the square in front of the new Museum. It is altogether the largest vase of a single block that is any where to be found. The day was very warm when I saw it, and nurses with children, and women with their work, were sitting under it in groups, enjoying the shade. The walls of the portico of this Museum are adorned with frescoes by a living Berlin artist, which are the present admiration of all Germany. But within are galleries of sculpture and painting, collected at vast expense, and intended to eclipse every thing else of the kind. Among the pictures, admirably arranged in nearly forty different apartments, are some that deserve special attention. "John the Evangelist," by Carlo Dolce, is very fine. An extraordinary series of twelve paintings of the Dutch school, by Van Eyck, known as the "Worship of the spotless Lamb," may be studied for hours with increasing interest; and a Magdalen, in the Crucifixion-scene, is so beautiful and true that one loves to look at her even in her grief. Rubens' "Resurrection of Lazarus" is a glorious work; and a portrait of the painter's wife, Helena Forman, is a lovely thing—from which it is hard to turn away, even to look at "The Temptation of St. Anthony," where the devil, in the shape of a young woman, with a bit of his tail just coming out under her dress, and an old woman with horns and

claws, make a picture full of drollery, and admirably done. We might spend days, where we can give but hours, to wander over these magnificent halls, and then into the Royal Library—the front of which I insist upon admiring, in spite of the ridicule that is heaped upon it—where is Luther's Hebrew Bible, from which he made his translation, and in it are the marginal notes he made with his own hand; the Bible and Prayer-Book which Charles I. of England carried to the scaffold; and, more curious than either, Guttenburg's Bible, date 1440–55, the first book on which movable types were used.

Potsdam is to Berlin what Versailles is to Paris. It is the rural capital, where royalty resides in the country with more freedom, more air, less pomp, but more comfort than in the city. Here, on the bank of a river, the Havel, and in the midst of wide fields, and groves, and gardens, with lakes, and streams, and every appliance that the art of man can contrive for pleasure in the country, the kings of Prussia have lived, and some of them have died and been buried. We stopped at the old "Church of the Garrison," and after some delay a woman was found who kept the key. She let us in. The plain and unpretending building would not have attracted our attention, but near the middle of it, under the pulpit, a door was opened, and we stepped in by the side of a metal coffin, in which Frederick the Great is lying, with William I. Napoleon came here in the days of his glory, and taking in his hand the sword of the king, which was then lying on the top of the sarcophagus,

carried it away with him, and it has never been heard of since. The Prussians have now adorned the old pulpit with the standards which they took when the fortunes of war were changed, and the Eagles of France fell into the hands of Blucher and his conquering hosts. This was a fitting place in which to muse on the end of human greatness: here by the coffin of the most illustrious sovereign of modern times, a warrior and monarch whose name was once the presage of victory, and the synonyme of glory. Here, too, where the greatest captain of modern times, and not excelled in the art of conquest by any captain of ancient times, here Napoleon the living and mighty had stood by the tomb of Frederick the dead and powerless; and what now is to choose between them? How are the mighty fallen! I struck the zinc shell in which the ashes of the king repose, and the hollow sound that came back was startling. Yet around the palaces and parks where the great Frederick had his favorite haunts, we wandered with the feeling, if we did not express it, that the presence of greatness was still to be perceived in the library, where he affected literature, his writing-table and book-cases, and the secret chamber where he dined often in private, without even the attendance of a servant. *Sans-Souci* is a series of low, but very lovely buildings, making a palace of rare attractions as a summer retreat, on the height of successive terraces, luxuriant in vines, whose delicious fruits were like pendant pearls, and the orange and lemon trees loaded, making groves and walks that the Orientals

would envy; and away at the end of this terrace we found the graves of the dogs of Frederick, and of his favorite horse, on which he rode over many a hard-fought field. The old warrior was accustomed to be brought out here to sit in the sun, and he gave directions to be buried here in the midst of the brutes that he loved; but it seems that his request was not complied with, for we found him in the church under the pulpit. It is impressive to enter the bedroom in which he died, and to see the clock which he always wound up himself, but which was forgotten toward the last, and stopped at the moment of his decease, where the hands still point, twenty minutes after two!

What old wind-mill is this, in the midst of the royal grounds, and so near the palace that it must be an annoyance to the courtly ears of the household? It is a historic wind-mill, a wooden monumental wind-mill, which Frederick the Great desired to purchase, that he might pull it down. The miller, on whose ground it stood, refused to sell, and finally beat the king in a lawsuit about it. The owner meeting with reverses, offered to sell it to the late king, but he declined taking any advantage of his necessities, and settled on the miller a sum of money to pay his debts and keep the old mill. It therefore swings its arms, and declares that law is for kings as well as for the people.

The present king has a villa, which we visited, in the gardens of the *Sans-Souci*, the most exquisite gem of a place that can be imagined. He took a fancy to restore, in this building, one of the houses of Pompeii,

and to embellish it with works of art from Italy, many of them antiques of exceeding beauty. A Pompeian bath is here, ornamented with frescoes; and several statues from the buried cities are now on their pedestals in this German fairy land. *Humboldt*, the naturalist, who by the way is a native of Potsdam, has his rooms here, and we were among his books and papers as he left them but a short time before. The king and the scholar have pleasant times together in this cool retreat; and it was a pleasant thought that the cares of government can be assuaged by the pleasures of science, in the midst of the beauties of such a lovely scene as this.

Humbolt is now in his eighty-fifth year, but as enthusiastic as ever in the pursuit of truth, interested in every new discovery of science, and eager to communicate. Every day he puts upon paper his thoughts, and leaves them for others to use when they can be no longer of any service to himself. Professor Silliman, who saw him in 1851, describes him as a "person not much above the middle size; his eyes are brilliant, his complexion light, his features and person are round, although not fat;" and another writer who saw him afterward, speaks of his lofty, towering, massive brow, which seems all too large, as it overarches his deep-sunk eyes, for the dimensions of the body and the general size of the head itself. There are younger men than Humboldt here, who are contributing largely to the treasury of science, and whose connexion with the University adds more attraction to Berlin than its galleries of art.

If Dresden was beautiful and imposing at a distance, it was gloomy enough when we entered it. The cars set us down in the old town, and we were driven in a carriage across the longest stone bridge in Germany, over the Elba, which flows through the heart of the town. The money to pay for this bridge was raised by the sale of papal dispensations for eating eggs and butter during Lent. We are now in the kingdom of Saxony, and at its capital of 75,000 inhabitants; a city said to rival the Florence of Italy in its galleries of art, its picturesque situation, and the taste of its people.

The Picture Gallery is indeed worthy of being compared with any out of Paris and Florence: a collection that was brought from Italy originally, and has been improved and enriched by the most costly purchases from the time of the Reformation. When Frederick the Great bombarded the city, he gave orders to preserve the gallery; and when he entered in triumph, he asked permission as a stranger to visit it, as if the laws of art had a right to be respected, when the city itself was at his feet. And when Napoleon was master of Saxony, he did not permit one of these pictures to be taken to Paris, though he robbed other galleries without remorse. At the door a servant stood to clean our boots before we were allowed to enter. And when we were at length allowed to plant our feet on the polished floor, and to look around us upon the works of the masters of every school, we found a vast but most unequal collection of pictures, by far the greater part of them not worth

pausing to look at; some of the greatest works of the greatest masters, so damaged by moisture as to be essentially ruined; and others tampered with by restorers, till the great merits of the originals were all but destroyed. A female painter was at work making a copy of the *Madonna di san Sisto* of Raphael, the first one of the works of this master which I had studied with the attention its merits demanded. The aged saint, a portrait of Pope Sixtus, is looking upon the Virgin ascending to heaven with the infant Saviour in her arms. Wilkie says, "the head of the Virgin is perhaps nearer the perfection of female beauty and elegance than any thing in painting: it is truly impressive and beautiful." Engravings and copies had made us familiar with the famous Correggio—the infant Jesus in the Manger, with his mother bending over her son; the light of the picture, by license freely accorded to art, proceeding from the body of the child, and illuminating the face of the Virgin, who is not dazzled by it; while a female standing behind her covers her face with her hand, as if the light were too powerful for her eyes. Faded, rubbed, and restored, it is by all critics regarded as one of the most perfect specimens of the power of painting, and it is one that even an unanointed eye will study with intense delight. Though the Raphael is declared the gem of the gallery, my less instructed taste gives the preference to "La Notte," of Correggio.

A perfect wilderness of beauty opened on us as we proceeded; for though the paintings were arranged with due regard to schools of art, and to the light in

which they should be seen to advantage, the mind would become confused in the midst of so much to attract the attention, and demanding the closest observation if we would like to carry away a definite impression of any. St. Sebastian, pierced with the arrows of martyrdom; St. Cecilia, by Carlo Dolce; some very large and elaborate paintings by Rubens, who makes better imitations of nature than any other painter, and more women than we had time to look at, with a freedom of exposure that startles modest people when they begin their walks in the world of art, and forget that they have taken leave of nature—though leaves of nature are what some of these pictures need—among them the recumbent Magdalen of Correggio, one of the most exquisite creations ever produced on canvas, or as an art-critic says, "One of the sweetest and most pleasing, as well as the most faultless pictures ever painted;" these are some of the more noteworthy works of which this gallery boasts, which make it the pride of Saxony, and the chief attraction of the city of Dresden.

The extraordinary collection of curiosities in the Historical Museum at Dresden, has scarcely a rival in Europe. Old armor, more even than in the Tower of London, implements of the chase and the tournament, and relics of days long gone by, are here arranged, to give a fairer view of the manners and customs of those times than we could gather from books. But the most curious of all the sights of Dresden, is in the Green vaults, where the treasures of the Saxon princes are preserved, the accumulated hoards of ages, said to

be "the richest which any European monarch at this time possesses." Gold, silver, and precious stones, wrought in every form of beauty, and exceeding in splendor the treasures of the Eastern monarchs, are here arranged in eight successive chambers; and the bare recital of the more magnificent would consume more space than I can give. One of them, of pure gold enameled, representing the *Court of the Great Mogul*, has 132 figures, and was made at a cost of $60,000. Diamonds that would pay off the national debt are sparkling here, with rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, and the Saxon regalia, sword, sceptre, and crown, chains and collars, and the largest sardonyx that is known: a heap of precious things, baubles for men and women to look at, but suggesting to us the folly of such symbols of royal magnificence and power. What is the use of them? If the people know the value of government, and respect the laws, what good does a heap of jewels do? and if the people despise the government and the reigning family, the more of this waste the worse.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AUSTRIA: PRAGUE.

Prague—The Bridge of Saints—St. John Nepomuk—Palace of Kings—Cathedral—Relics—Monastery—Dungeons—Princes—Austrian Tyranny, Taxation, and Education—Silvio Pellico's Prison—Baron Trenck—The crusty old German and Wife—Battle-fields.

A CITY a thousand years old, not a rebuilt city, but as it was in the beginning, save only as time makes changes in every thing, such is Prague. A map of this city which I saw when a boy, looking like a puzzle that we used to draw on a slate, filled me with a desire to see the old town. And I had so often read so much of it, that positively I was inclined to feel at home when taking lodgings here. But little like home did it seem when I was awakened in the morning by the rattle of the drum, and the heavy tread of an army marching by the Englisher Hof. I put my head out of the window and saw some two or three thousand soldiers filing out of the barracks in front of the house, and at this early hour, *five* in the morning. The precision, solidity, and energy of the tread, were as if so many iron men, impelled by machinery, were moving onward. This is the daily drill of the mighty military force of Austria; for though we are in Bohemia, it is Austrian rule. And these fellows now tramping to the public square,

in such splendid style, would march to the battle-field with the same steady step, and execute every order with equal precision in the face of any foe. The detachments of the army are not quartered long in one place, lest they become too familiar with the people. And in their removal from one part of the country to another, they are billeted upon the villages and towns through which they pass, in a manner painfully oppressive to the inhabitants. A message is sent on to the chief magistrate of the town, that on a certain day so many soldiers will be there to spend the night. He must distribute them among the people according to their several ability; and this is one of the regular taxes or burdens that the subject must bear for the support of the government.

A Bridge of Saints over the Moldau, has about thirty statues on each side of it, and some of them most elaborately wrought in bronze; especially the one to St. John Nepomuk, who was drowned in this river because he would not betray the secrets which the Queen had intrusted to him as her confessor. But on this bridge we have at a glance a view of the city, rising from both sides of the river, the craggy hills on which it stands being covered with massive and irregular buildings, whose spires and domes rise above each other in such grandeur as to make you feel that the East has been reached before you thought to find it. We left the bridge, and climbed up the heights where stands the old palace of the Bohemian kings, and looked on the spot where the pagan ancestors of these kings celebrated their fire-worship,

and where now is the church of St. Laurence, in honor of the man who was martyred on a gridiron. Titian's picture of the scene has been copied, and made familiar every where. These precipices on both sides of the river have been famous in story for the blood of victims hurled from their horrid heights; and fabled history tells of Queen Libussa, the founder of the city, who used to pitch her lovers into the river from the citadel, when she would cool their ardor, and get a new set.

The *Clementinum*, with the seminary, and library, and curious pictures, designed to illustrate the Bible and John Huss, stretching over several streets, with its interesting memorials of illustrious men, has less to detain us than the University, where at one time 40,000 students attended lectures. John Huss was once its rector. While he was here—and in consequence of some new rules which he attempted to introduce—25,000 students seceded in a single week, and spreading themselves over Germany, led to the foundation of new universities that afterward became more famous than the one at Prague, which from this time was the stronghold of the Protestants.

The great astronomer, Tycho Brahe, lies in the *Thien Kirche;* his effigy, in armor, is on a slab of marble near the altar, with a Latin motto, "Esse potius quam haberi"—"To be, rather than to be esteemed"—a right good motto, belonging to one of my own ancestors; but I was not expecting to find it on a tomb in Prague. Tycho was a great man—an enthusiast in his pursuit of truth, as all men are who

learn any thing. He complained to the emperor that the Capuchin monks made such a noise in the night with their bell-ringing, that he was disturbed in his studies, and the emperor, thinking that the astronomer's observations were the most important, gave orders that the monks should say their prayers before the stars were out, and leave Tycho in peace for the night. This "City of a hundred spires"—as it has been called—has several churches of great antiquity, remarkable for the value of the relics they contain, and the immense expenditure of money in their embellishment, in honor of their patron saints. *St. Vitus* presides over the Cathedral, shattered by war, but wonderfully preserved. The tombs of the kings of Bohemia are here.

It seems to pay better in Catholic countries to be a saint than a king: here, in this church, is the shrine of St. John of Nepomuk, the most massive silver altar and statue in the whole world. No less than three thousand seven hundred pounds' weight of silver have been worked up in this shrine. The body of the saint is said to be in a crystal coffin, in another of silver; and this is suspended in the air, being borne by four solid silver angels as large as life, if any body knows how large that is: I do not. Silver lamps, forever burning, hang around the altar, and votive tablets with pictures from passages in his life and death; and—more wonderful than all—his tongue, which was cut out because he would not speak when undergoing torture, is still preserved as perfect as when it was in his head. As he was not canonized

until 350 years after his death, this dried tongue is very remarkable, and shows what great discoveries reward the search of antiquaries, especially in the religious line. Successors of the same priests who made this invaluable contribution to the museum of Roman Catholic curiosities, have been also fortunate in finding some of the bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—which are gathered here!—and the pocket-handkerchief of the Virgin Mary—a great rarity, very precious, few of the sort being in existence at the present day; more interesting than the bit of sponge used at the crucifixion, and two of the thorns from the dying Saviour's crown, and one of the palm branches over which he rode. In the several columns supporting the dome are relics of the apostles and holy men and women of the early church, set in little niches and protected by glass, before which devotees may be seen standing, females always, and with apparent reverence gazing upon the bone, as if they in fact believed that there was some truth in these vile impostures.

A crowd of visitors were flocking into the *Loretto* chapel, where we found the head of one of the Wise Virgins, who never lived but in a parable; and one of the leg-bones of Mary Magdalene. The priests were very willing to unlock the doors of the treasury, and show us the vestments of the saints embroidered in gold, and loaded with precious stones, of untold value; not worn at any time, but presented to the chapel, and preserved for the admiration of the faithful. This is the holiest place in Prague. We wandered leisurely

through the courts, seeking something to admire, amused at the monks who would point us to objects of veneration, as if they took it for granted we were profound believers in their tales, and when we left them they were willing to receive a few pieces of silver for their kind attentions.

A swarm of beggars attacked us at the door of the Monastery of *Strahow:* babies in the arms of their mothers, were taught to stretch out their hands and make faces to excite our compassion; others, with disease, were held up, disgusting to us, but doubtless considered as godsends to their parents, who could thus use them as appeals to the charity of strangers. We were led through the long corridors of this immense establishment to the library, said to be the most perfect in its appointments of any in Germany; and then by the cells of the monks, of whom only a few are here now, compared with the multitude that once feasted, and perhaps sometimes fasted, in these halls. From the heights on which this pile stands, the city, with its labyrinthine streets, and its hills and valleys, bridges and palaces, is here all around us, a panorama of remarkable beauty. What tales that old palace of the kings could tell, if stones and dungeons had tongues! That Black Tower, and the White Tower, were, in olden times, the prisons of state; and many a victim of noble blood has taken his seat, unsuspectingly, in a chair, and been suddenly let down by a rope into a pit, whence no cry of suffering ever rises to the air. The Iron Maiden stood there; and when the prisoner approached to say

his prayers to the Virgin, she would put out her arms, and press him to her heart; while sharp knives, of which her arms were made, would cut him slowly to pieces.

Here is another palace worth visiting—the Wallenstein House. This prince owns so much land, it is said he can travel from Prague to Vienna, two hundred and fifty miles, without quitting his own soil. A hundred houses were pulled down to make room for this, which was built by Albert, Duke of Friedland, famous in the thirty years' war. Stories that seem to be fabulous, are told of the splendor in which the founder of this house lived; and, if we may believe the reports that are current now, there are scenes in these halls not less wild and magnificent at the present day. Prince Esterhazy, another of these princes, has land to the extent of three hundred miles square; but he spends so much of his income, the largest of any subject in Europe, on his horses, hounds, and so forth, that he is always in debt; and if he had an income a thousand times as large, he would be no better off.

I fell in with a very communicative Austrian gentleman in the same car with me, as I set off at three o'clock in the afternoon from Prague. He was a member of the legal profession, a resident of Vienna. The mode of taxation he explained to me, and showed the hardship of its operation in particular cases. Besides an income tax of 5 per cent., and a land tax of 15 per cent., and a house tax of 15 per cent., there is a special tax on the business which a man is en-

gaged in, varying according to its nature, and in all cases made just as severe as the people can bear. Yet with all the plunder thus acquired by the crown from the suffering people, the Austrian government is miserably bankrupt, with less credit than any other of the European powers. The schools are said to be in a wretched state, notwithstanding the boast that, with the exception of Prussia, more attention is given to education in Austria than in any other country in Europe. The provision for the payment of teachers is altogether inadequate, and, of course, a very inferior class of men is engaged in the work. Yet if the masses of children are taught to read, we may be encouraged to hope that the door is opened for the gradual enlightenment of the people. With a censorship of the press as vigilant as the fears of tyranny can make it, what hope is there that any knowledge of the rights and privileges of man can ever find their way into minds thus kept in darkness? The inhabitants of Europe *hear*, by word of mouth, the wandering reports of the wonderful country that lies beyond the sea—a free country, where no taxes are paid, and every man does very much as he likes; and they long to go and seek their fortunes in that far-away land. Undoubtedly the shortest road for them to liberty and comfort is across the water. At home there is nothing before them but oppression, poverty, and its attendant sufferings.

It was all the pleasanter, the day we left Prague, for a heavy rain that had washed the country clean, laid all the dust of the road, cooled the July atmos-

phere; and as we swept around the base of the Ziskaberg, and dashed across a splendid archway over a broad valley, we were charmed with the fine country through which we were passing. The Bohemian peasantry, with hats like a sugar-loaf, were at work in the fields making hay, and the women toiling in the hardest part of the service.

It was late when we arrived at BRUNN, the capital of Moravia, a city of some forty thousand inhabitants, and so planted in the midst of a lovely vale, that the hills about it, and along the sides of which it stretches, make imposing sites for the towers and castles that give so commanding an appearance to the town. The Castle of *Spielberg*, once a formidable citadel, is more famous as the prison of *Sylvio Pellico*, whose sufferings and whose words have made for him a place in the sympathies of the friends of liberty every where. Every one of these towers has its story of prisoners whose misfortunes or crimes have made them famous. Baron Trenck is buried here; the romantic legends of his life and imprisonment are familiar the world over.

We set off at the dead of night in cars that were constructed for night-travelling, with high, sloping, and well-stuffed backs. An old German gentleman and his wife were our companions, and I regret to be under the necessity of recording that he was exceedingly irritable and unreasonable. One of the company yielded his seat to the old woman, but no one would give up to allow him to sit by the side of his wife, and this annoyed him excessively. He put on

his night-cap and tried to go to sleep, but was so *put out* that he would constantly rouse himself up to vent his displeasure upon his neighbors. We were amused rather than provoked by his complaints, and when we could not refrain from laughing at the tempest he was lashing himself into, he demanded in German, "Do you think you are taking me around the country for a fool, to be laughed at?" whereupon his good wife interfered for the first time, and begged him to be quiet, as the morning would soon come, and then they would be at the end of their journey. I have usually found that good-nature is the surest remedy for all annoyances to which we are subjected in travelling; but the restless petulance of this old man in his night-cap, defied all my powers to appease him, and I went to sleep, hearing him mutter in German something that would have been thought slightly irreverent in good English.

And while the old man was grumbling, and I was sleeping, we thundered across the plain on which was fought the battle of Austerlitz, the grandest of all the battles of Bonaparte—the battle to which he always referred as the most auspicious and inspiring, when he would rouse his soldiery to deeds of loftier daring. It was in the winter of 1805; a lake frozen over invited the Russians to cross: Napoleon, turning his guns upon the treacherous ice, sent some twenty thousand of the enemy to the bottom. More of his own soldiers afterward perished with Russian cold without breaking through the ice. From this field of Austerlitz, with a force inferior to his foes, he took

twenty thousand prisoners and forty pieces of cannon, and added to his own fame, as a general, such splendor as no former and no subsequent victory gave him. And what is it all worth now? What was it worth twenty years afterward, when the sun of Austerlitz went down in blood and shame at Waterloo, and never rose again? What are all these *fields*, which so many travellers look upon with emotion, but theatres on which human ambition has acted its tragedies of a day?

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AUSTRIA: VIENNA.

The Cathedral—Fire Watch—St. Carl—Music—Masses—Jewels—An Intruder—Schon Brun—The Monkeys.

A BETTER specimen of "confusion unconfused" you will never find in the way of a city than in this Vienna. From the vicinity of St. Stephen's, the streets are supposed to radiate in all directions, and the lofty tower of this cathedral is the beacon by which you may regulate your steps in almost any part of the town of 400,000 inhabitants. Its palaces of the emperor and princes, who rival him in the extent and magnificence of their residences; its bastions converted into promenades, and furnished with cafés and gardens for the pleasure of the people; its Prater, which is a poor attempt to be what Hyde Park is to London, or the Bois de Boulogne to Paris, all give Vienna decidedly a brilliant appearance, though the people are the least lively of any of the Germans. Business is dull. Prices are high. People are suspicious. The government is hated. The police is insolent. Virtue is rare. Vice is rampant. Corruption, public and private, social and domestic, prevails to such a degree that all the foundations of society are out of place. Every thing is rotten in Austria.

The German name of Vienna is *Wien*, from a dirty

little stream that crawls through the city into the Danube, two miles off. Strange that so foul a place has so much beauty. Some of the streets are narrow, but others are wide and handsomely built; some of the houses large enough to accommodate three or four hundred persons, and one or two are so large that two thousand people live in them, families taking suites of rooms as they do in Scotland. Sometimes the street leads underground, or at least under arches, and for a long distance you are out of sight of the houses, and wondering where you are coming to, but you emerge again into the wilderness of brick and mortar. As our hotel was near the Cathedral, we were fond of terminating all our rambles there, and studying, in its cool and silent, though gloomy walls, the sculpture, of richness rarely surpassed, and the great windows of stained glass, one of them a wheel of exceeding beauty; the pulpit of carved stone most exquisitely wrought, and the monument of Frederick III., on which no less than two hundred and forty figures and forty coats of arms have been cut, with Frederick's device of the five Roman vowels, A, E, I, O, U, which are interpreted to read, "Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo"—"*It is for Austria to rule the world*:" a prediction not very likely to be fulfilled. The tower of this cathedral rises 465 feet, and has a bell weighing 35,400 pounds, with a clapper of 1400. The bell was made of 180 Turkish cannon. In the clock-room stands a watchman, furnished with a telescope and a chart of the city, so perfect that, when he sees a fire, he can determine in what street and

Royal coffins. Forgotten dead.

number it is. Instantly he puts it upon paper, drops it to the ground in a hollow ball provided for the purpose, and a runner is dispatched to the fire department. Underneath the cathedral are vast catacombs filled with dead bodies, but they are no longer open to the curious.

I went to the Church of the Capuchins, to visit the royal mausoleum. A monk took a torch in his hand, and led us down into the vaults beneath the church, where some seventy or eighty coffins, the narrow houses of emperors and empresses and princes, lie side by side. Here lies Maria Theresa, who, for thirteen years after the death of her husband Francis, came every day to mourn by his coffin, till death permitted her to lie by his side. Here is the mortal part of Maria Louisa, and the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I. What a throng of emotions crowd on the mind in the midst of such remains! What a line of hereditary grandeur and power has had its end in these cellars! The most of these coffins contain the ashes of whom few can remember more than that they once had a place in the list of royalty, and now they are no better than the common herd, heaped by thousands in the catacombs of the cathedral. The old Capuchin monk would hold his torch over each coffin to which he came, and mumble a few words of history, passing on to another, and hastening through the service, which he had performed a hundred times, and was tired of it.

On Sunday we walked out to St. Charles Borromeo. Workmen were busy driving piles in the river,

but the shops were generally shut; so that it seemed as if the people were disposed to suspend business on the Sabbath, but the government keeps it going. We found the church, a magnificent structure, rich with silver and gold, with all the ornament of painting and sculpture, and the blazonry of the most superb embellishment of any church in Vienna, crowded with worshippers, apparently very devout. At various altars in side chapels, priests were saying masses; and one group, a father and four children, seeking the repose of the soul of a wife and mother, attracted my attention, and awakened sad interest, as, with tearful affection, they looked on and joined in the senseless ceremony. From the far-away orchestra came a burst of music that thrilled me, and, as I thought, the vast assembly. Rarely have I seen females in the choir of a Romish church; but here were four women, with exquisite voices, and as many male singers. Elaborate and glorious anthems pealed from the great organ; and as I stood behind the pillars of this splendid temple, and felt the power of music stealing into my soul, now stirring the loftiest aspirations as it soared among the stars, and now melting me into tears as the softest and tenderest strains came down into the lowest depths of my being, I had some conception of the part which music may be made to bear in the service of a church which is the mightiest imposition ever practiced upon the ignorance and superstition of man. Around me were many who had all the appearance of being the best born of Vienna. I admire this feature of Romish worship every

where. The rich and poor meet together before the altar; side by side they kneel and pray; rags touch robes, and soil them sometimes, but all are on a level.

The next day we spent among the pictures and sculptures, the antiquities and other curiosities of Vienna. The Imperial Jewel Office is to be entered, we were told, only by ticket to be obtained from some government office; but we found that a few zwangzijers were quite as effectual, and even more so, for the grateful porter, dressed like a gentleman, and very intelligent, while he left the ticketed crowd to look at the jewels and guess at their names and history, attended us constantly, and gave us all the information we desired. Of the value of the precious stones here gathered I am almost afraid to speak. Here was lying, all unconscious of its worth, as true merit ever seems, the famous diamond weighing 133 carats, which was lost by Charles the Bold in battle, and when found was sold for a dollar or two. And near it shines another of 2980 carats. But more than all the rest, I admired a bouquet of diamonds, of priceless value, a constellation of brilliants which fairly dazzled the eyes, and when the value was told, tempted a breach of the tenth commandment. Here too was the crown and all the jewels which Napoleon wore when he made himself king of Lombardy; but the jewels are not *real* ones, mere imitations, just as good for show, and nobody could tell the difference without testing them. But there is no sham about the crown of Charlemagne, which was taken from his grave, and used for centuries by the emperors of Ger-

many. Besides these precious stones, these chambers are filled with articles of *virtù*, rare and beautiful, many of great historic interest, and others of such elegant design and workmanship that they would seem to have cost a man his lifetime.

Schonbrun, the country palace of the young emperor, is finely situated in view of the city and a noble range of hills, the great hunting forest of royalty, where wild boars range unmolested till they are annually chased by the emperor and his suite. Napoleon was here in 1809, and here his son died in the care of his grandfather. In the beautiful gardens behind the palace, a German student attempted the life of Napoleon, and was put to death on the spot. Hundreds of people from Vienna, two miles off, are wandering through these grounds, and in the Zoological Gardens adjoining, where a few beasts are caged for the amusement of men. The monkeys in wire houses were evidently German monkeys, not half so lively as the French, whose antics in the Garden of Plants, in Paris, excited peals of applause from delighted multitudes.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AUSTRIA.

On the Danube—Richard Cœur-de-Lion—Monastery—Linz—Traun Falls—Gmunden—Ischl—Romanism—St. Giligen—St. Wolfgang—Trout—Maids—Robbers—Chaining the Baggage—Church-yard—Prayers in the Tavern—Salzburg—Beautiful Scenery—The Water-works and ducked Peasants of the Tyrol.

To get out of Austria was harder than getting in. After our passports were returned to us from the police, and we were properly certified as "good for Munich," whither our steps would now be turned, we took carriage some two or three miles to the Danube, where the steamer was waiting for us, and a hundred others who were hurrying away from Vienna. But they would not sell us our tickets for the steamer till they had examined our passports, and made all sure that we were duly authorized to go at large. Again they were overhauled as we went aboard, and at length we were permitted to embark.

Early in the morning the cool bracing air, with the prospect of getting out of Austria, was refreshing, and a cup of coffee on deck, with a comfortable broiled chicken, speedily dissipated the vexations to which we had been subjected. The scenery for a few miles was tame, after we had passed the castle of Prince Lickenstein, and the Monastery of Klosterneuberg, on the Kahlenberg, and we were again disgusted with the

sight of women at work on the river banks shoveling dirt, and wheeling it in barrows, the evidence of social degradation wherever seen.

In the course of the day, as we made our way up the stream, the shores became bolder, frequent old castles met the eye, but none of them of any great interest except the fortress of Durrenstein, where Richard Cœur-de-Lion is said to have been for more than a year the prisoner of Leopold. The castle was long ago reduced to a heap of ruins, but the donjon-keep and the dilapidated walls attest the former strength of the place, which it is hardly probable was ever the abode of the bold Crusader.

Other castles with their legendary history, and the Devil's Wall, which runs up the hill, on both sides of the river, so high and rugged as to make it doubtful whether nature built it or was helped by art, attract the eye; but the afternoon is now wearing away, when we come in sight of a splendid palace, gleaming in the sun, on the summit of a hill, and at the bend of the river, so that for many miles both up and down it is the commanding object in sight. All my conceptions of the austerity of monastic life were put to flight in a moment, when I found that this magnificent pile of buildings was the *Benedictine* Monastery at Molk, one of the most ancient and richly endowed of these ecclesiastical institutions. When Napoleon was spreading himself here in 1805, or about that time, these abstemious monks supplied his men with twenty-five thousand quarts of wine for several successive days. There is good living here now, doubt-

less, though many of the brethren are abroad in the service of the church; those residing in the palace being chiefly engaged in literary pursuits.

"Mary of the Little Table," is the name of that pretty church on the hill; and here poor pilgrims, as many as a hundred thousand, come every year to pray for a blessing on their fields. "Maria Taferl" is the most celebrated pilgrimage church in Austria, and the miracles she has wrought are famous over all the country.

The passage of the Danube against a strong current is tedious; and night set in upon us, with the prospect of reaching Linz at five in the morning. The steamers are provided with no conveniences for lodging, but each man goes down below and selects a seat for himself, leans his head where he can find a place, and waits for the morning. I had a brief contest with an Austrian officer, in full dress, who imagined that his wearing a sword and epaulets would give him possession of the place I had previously seized upon; but I asserted the doctrine of squatter sovereignty with so much effect, that he was compelled to yield and look out for other quarters. Between five and six we found ourselves at the wharf in the city of Linz. The cars were to start at six, and we had plenty of time to take our places; but the police of this place must examine our passports again, and the official to whom the business was intrusted could not read French, nor recognize the Austrian seal and signature of the Minister in Paris, by whom some of our party were indorsed. At length, a lady among

the passengers, who was known to the officer, volunteered her testimony that the *vise* was all right, and as we had now been detained more than half an hour, and the cars were off, and no other train till in the afternoon, we were suffered to leave the office.

Linz is a city of some 25,000 inhabitants, celebrated for the beauty of its situation and the beauty of its women. To the former we confessed, as we climbed its heights overlooking the Danube and the vast plain it waters; and in the distance the Salzburg hills and the Styrian Alps with their summits white and glistening in the sun. But if the women are worthy of being celebrated for beauty, the good-looking ones were at home, and the rest in the streets; for even their singular head-dresses of gold and silver, like ancient helmets, failed to impress us with any "realizing sense" of their charms. Prince Rupert was once a prisoner here in the Castle, and he fell in love with the daughter of the jailer: probably having nothing else to do to while away the loneliness of his captivity. After we had visited the Jesuits' College on the hill, and the *Trinity* Column—a shaft set up between statues of two Pagan divinities, Jupiter and Neptune—we felt like prisoners too, and were willing to make our escape as soon as possible. The railroad proved to be a sorry affair—wretched wagons, drawn by horses at the rate of three or four miles an hour. While waiting for the start, a swarm of beggars, loathsome and importunate, thrust themselves upon us: one man with no feet: another stretched out his handless arms: a woman led up a blind man, and kneeling

she folded her hands and prayed for alms as if she were addressing her Father in heaven. It was impossible to resist her appeals, though we were glad to get away.

After a disagreeable ride over an uninteresting plain, we came in sight of the Traunstein, a gigantic mountain, cleft in twain, and rising 3500 feet; numerous Alpine heights are standing round it, long ranges of domes, and sharp pyramids, and castle-like towers, into the midst of which the river Traun finds its way. Sir Humphrey Davy was fond of this region, and has told us so much of the Falls on the river, over which he was carried at the risk of his valuable life, that we left the miserable cars at Lampach, and took a private carriage for a ride to the cataract, said to be "one of the finest waterfalls in Europe." The ride was charming: a party of English ladies and gentlemen joined us; we dashed through the woods, and then leaving the high road, followed a long and steep pathway down to the water's edge, till we came to the Traun Falls. "The precipitous rush of its awful and overpowering waters," as Davy describes it, is not half so much of an affair as many an American mill-dam.

That night we lay at Gmunden, a little town at the head of the lake of the same name, on which we sat off the next morning. Now we are in a world of romantic beauty and majesty even. This sheet of water is not more than ten miles by two or three, but its shores are mighty precipices, surmounted by dark forests, and so wild, broken, threatening, changing,

too, with every bend of the lake among the mountains, that we are excited with the scene. On board the little steamer I fell in with a Prussian gentleman, a member of the Diplomatic corps at the Austrian court. He had a hundred questions to ask me about America; and when, at his request, I began to describe our lakes and falls, he begged me to let him call his family, and having presented them, desired me to resume. Leaving the lake, we rode an hour and reached Ischl, the great watering-place of Austria—the resort of princes and invalids, a retreat in the midst of the most charming scenery, hills, vales, streams, lakes, and forests, where salt springs gush from the ground, and health seems to be floating in the pure mountain air, inviting the destitute to come and take it without money or price. Near the principal fountain is a monument with this inscription: "Health is the greatest blessing: I say No, *to regain health is the greatest!*" The grandees of Austria spend part of the summer here, and we were at the height of the season. A few days after we left, the young emperor met the Bavarian princess here, to whom he offered his hand, and she has since become his wife. As we were walking in front of one of the largest of the boarding-houses, we were suddenly stopped by some one calling to us from the window, "Americans! Americans!" It was the Prussian Minister whom I had met on the lake; and, as he saw us passing, he insisted on our accepting his hospitalities, and offered to do all in his power to render our visit at Ischl agreeable. Such courtesies—call them little

if you like—are grateful to a stranger, and never to be forgotten. All along the highway of life they may be strown, to gladden the steps of the weary pilgrim; and is it not strange that we let go so many opportunities to extend to others what costs us nothing, but makes others rich? At home or abroad, always and every where, with strangers or friends, the little things make the sum of human happiness; and though it is not the highest motive to which we would appeal, it is still true that the giver is more blessed than he who receives. It is good to go about scattering pearls in the paths of our fellow-men. It is good to speak words of kindness to ears unused to the voice of love. It is good to be courteous to strangers, especially grateful is such courtesy to the traveller in Austria.

A young merchant of Vienna wished to make the fourth in our party, and with him we posted from Ischl to Salzburg. The sympathies of our new companion were with the revolutionary party in Austria, and his regrets were many and deep at the failure of the Hungarian outbreak.

We now take leave of railroads and steamers, and pursue our way, by slow and easy stages, coming in frequent contact with the people in their villages and by the wayside, and in the rustic inns where we stop for refreshments. The ride is delightful along the shores of lakes, and under the shadow of mountains, solitary indeed, for we are off the high road, and our path like that of wisdom has only "here and there a traveller." But in these out-of-the-way

places, nature loves to lavish her charms, as if she were too modest to expose them to the eye of all the world. Crosses by the road-side, with full length wooden statues of Christ hanging on them, miniature temples with wretched paintings of the Virgin and child, and kneeling places where the weary pilgrim pauses to pray, remind us that we are in papal countries still, and, as usual in those countries, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion."

St. Giligen is a rude village at the foot of a lofty mountain, and on the Lake St. Wolfgang, of whom, if time did not fail me, a wonderful tale could be told. Catholic saints always have long tales to them. A number of rustics were in the tavern eating bread and drinking beer, which constituted the whole of their meal, and they would get on well without the bread, if they had plenty of beer. We were told that the mountain streams furnished fine trout, and ordering some of them, waited patiently for their appearance. Never shall I forget the look of blank disappointment and despair that covered the face of my friend, the Rev. Dr. ——, when, after half an hour's delay, the trout came on *boiled*, looking more like codfish than trout; those large, beautiful, fresh, and most savory fish all spoiled by being boiled: it was very aggravating and distressing. Besides the ruined trout, the good woman who kept the house, with the aid of her two buxom daughters in gay Tyrol dresses, in which they looked right pretty, had cooked some potatoes, and brought out milk, bread, and berries, so that we made a dinner not to be despised, despite

the melancholy that hung around us at the loss of the anticipated feast of fishes. Our native friend, the merchant, was quite at home among the people; he chucked the maids under the chin and pinched their cheeks, complimented the mother on her youthful appearance and the beauty of her daughters, with a freedom of manner not unusual in this country.

Ascending a hill as we left St. Giligen, we looked back on a scene of surpassing grandeur and beauty. The broad lake, black with the shade of clouds, and the *Schaffberg* mountain, shooting nearly 6000 feet into the sky, and the rich verdure of a hundred hills and vales rolling and spreading around us, with a liveliness that excited us, were sights that tempted us to linger, while those clouds warned us to hasten on, as a storm was coming. We are now in a wild region, where the few houses that we pass have their small windows crossed and covered with a net-work of stout iron rods, as if each house were a jail, but we learn that these protections are to keep robbers out, not to fasten them in. The country is infested with them, and travelling, we are now told for the first time, is unsafe, unless the party is well armed. Our baggage is on the rack behind the carriage, and as we are often ascending long hills, and making slow work of it, we propose to see to its safety, and find that at St. Giligen the coachman had taken the precaution to make it fast with chains instead of straps, so as to defy the knives of thieves, who might otherwise cut our trunks loose and rifle them at their leisure, while we were pursuing our way unconscious

of the loss. The storm came on with thunder, lightning, rain, and hail: we shut ourselves in, and the patient Mattæus drove steadily on, neither faster nor slower for the war of winds and weather to which he was exposed. It was the more gloomy to us from the wildness of the scenery we were passing, and which would have been the more enjoyable in a pleasant day. Our Vienna mercantile man entertained us with German robber stories, full of blood and murder, till it was hard to distinguish between the sharp crack of a thunder-bolt among the rocks under which we were passing, and the shot of a blunderbuss, which might be sending our coachee under the wheels of the carriage. Toward night the clouds broke away, and we brought up safely at the village of Hof. The little tavern stands just across the street from the old stone church, and while the whole force of the inn was actively employed in getting supper for four hungry travellers, I stepped into the church-yard, full of graves, over each one of which was a cross with an image of the Saviour on it. Garlands of flowers, and sometimes little pictures and sundry devices were suspended on some of them, tokens of affection for the dead, or votive offerings to the Virgin, whose intercession might avail for the souls of the departed. Many of these crucifixes were of light brass, some of iron, and as the evening winds sighed among them, they rattled strangely, and to me most unpleasantly. Yet there is beauty in every country church-yard in Germany, quiet, cheerful, and never indicating that neglect and indifference

so common and shameful in many rural districts of my own country.

When I went back to the tavern, a half dozen peasants, in leather breeches, were eating with wooden spoons out of a big bowl in the centre of the table. The church bell across the way rung the hour for evening prayers; the landlord left the bar and knelt in the middle of the mess-room; his wife and her maids came in from the kitchen, the men from the stables, and the peasants, leaving their supper, stood up, and crossing themselves, repeated their prayers with great rapidity and apparent devotion. Our supper was delayed a few minutes; but when prayers were over, it was soon on the table, and was hastily dispatched, for we had ten weary up-hill miles to travel with jaded horses and wet roads. Through the passes of mountains, said to be as grand as those of Switzerland, often with chained wheels, cautiously creeping down steep places that would have been formidable by daylight, and were far more so when we could not see the horses and did not know to what depths we were descending, we felt our way along, and were at last admitted within the gates of Salzburg.

Salzburg is celebrated for the beauty of its situation, and there is probably no city on the continent of Europe with such surroundings. Peaked mountains and forest-crowned hills stand about it in so much romantic grandeur, that art would scarcely venture to add to the beauty of such scenery; but the old feudal citadel, on one of these heights, and

the monastery on another, are striking features in the view that the traveller gets from every point of observation. The archbishops in the middle ages held royal sway in this fortress; here they quartered their armies, withstood long sieges, and lived like lords, as they were, of the whole country. The *Torture Chamber* still gives sad proof that they were monsters of cruelty. The fatal trap-door on which the prisoner stepped to fall into perdition, and the rack on which he was drawn to the ceiling to fall with heavy weights on his feet, these are two only of the instruments of torture and death with which these ghostly persecutors harassed their victims. One of these hills has been cut through by a tunnel five hundred feet long, for the purpose of defence and retreat; and three galleries are hewn out of the solid rock, in which thousands of spectators could stand to look at the sports with which the archbishops entertained themselves. *Mozart*, the composer, was born in Salzburg, a hundred years ago, and his statue adorns one of the principal squares of the city.

Through a long avenue, some four miles of magnificent trees, we drove out to the Chateau of *Hollbrun*, to see the water-works, a pet plaything of an old prince, whose name I have forgotten. In the midst of the gardens in front of the palace he has constructed all manner of amusements in the way of water-falls, rivulets, lakes, grottos, wheels, and whirligigs; and in these grounds he has no less than thirty thousand jets ready to leap into the air at the touch of invisible springs. A party of half a dozen

Tyrol youth. Fun with them.

Tyrolese peasants were at the gate when we arrived, waiting for some company like ours, to whose heels they could attach themselves, and make the tour of the grounds. As we were to pay the fees, the superintendent very shrewdly determined that they should contribute to our entertainment in a way quite as unexpected to us as to them. He led us into a large and beautiful grotto, where we admired the statues and stalactites, and, giving us the wink, we stepped out with him, leaving the boors within, and a few feet from the entrance. Suddenly—instantly—streams of water rose from the sides of the cave, drenching them to the skin; as they rushed to the door, the jets leaped from the threshold into their faces, driving them back, where they were met by others, till blinded and half-drowned they burst through the torrents into the lawn. As they followed us down the walks, or stood a few feet away, admiring the puppets set in motion by the water-power, or the beautiful fountains, of many varied shapes, they were assailed by these sudden eruptions from beneath their feet, or a cataract would burst upon them from some overlooking height, till the poor fellows were so thoroughly scared and soaked that they would have fled the grounds had there been any way of escape. At length we were invited to sit down on marble seats, around a long marble table, to enjoy a treat of music to be made by the water, which we were willing to believe could do any thing in this fairy-like land. The Tyrol youth were reluctant to accept an invitation to sit down, for they had many misgivings that some trick was pre-

paring; but as they saw us gravely seated at the table, they finally yielded. The manager sat at the head, and extended his hands as if he were about to play upon a piano, when a stream of water rose from the seat on which each one of the boors were sitting, and drove them away, with their hands over their faces to protect them from the jet that met them whichever way they went. But this is child's play, and we will quit it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MUNICH.

"Iser rolling rapidly"—The new Palace—The Pinacothek—Glyptothek—Ancient Statues—Royal Library—The Ludwig Strasse—Statue of Bavaria.

THE scenery was softer as we left Salzburg. At the Bavarian frontier we stopped at a rustic inn, where a number of peasants were drinking beer at a big table in the middle of a room that was hung around with pictures of the Crucifixion and other Scripture scenes, while the filth and smell of the tobacco and sausages were half stifling. At the next post-house the reception room was occupied by a dozen men and women seated around a table, smoking, drinking, and playing cards. A woman at the head of the table dealing the cards; the money for which they were playing, copper and small pieces of silver, being in saucers, and the unceasing clatter of coarse tongues they kept up was in harmony with the scene. The wash-tubs and wet clothes standing in the same room showed what the women ought to be about, but they preferred playing to scrubbing, and did as they pleased. After a long and weary ride we crossed the "Iser rolling rapidly," and entered the art city of MUNICH.

But for the time it takes, it would be easier to

write a book than a chapter on Munich. Campbell's "battle of Hohenlinden" has associated it and the Iser with that scene, though the field is some twenty miles off, but the city stands on the banks of the river, which rushes by with the impetuosity of a torrent. We found good quarters at the hotel Maulick, and hastened to our banker's to get letters from home. For six weeks I had been wandering so uncertainly, that I had all my letters sent here; and one who has never been in a foreign land, for weary months away from those he loves, can have little sympathy with my trembling heart when I found a package of letters from over the sea. All's well. Thank God for that. No sickness, no death, no sorrow but that which separation makes. How good is good news in a far land!

Munich is not one of the largest, but it is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. For its beauty and the rich adornments which make it the charming residence of art, it is indebted to the late king, or to the Old King, as he is called, who was made more famous by his association with the infamous Lola Montes than by the immense and almost countless sums of money which he expended in the embellishment of his capital. I have just been wandering through his palace, and without any hesitation give it the palm for exquisite taste and splendor of decoration. One room discovers the special weakness of the monarch. It is full of portraits of ladies, not of his family only, but of every one whose beauty took his fancy. Among them, of course, and very con-

spicuous, is Lola; and the prettiest in the gallery is that of a peasant girl whom he met in the street, and with whom he was so much pleased that he had her portrait painted and hung here among the titled and jeweled beauties of his court. The new palace now being completed by his son, who has succeeded him, will be far more magnificent. The walls of the successive chambers are painted in frescoes of great beauty and power. A series of pictures from the national epic poem detained me in long and earnest contemplation, as I saw the tragic story related on the wall, and wondered which is the greater artist, the poet or the painter. But we may not stop to admire frescoes when the PINACOTHEK, the finest building for pictures in all Europe, is waiting for us. This splendid edifice, another of the monuments to the genius and liberality of the late king, stands in the midst of spacious grounds, and is one of the greatest ornaments of the city. The front corridor is elaborately adorned with beautiful frescoes, and the entrance hall, in which a giant porter received us, is filled with statues of great artists, and full-length portraits of royal patrons of art. Nine successive galleries lighted from above contain several schools of painting, so well arranged that the student or the passing visitor is taught as he surveys the works of the most celebrated masters. The central gallery is devoted exclusively to Rubens: one wonders that the lifetime of any man sufficed for so much work, and such. But Rubens painted with incredible celerity, and doubtless many of the works that now pass for his

were chiefly by the hands of his pupils, receiving their finish from the master. Twenty-three apartments, on the north side, are filled with cabinet pictures, historically arranged, and many of them the choicest gems of art. I have no space in which to mention, much less to describe, one of a thousand of these and other pictures, which may be studied for months with ever-increasing interest by one with a soul to admire, even if he had no previous instruction in the fine arts; but we must hasten far more rapidly on in the story than I had to in the journey, though that was far too rapid for the profit and the pleasure I would have found if I could have lingered as long as I wished.

Let us go to the GLYPTOTHEK, the sculpture gallery, a less imposing, but more severely beautiful edifice than the Pinacothek, whose names are made from the Greek, with very little taste, however much is in the buildings they define. One of the apartments contains a collection of statuary of extraordinary interest and value, brought from the island of Ægina, and purchased for $30,000. They are now regarded as among the most precious remains of ancient sculpture. Thorwaldsen restored the deficient limbs, and they are now arranged as nearly according to their original position as it was possible to determine it. There are also works in this gallery ascribed to Phidias and Praxiteles; and although it is of course impossible to speak with certainty of their authors, they are worthy of the men whose names stand at the head of the roll of ancient sculptors. There is a vast

deal of cheating in stones as well as in stocks; and I have not always the faith of assurance, when told that these are the handiwork of this and that man who lived in the age of Pericles. Yet there is oftentimes more life, action, truth, in a fragmentary leg or a broken back that has been disinterred from the ruins of an old Grecian temple, than in the finest group of modern statuary. I can not say why it is that modern genius, with the added progress of two thousand years, has not yet overtaken the men whose works are still the examples of all that is the greatest and fairest in the world of art. I do not know why Christianity has not done for sculpture what she has done for painting; producing the master-pieces; furnishing at once the highest themes and the loftiest execution; but it is a fact that the Greek statues are still unrivaled.

The Royal Library is said to contain 700,000 volumes and manuscripts. If true, there is but one library more numerous—the Imperial, at Paris. Ascending the marble steps, in the midst of polished pillars of resplendent beauty, and standing at the entrance of this repository of knowledge, I felt how fitting it was that wisdom should be thus honored, while such untold sums are lavished on the palaces of princes. The building is 560 feet long, with wings, and successive galleries, in which these priceless treasures of knowledge are garnered. Here I began to read the history of letters. On a series of tables was spread before me original wax tablets on which the Romans wrote; and the Orations of De-

mosthenes on cotton paper from Chios; a Manuscript of the sixth Century; Alaric, king of the Visigoth's Law Book, A.D. 506; a Bible and Missals in ivory, and adorned with precious stones, 1024; the First Book printed on Movable Types, by Guttenberg, in 1450—it is a Bible; and in connection with it, a series of books showing the progress in the art of printing from year to year. And it is worthy of remark, that very little improvement has been made in the last three hundred years in the style of printing. The types were cut or cast as clear and clean as now, and the page is as legible and beautiful. Indeed, we often notice that books are printed now in the *old* style, for the sake of the beauty of the typography, which is not excelled by any thing we get up in that line in our day. I found on this table the autographs of Goethe, Schiller, and Paul Richter; Luther and Melancthon's also. On the shelves it was pleasant to find the works of American authors, and many books of value for reference, as the Documentary History of New York, and the Reports of the Patent Office.

I do not know a handsomer street than this Ludwig Strasse, with the University, the Priests' Seminary, the Asylum, and the Fountains, forming a magnificent square, and then stretching on to the triumphal arch, surmounted by a Car of Victory drawn by four horses, and ornamented with various sculptured devices, which have significance enough to those who understand them. A more imposing monument is a statue by Schwantaler, representing Bavaria, a female figure, sixty feet high on a pedestal of thirty. One

hundred and twenty-four steps lead up the inside of it, by which eight of us ascended and looked out of her eyes upon the city and surrounding country, and then we sat down in her ears and among the curls of her yellow hair, and had room to spare.

Crossing the great meadow beyond which this monument is reared, we met a company of Tyrolese riflemen going out to contend for the prize which is annually given to the best shot: a fine looking body of men they were, and said to be the most skilled in the use of the rifle. They were here at the time of the Annual Fair in Munich, which calls thousands of the peasantry from the Tyrol mountains and all the surrounding country. Booths for the display and sale of their wares are erected in a public square, and the crowd of men and women gathered from far-distant provinces, with their quaint and peculiar costumes, make a sight which the traveller is fortunate to see. My young friend Rankin was exceedingly amused, and we wandered back and forth, and returned again and again to the fairy scene, to study the manners of these country people. The head-dress of the Bavarian peasantry is of silver or gilt, plaited behind, and confining the hair, a substitute for the comb, and it gives them rather a jaunty look. We passed the Brewery, a Royal institution, the government having a monopoly in the manufacture of that article, which is consumed in such quantities by the people. Around the yard were stalls with a table in each, and hundreds of men and women, at the close of the day, were sitting there, guzzling beer and eating black

Men at supper. Kissing each other.

bread for their supper. At one table five men were regaling themselves with good cheer, which they seemed to enjoy amazingly. When they rose to leave, they embraced and kissed one another—the horrid fellows, with mustaches, kissing each other like women.

When we had given as much time to this beautiful city as we could afford, we set off by rail, and went to Augsburg.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FROM AUGSBURG TO HEIDELBERG.

Augsburg—The Confession—The Three Moors and old Wine—Rural Scenes—Women Reapers—In the Kitchen—An American Indian—Ulm—Protestant Cathedral—A charming Vale—Suttgart—Heilbronn—A dinner Extra—Heidelberg—German Students and Professors.

It was Tuesday when we entered Augsburg, and near the middle of the day, but a New England village of a Sunday would not have been more quiet. It turned out that a great Protestant festival had called thousands of men, women, and children into the country, where in the woods and fields they have a right good time, eating and drinking and making themselves happy after the immemorial fashion of Germany.

The *Three Moors* is probably the oldest tavern in the world, as its history runs back no less than five hundred years, and many an emperor from Charles V. downward has been royally feasted within its walls. It boasts older and better wines than any other house on the Continent, a reputation which gives age to the most modern products of the vine. We had no tastes to gratify in the cellars of the Three Moors, but rode over the old town to look at the bronze fountains in the Maximilian Strasse, the Cathedral, and the old Palace. This last is near the Cathedral, and is now

to be visited as the house in which the famous Augsburg Confession was reluctantly sanctioned by Charles V. in 1530. Nothing in the architecture or the paintings and statuary detained us a moment in this dull old town, but the spot is sacred in the eyes of all Protestants, as one of the scenes of Luther's conflicts and triumphs. The further we get from the days of the Reformation, and the wider the spread of its living principles, the more venerated become the scenes of its birth-pains, and infancy.

Again we left the rail, and by carriage set off through the country. A peaceful, uninteresting country it was, though it was pleasant to see the flocks tended by shepherds with crooks in their hands, and with faithful dogs, whose aid was often wanted to recall a straggler, and whose care of the sheep was quite equal to that of the shepherd himself. Now and then we found a hamlet in a secluded vale, where the people in their small cottages and with a single church might be living happily; but the moment we came to look into the interior of things, we found so much evidence of poverty and ignorance that we could not suppose them to have enjoyments much above those of the shepherd's dogs. The women were trudging by the side of loads of hay drawn by oxen, and the men were few and far between, many of them called off to the army, and others at the beer-house. We stopped at Zasmarhausen to let the horses rest, and in the tavern, remarkably clean for a German inn, we found half a dozen peasants drinking beer and eating sausages, long things like eels, which they emptied

from the casings, and devoured with a rapid voracity that made me sick to contemplate. The kind hostess led me into her kitchen; in the middle of it was an immense stove, covered with porcelain, and resembling our *ranges*, but with at least a dozen openings in the top of it for the various processes of cooking: the whole thing with its surroundings was so neat and tidy, that I complimented her upon it, to her great delight. She got us a lunch of white bread and butter that would have been creditable to any table. In the afternoon, as we rode on, we met the women returning from the harvest fields, with their sickles or reaping hooks in hand, trudging on in single file, not chatting cheerfully together, but with a sullen and solitary look and gait, as if worn and weary and discontented. Yet there were many of them with delicate features, which even the sun and winds had not altogether marred; and I often wondered in the rural districts of Germany, where the men are so coarse and hard featured, to find so many of the women, especially of the young, who are well favored and pretty. Some of these that we met this evening had a fancy handkerchief tied round their heads, and with a light dress blowing loosely, they might have been taken for girls going out for a frolic: certainly I have seen much worse-looking women in their own carriages in Broadway and the Rue de Rivoli.

It was eight in the evening when we reached Bungun, a packed little town, irregular and dirty; and taking a look into the chief tavern, we concluded not to pass the night there. No less than seven women

were managing this house; and finding supper on the table, we sat by, and tried to get up a German appetite for beer and pickles. But it would not do. The women were anxious to know where we had come from; and having heard of the Indians in America, they inquired with evident trepidation if one of the young men in my party was not a *savage*. He favored their apprehensions, and gave them some specimens of Indian music and manners, which amused them mightily and soothed their fears. They were very desirous to furnish us lodgings, and insisted on showing us their nice beds and rooms, but we determined to ride two hours further to Gunzburg, where at the sign of the Black Bear, next door to the Stag, we found very comfortable beds. My pillow-cases were trimmed with lace, wide and very neat; the sheets were of pure linen; and the bed only too soft for a summer night, made hotter perhaps by a flaming red counterpane under which I lay. At five in the morning I rose and looked out of my window. On the opposite side of the street a row of ten women sat on the curb-stone, with their reapers in hand, waiting for others of their company to join them: one by one these came out and sat down, and when the whole party was gathered, they took up their line of march to the fields to begin their day of toil.

We too were off early, and drove rapidly in the cool of the morning, through a fine rolling country to the ancient city of Ulm, in Wirtemberg, on the Danube. Ulm is a Protestant city, having but 3000 Catholics in a population of 17,000. It has all the

appearance of a very slow town, but I did not learn that this feature has any thing to do with the raising of snails, one of the chief articles of commerce in Ulm. They are actually fattened in the country around here, and sent off (four millions a year) in casks to Roman Catholic cities, where they are used as an article of diet—a great delicacy, especially in the season of Lent.

To see a *Protestant* cathedral of the first class was a rare sight, but here is one larger than that at Strassburg or Vienna. A little girl, the daughter of the sacristan, was our guide, and handling the big keys with great ease, led us by a side door from her father's house into the body of the cathedral. The altar and candles, and the gorgeous decorations which were its pride in ancient days, are gone; but the painted windows, the font resting on four lions, the beautiful wood carvings of the pulpit, and the stone tabernacle of rare workmanship in which the *pix* was formerly kept—one of the most exquisite works of ecclesiastical art—we could admire in this pure Gothic edifice without being disgusted with pretended relics of patriarchs or apostles. The immense building is, of course, never filled with worshippers, but one of the side chapels was fitted up with seats for families, the names of the holders being placed in large letters on their backs.

When we had looked at the fortifications of Ulm, which is a stronghold of the German Confederation, and the key to the valley of the Danube, we were off by railway to the North, passing through one of

the loveliest regions of Germany. Among the passengers were many emigrants, whose tears and embraces, when they parted with their friends, assured us touchingly that they are on their way to my country, and going never to return. It is weakness to confess it, but I was more than half willing to join them and seek the promised land.

Along the edge of a mountain the road runs on a terrace for many miles, with a vale of remarkable beauty at its base; as if here had once been a river, where now are green meadows and lovely cottages, vineyards, and fields of waving corn. I was charmed with the deep seclusion which it seemed to me these dwellers must have enjoyed, until the railroad broke in upon the silence of the vale. Health might surely reign undisturbed; but now we have passed a large and beautiful grave-yard, telling us that death does his work here as every where. Thou hast all places, as all "seasons for thine own, O death!" Geislengen nestles sweetly in a wild glen, out of which a band of women and children poured upon us at the station with beautiful wood and ivory ware for sale, pressing their frail fabrics on us with a zeal that was all but irresistible; and when one of the company was unable to make the change, the little merchant insisted on his keeping the toy, and sending the money back by the conductor of the train. Sussen came next, with a ruined castle on the hill, and mounds, the evident remains of ancient forts, now clothed with living green. Four eagles were soaring among the mountain tops, and now swooping down into the vales below,

as if they deemed the scream of the engine an invasion of their domain.

The Duke of Wirtemberg married the Princess Alga of Russia; and in the vicinity of Cannstadt we passed through his gardens, three miles long, laid out with exquisite taste, and filled with fountains and statuary. The summit of a hill on the left is crowned with a Greek chapel, which the duke erected as a mausoleum for the remains of his wife. This valley, rich in corn and wine, abounds in mineral waters; and a famous water-cure establishment loomed up, as if it were a palace. A more delightful rural region can not be; and while I was in the midst of it, the cars plunged suddenly into the darkness of midnight. We rushed into a tunnel a thousand feet long, and came out at Stuttgart.

The Capitol of Wirtemberg, with more than 30,000 inhabitants, the most of them Protestants, stands on the Neckar. It would be of no account but for the presence of the court. But this little principality, with a population not half as large as that of the State of New York, is an independent kingdom; and its sovereign takes rank with him of Russia, or her of England. His palace is as large as he would need if he were monarch of Europe—it has one room for each day in the year—and the court is maintained with the same regal display that would be made if the king had any other claim to the reverence of his fellow-men. The state of morals in his petty dominions may be inferred from the fact that every eighth child in Wirtemberg has no lawful father. I fell in with

Professor Lucas, a teacher in the agricultural school near Stuttgart, where young men, for a hundred and fifty dollars per year, are instructed in the art and science of husbandry—one hundred students being in the institution at the present time. The Professor was a very intelligent man, and wide awake to the state of things in America, of which he had a thousand questions to ask. At Heilbronn he would introduce us to some of his friends, who would give us a dinner; so that we saw another phase of German social life, and a curious picture it was. As we came suddenly upon the family, the dinner was given in a private room at a neighboring restaurant. We called for the dishes we wished, and our German friends, without hesitation, ordered for themselves beef-steaks and beer. The waiting-maid brought in a keg containing about five gallons, placed it on a side table, knocked out the bung, tapped it with a gimlet, put in a faucet, and drew the liquor. They took the foaming goblets, touched edges all around, and standing up, drank each others' healths and ours.

In 1394 the Emperor Conrad being sick and likely to die, was brought here to drink of a spring which was said to have healing virtue in it. He drank and was cured. Hence the place is called Heilege Brunnen, or the Holy Spring, and it flows to this day close by the beautiful church of St. Kilian. Conrad III., in the famous old feuds between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, laid siege to the Castle of Weinsberg, which stands on a hill east of the city. It held

out obstinately, and Conrad swore in his wrath that he would put all the men to the sword when he should take it. But being a gallant man withal, he promised that the women of the garrison should be allowed to depart in peace, with whatever they chose to carry on their backs. So that when the Castle surrendered and the gates were opened, every woman sallied forth with a man on her back, and fortunately there were enough to carry off the garrison. The environs of Heilbronn are very pretty, and the passage of the Neckar by the little steamer is said to be interesting, but the water was not high enough at this season to make it safe, and we posted it to Heidelberg.

Heidelberg, famed for its University, its Catechism, its Castle, and the largest beer-butt in the world, is beautifully planted on the banks of the Neckar. In the groves that adorn its environs, the student finds a delightful retreat, or climbing the hill he explores one of the most remarkable ruins of an ancient castle to be found on the Continent. I was more interested in the University, as it gave me an opportunity of learning German student-life as I had not been able to gather it elsewhere.

Any man of fair character, who has taken his degrees, may establish himself as a professor under the shadow of a German university. He announces his lectures, and those go to hear him who please. It is optional with the students to attend or not. The Professor relies solely for his support on the fees he re-

ceives from his voluntary hearers. At first, while as yet he is unknown to fame, his income from this source must be very small, but the University adds nothing to his salary. He must get on as well as he can. By-and-by his genius and learning may attract great numbers, and his fame spreading among the students and even to other halls, he may be invited to one of the chairs of science, when he receives a liberal salary from the Government, and fees besides from all the students who attend his lectures. Now his income, increasing with his fame, becomes great, and he rapidly acquires wealth. Some of the more distinguished German Professors are gentlemen of large fortune, and live in splendid style. Such deference is paid in Germany to learning, and such substantial rewards attend its possession, we may cease to wonder that it has real attractions in the eyes of the young.

The cost of an education at one of these universities must vary, of course, according to the habits of the student. The usual fee for a course of lectures extending through the academic year, is about twenty dollars, and the price of board is not so high as in large towns in our own country. The annual expense to which students are subjected for clothing, books, lectures, board, and incidentals is $500. Many support themselves for less. Many spend twice that sum and more. *Fast* young men, especially English and American students, who are sent abroad with full purses "to complete their education on the Continent,"

are notoriously extravagant, and the amount they spend is not to be reckoned in the amount stated as the average.

One of the German students with whom I was conversing on this subject, and in reply to my inquiries as to the amount of study which these foreign students do in the course of the year, said that he was not in the habit of associating with them, as his means would not allow him to spend money as freely as they, and he must choose his company accordingly. But he thought the progress a man makes in learning while in the University, is usually in inverse proportion to the amount of money he spends. He was right. The habit of taking their meals at public houses, almost the universal practice among the students, is not favorable to hard study or good morals. They usually dine in clubs or messes, and drink beer immoderately. At these dinners, and more frequently at their convivial parties in the evening, those petty disputes not unfrequently arise which lead to *duels*, so common and so disgraceful to the student-life of Germany. To fight a duel is necessary to the establishment of a young man's reputation among his peers. A slight provocation, and that often given for the sake of the fight, brings a challenge, and the arrangements are instantly made. The government of the University takes no notice of it, unless the police of the town seize the parties in the act, and then very slight punishment follows. When a duel is to come off, the students set a watch of their own number to

give timely alarm if the police are on the alert; and if, as sometimes occurs, a fatal result attends the duel, the survivor is carefully concealed, or is assisted in making good his escape. I was told that in one case a student was hid for eight days and nights in a chimney, and then carried off, to deliver him from the town authorities. Rarely does a year pass in Heidelberg without the murder of a student in this scandalous vice. They usually fight with short swords, but sometimes with pistols; the faces of one or two of my travelling companions were marked with sabre cuts, of which they were far from being ashamed. I was glad to learn that in this University, as well as in some others, an association is formed of young men, who avow their opposition, on principle, to the practice of duelling, and who establish their reputation for courage by the prompt redress of an insult, and by such manly deportment, under all circumstances, as challenges the respect and admiration of their associates.

Then we ran over the Duke of Baden's railroad, a model railway, to Carlsruhe, visited the palaces and parks of that very pretty place, and thence on to Baden-Baden, where at the *Hotel de Russie* we found excellent quarters, which in all confidence I commend to all who come after me. Baden is all that Wiesbaden was, and a little more so. I spent several days here refreshing myself after this long German tour; explored the old ruins among the mountains, the castles and dungeons with their enginery of torture,

which made me think, sometimes, that devils must have had the forms of men when such instruments of cruelty were employed against the human kind. From Baden I went to Strasburg, and then to Switzerland.

But this volume is full to the limit, and instead of lingering among the mountains, lakes, and vales of the land of Tell, we will leap over all these hills, and a month of time, into Italy and the East.

END OF VOL. I.

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